The Saturday Evening
POST
November 12, 1960 — 15¢

PERRY COMO
By Pete Martin

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of the Baltimore Colts tells his own story

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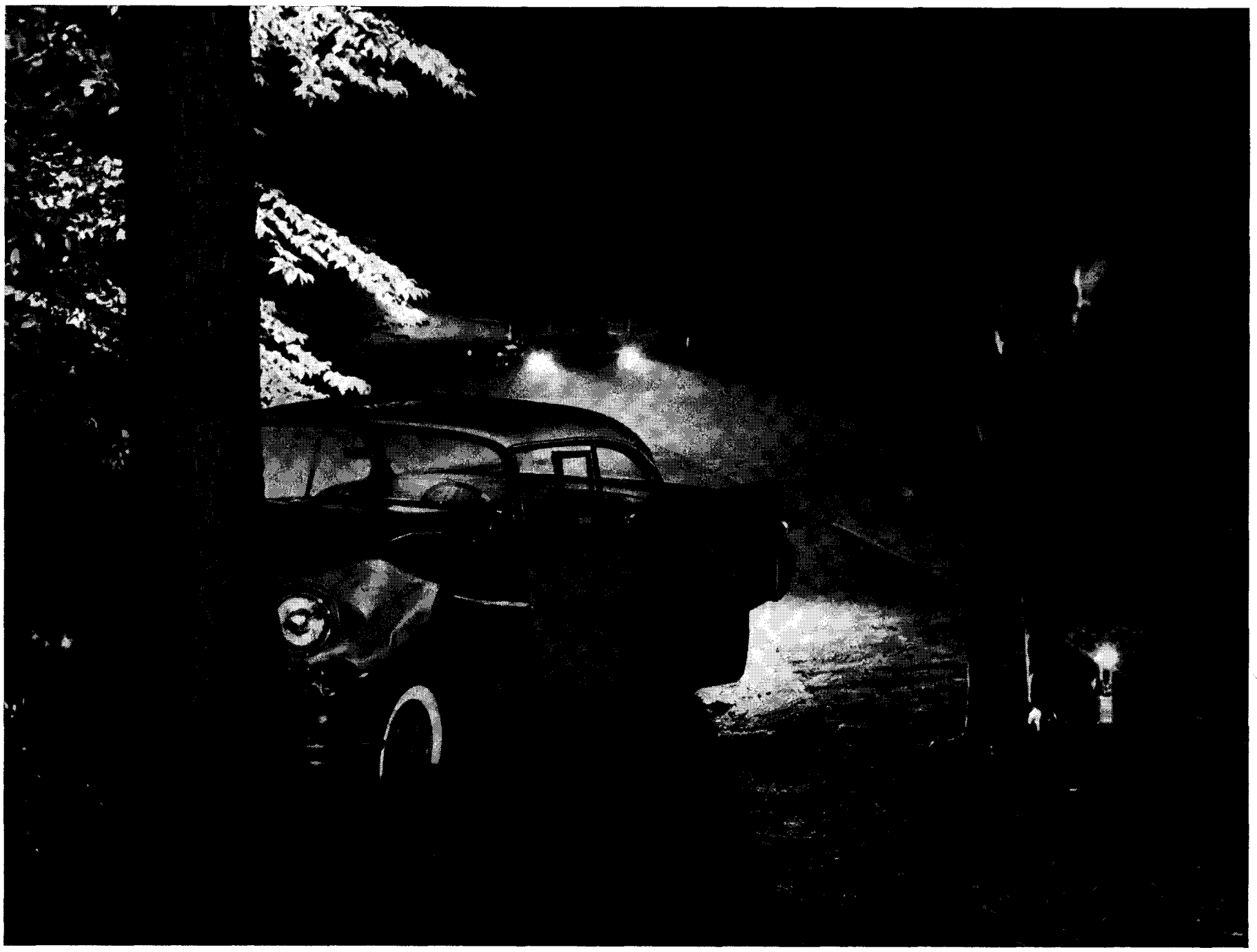

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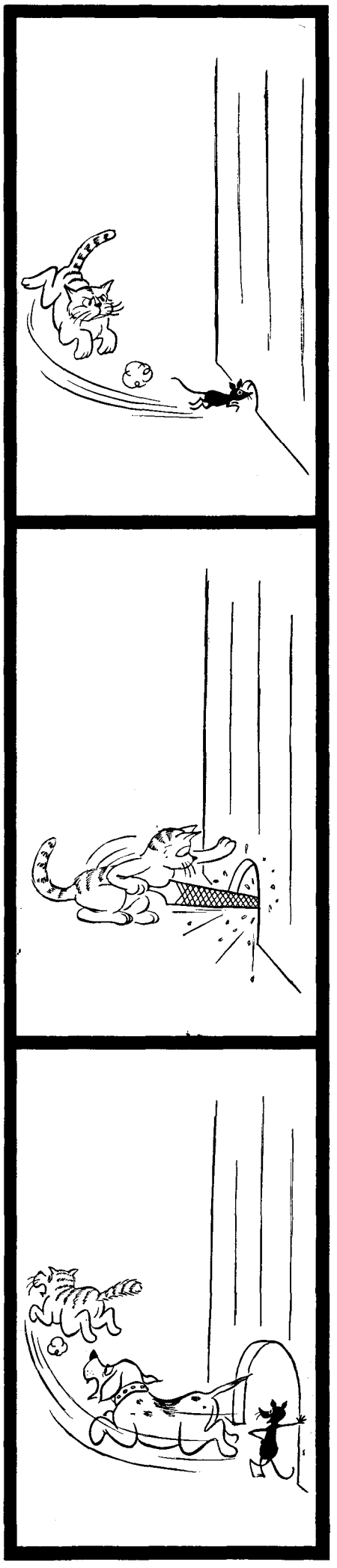
THE COVER

This week, for the first time in history, the citizens of the Sandwich Islands and of "Seward's Folly" go to the polls to help elect a President of the United States. For this special occasion these new and distant citizens are all flowers and furs. And who knows—perhaps one of them, an orchid picker or a seal skinner, is casting the vote that carries the state that swings the election. We find it appropriate that cover artist Constantin Alajálov earned his voting rights the hard way. He was born in Rostov, Russia, and arrived in New York in 1923. Naturalized citizen Alajálov has produced a lighthearted scene, but his underlying message gives us pause: This amalgam of people living together in harmony is bright evidence of the democratic way of life they're voting to preserve.



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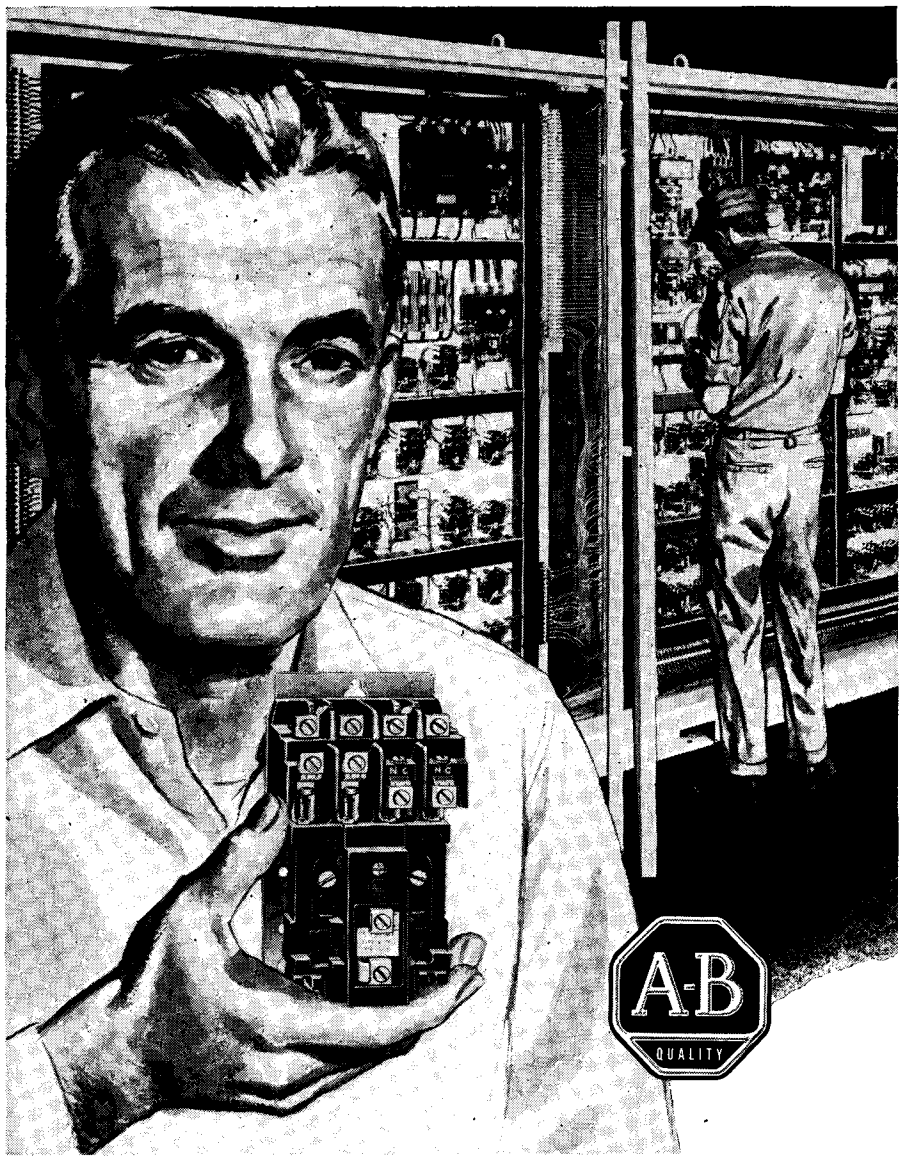

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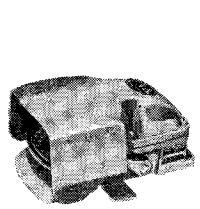
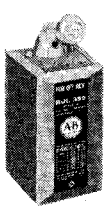

Foot Switches
Bulletin 805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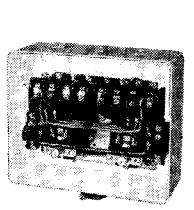
Limit Switches
Bulletin 802T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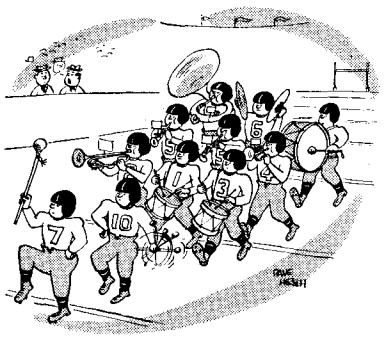
Letters

Musical Halfbacks

Dear Sirs:

Your Oct. 1 cartoon [top] reminded me of the enclosed photo [bottom] from our local paper. It shows halfbacks Ron Myers and Dave Moss of Three Oaks



"Very Small College."

Three Oaks's dual-purpose players.

High School playing trumpet with the band at half time. The boys are talented musicians as well as outstanding athletes.

MARIE SIVAK
Three Oaks, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Dave Hirsch's cartoon carried me right back some thirty-five years to the fall of 1925. Lakeshore High School, of St. Clair Shores, Mich., was then in its first season of football and, to paraphrase Dave Hirsch, it was a "very small school." Of the fifty-three students only seventeen were boys, and thus at 125 pounds I was able to make the football team at quarterback. I was also . . . cheerleader.

The only time it got embarrassing was when I had to lead a cheer for myself—which didn't happen very often because I couldn't pass, couldn't buck the line and couldn't punt. The only reason I played quarterback is that I was the only boy in the school who could remember the signals.

MORTON HACK
Detroit, Mich.

Do Our Suburbs Spawn Sissies?

Dear Sirs:

The article SUBURBIA'S CODDLED KIDS [by Peter Wyden, Oct. 8] . . . makes me sick. . . . [It] laments that our kids aren't being exposed to undesirable elements in poor neighborhoods. That takes the cake! I grew up in depression days—in a neighborhood where incest, abortion and prostitution were rampant. I suppose that is your ideal? I grew up to be strong and God-fearing and a community leader and I guess you think I owe it to the slums? Hogwash!

MRS. WILTON SLOCUM
Vancouver, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The author posed the problem of what sort of adults will evolve from the modern, one-class, subdivision living which has become so popular. . . . These "coddled kids" we are raising today will raise their "coddled kids" in the same type of suburb in which they themselves grew up, and they will become the executives and community leaders of tomorrow and be just as happy and well adjusted as I think we are. After all, what else do we want for them?

GRACE E. GILBERT
Birmingham, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps it might be worth-while to consider whether we can bring the advantages of suburban living to the central-city core rather than to damn suburban living as being narrow-minded and escapist.

I've lived in very small towns, in the central city and now in the suburbs. Believe me, it is Mr. Wyden who has the provincial, down-the-nose point of view. One would guess that he is of the opinion that people must be in constant pain to be virtuous.

FRANK R. NEU
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It is gratifying to observe that someone deplores the ever-growing tendency to mollycoddle children in these times. I, in turn, deplore Mr. Wyden's constant reliance on the opinions of so-called "experts" and psychiatrists. This is exactly what these suburban parents have done, and the results are most evident.

ELIZABETH R. BAECHER
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I feel a kinship with Mrs. Greis, known [in Bellefontaine Neighbors, Mo.] as "the witch of Waldorf Street" because she makes her children walk a mile to school. I, too, am called "old-fashioned"

or just plain "nut"! I let my daughter walk her mile, and today it is pouring. . . .

Carry on, Mrs. Greis!

SHIRLEY SWENSON
Richmond, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It is true, oh, so true, in California too. On rainy days the streets are flooded not only with rain but with mothers who drive their cars all of two blocks so that junior won't get his something wet.

BARBARA RUMBAUGH JOHNSON
Van Nuys, Calif.

Unjinxable Joe

Dear Sirs:

After reading the article on Joe Bellino [DYNAMITE JOE OF NAVY, by Shirley

(Continued on Page 6)

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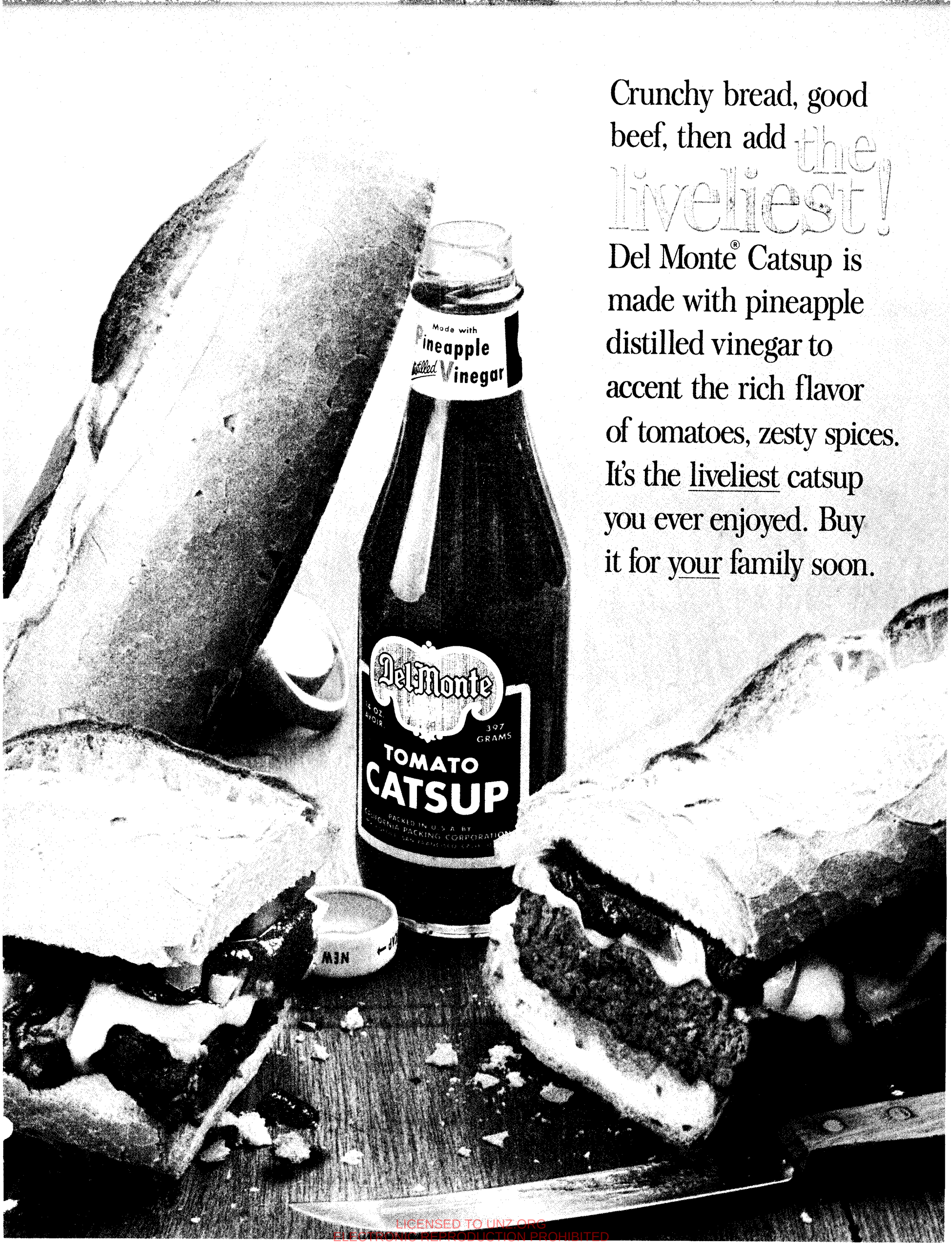

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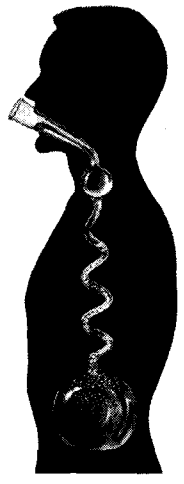

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Povich, Oct. 1] and then noting the somewhat unexpected result of the University of Washington-Navy football game [Navy won, 15–14], I am wondering, along with many other Husky fans: What happened to the famous "*Post* Jinx"?

While Mr. Bellino's efforts may have fallen a bit short of his usual standard, they were entirely adequate. He managed to score one touchdown while picking up fifty-three yards rushing for about 80 per cent of Navy's net yardage on the ground.

"*Post* Jinx"? Ha!

GLEN W. PRICE JR.
San Pedro, Calif.

● *Mr. Price, there should be more like you.* —ED.

Old Tassle-Top

Dear Sirs:

Being a corn-fed country woman, I was intrigued no end by the possibilities in the description of Mr. Prescott's hair [WRONG KIND OF GIRL, by Phyllis Duganne, Oct. 8], i.e., "the color and texture of corn silk."

Was it, I wonder, the moist, pale-green ripple of silk of the newly formed ear? Or perchance the two-tone, medium-brown and beige of the ripening grain? Hardly

likely for a man of seventy, so I am left with a choice of the shriveled black silk of mature corn, or (too bad!) the scantiest of wisps on the flintlike kernels of a dried-up ear. Don't keep us guessing another day!

MRS. CLYDE H. KRAUS
Denbigh, Va.

Those Literary Crosbys

Dear Sirs:

Orchids to Bob Crosby [OUR MOM, KATE CROSBY, Oct. 1] for his loving tribute to his fine Irish mother.

MRS. J. WILLARD NORTHRIP
Springfield, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

What a pity we don't have more Kate Crosbys to bring up this present crop of children.

HARRY C. WILSON
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

We've had Bing's story, Bob's story and now OUR MOM, KATE CROSBY. When will Catherine, Mary Rose, Everett, Larry and Edward join the ranks of *Post* writers? We should not overlook Bing's boys and the rest of those with the Crosby name. At the present rate it will be possible in thirty years to have had an article by a Crosby every six weeks.

JOHN AMEN
Vallejo, Calif.

The "Attic Children"

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading THE "ATTIC CHILDREN" GO TO SCHOOL [by Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Oct. 1] and I want you to know that it revived my hope that our son may someday go to school, just as these schizophrenic children in Levittown, N.Y., do. Alan is seven years old now and does not talk. About three years ago he was diagnosed as a schizophrenic.

MRS. WILLIAM T. CARROLL
Grants, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

Your article on the schizophrenic child very closely follows the pattern of life we have followed with our boys since age two. . . . Not only acquaintances but our immediate families refuse to accept the explanation we give concerning the "off and on" behavior of our sons. So I, among many heartbroken mothers, am very grateful that you should choose such a worth-while issue to research and present to the public.

KATHERINE E. ADKINS
Newark, Del.

Dear Sirs:

My little boy has been severely disturbed since the age of two and is now in an excellent residential treatment center where he has made tremendous strides. . . .

Thank you for your recognition of this small but very pitiful section of our childhood population.

JEAN R. LEONE
Randolph, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I have been watching an "attic child" now for thirteen years. . . . He has been hospitalized off and on for ten years now, but he still can enjoy life and be friendly even with such a history. So the parents of "attic children" must not give up their program of loving kindness—ever. . . .

It could be that, at last, as your own article suggested, the cause of this dreadful disease may be found. . . . Imagine conquering schizophrenia and stopping all the heartbreak, the woe and the broken hopes and dreams of so many, many parents and loved ones who are so helpless now, when the bad times fill the patients' eyes with terror and make their poor faces crumple and their fingers tremble.

Just imagine what a miracle could happen! All those hundreds of wasted young people salvaged! Just pray God it can be done.

MARA E. MULLIGAN
Sheepscott, Maine

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Reading across pages, then down:
4–David Rood. • 19–Marvin Koner-Globe. • 20–Larry Fried; Marvin Koner-Globe; Don Stewart; Larry Fried; Friedman-Abeles from Galaxy; Carl Marlow; Marvin Koner Globe; Carl Marlow. • 21–Hans Knopf. • 22, 23–Robert McGinnis. • 25–Ph... Halsman. • 26, 27–Mac Conner. • 28, 29–Farrell Grehan. • 30–Robert McCall. 31–Hanson Carroll. • 32, 33–Camera Press-Pix. • 34, 35–Austin Briggs. • 36–Gus Pasquarella; U. S. Marine Corps. • 37–Mike Ludlow. • 38, 39–Gus Pasquarella. 42, 43–Mac Conner. • 45–Lewis R. Brown. • 94–Gus Pasquarella. • 124–Bert St... C. R. Deindorfer; Ronald Como.

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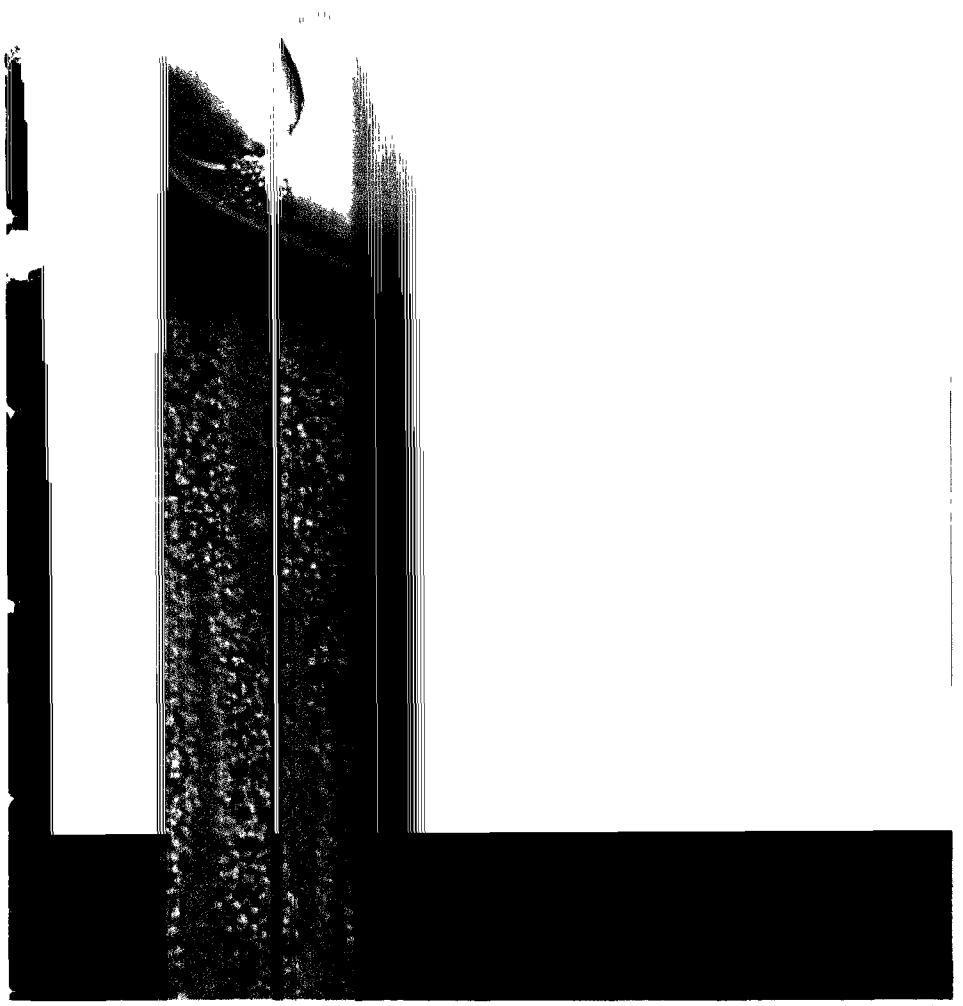

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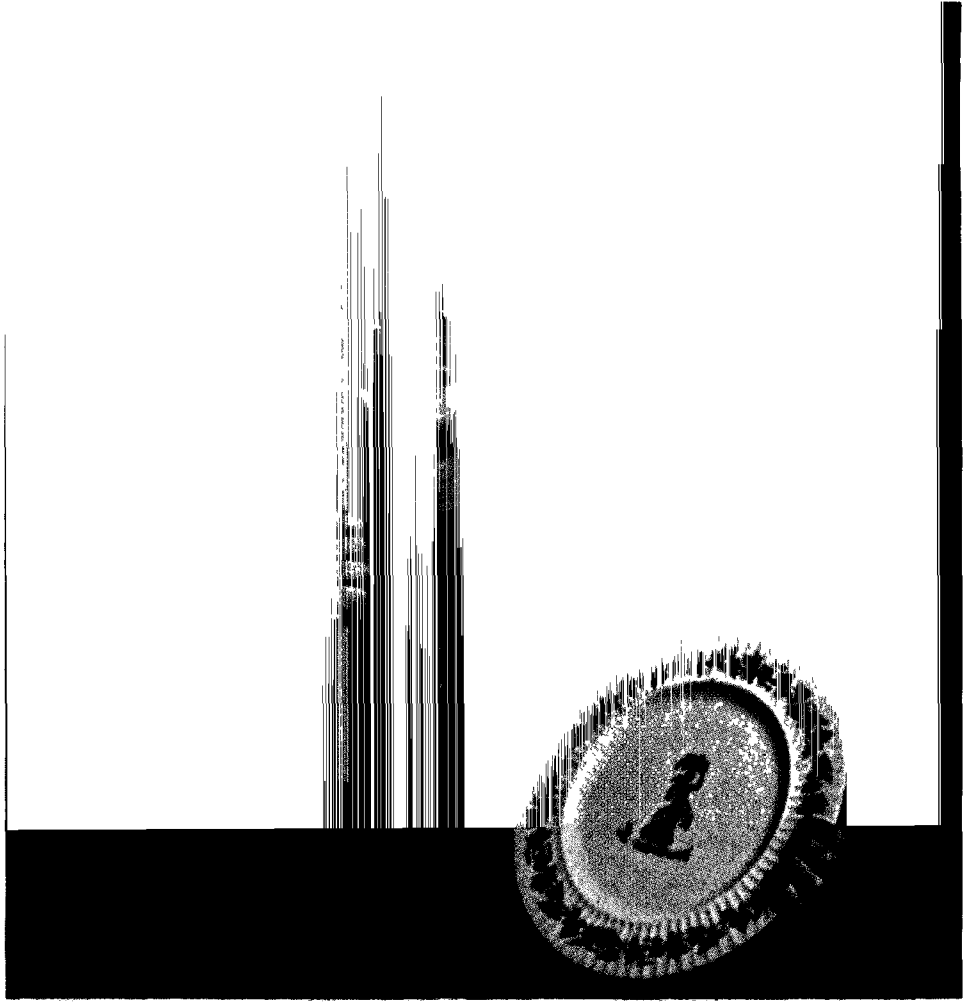

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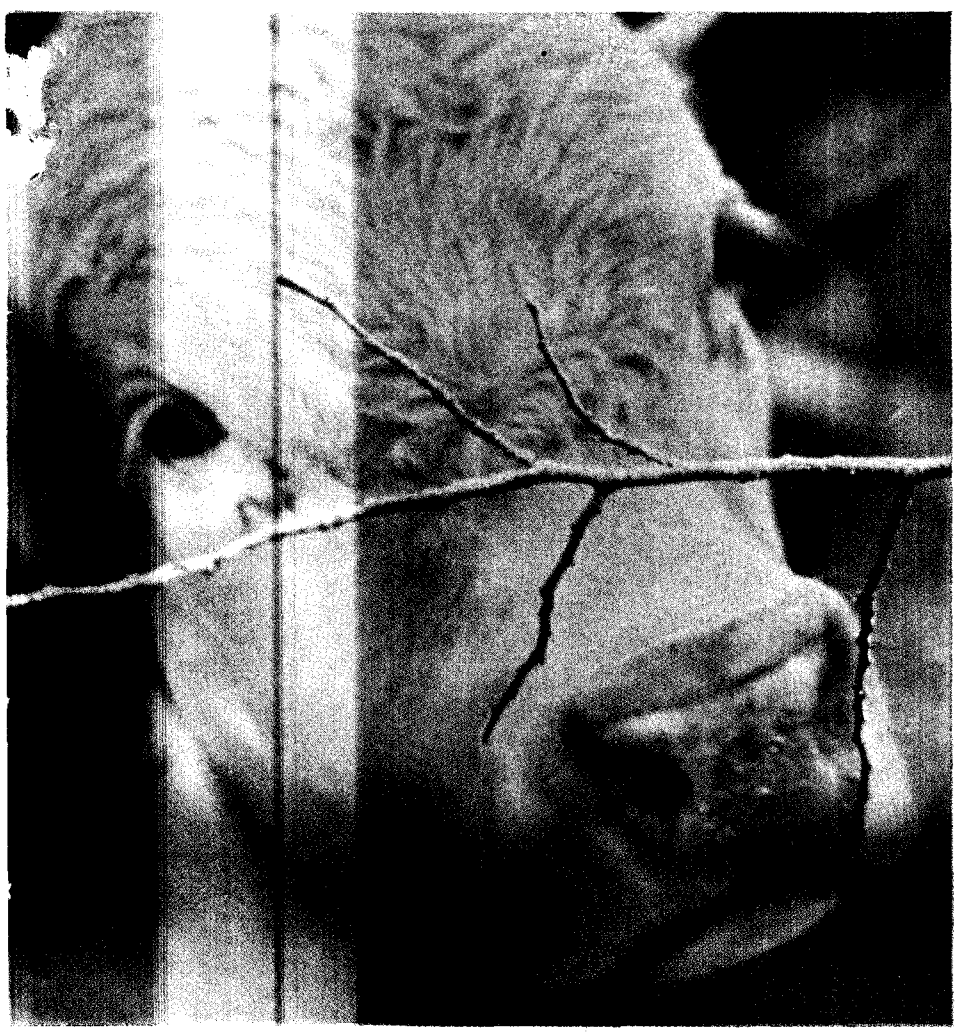

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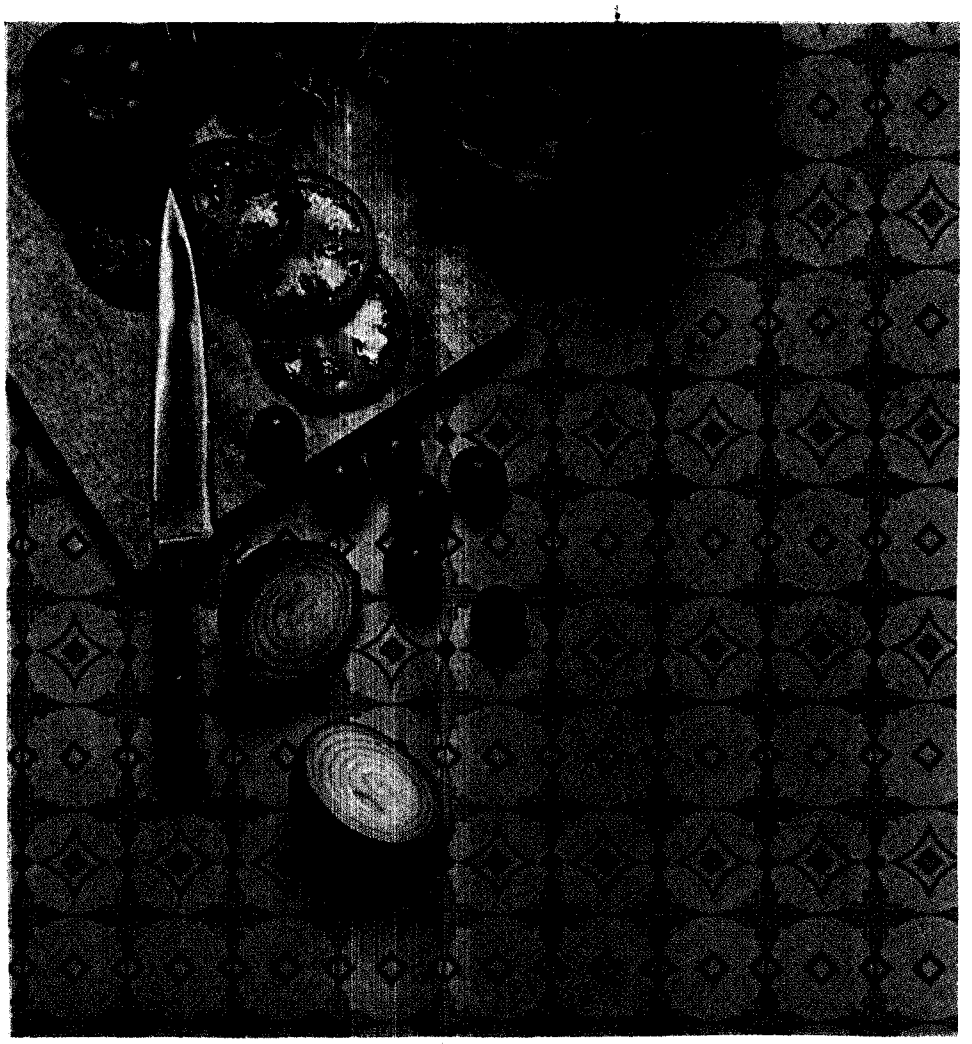

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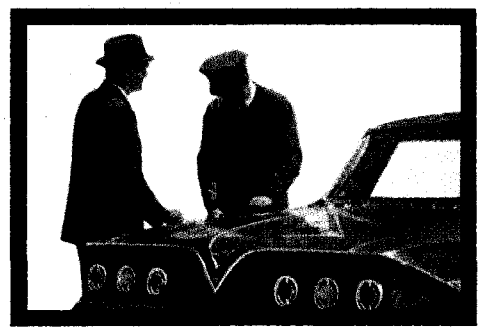

The low Hertz rate includes insurance, gas and oil (even if you buy it on the road)! Rates by the hour, day or week.

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Editorials

Are You Barred From the Polls by Obsolete Laws?

Are you among the "lost voters" who changed addresses within the past two years? Are you taking a last-minute trip that keeps you away from home on Election Day? Are you bedridden or hospitalized? If the answer to any of these queries is "yes," you probably aren't voting in this election.

Our ridiculously outdated state voting laws are responsible for this mass disfranchisement of 13 per cent of the nation's total potential voting force. When these laws were enacted, many of them a century and more ago, we were a less mobile people, and there was perhaps justification for requiring a person to live within the state for one and even two full years before being eligible to vote—a condition that two thirds of our states still impose. But in these days of frequent job transfers and family moves, such waiting periods are far too long. Similarly there is no valid reason now, if ever there was, why an otherwise qualified voter should forfeit his ballot simply because he has the misfortune to be incapacitated or must make an urgent business trip on Election Day. Yet most states have no provisions for balloting in such emergency situations.

The fact that unrealistic, behind-the-times voting laws probably prevented these millions of Americans from casting their ballots, through no fault of their own, is shameful enough. Even more to be lamented is the fact that these wasted votes would be, for the most part, intelligent, well-considered votes. By and large, the "lost voters" mentioned earlier are the better-educated, more-informed people who reasonably could be expected to ballot with the welfare of the nation in mind and not for selfish reasons.

As a natural offshoot of its informed-vote campaigns of recent years, The American Heritage Foundation is spearheading a drive to modernize voting laws and thus safeguard the right of all qualified citizens to vote. Happily, some progress, however slow and piecemeal, is being scored in the matter. A few recent examples: Ohio, California and Missouri all have shortened their residence requirements. Newcomers need live in those states only forty, fifty-four and sixty days, respectively, instead of a full year as previously, before voting for national officers. Utah has erased a century-old statute that barred residents of military and Indian reservations from the polls, and New Yorkers now may vote absentee if they are away from their home county, whereas previously they had to be absent from the state.

There is no question that the electorate responds to up-to-date voting laws. In the last Presidential election, Idaho, with 77.3 per cent, topped all states in voter turnout. Connecticut was a close second with 76.6 per cent. Idaho requires only six months' residence in the state and allows registration up to three days before the election. While Connecticut demands one-year residence, it registers voters until about two weeks before election. In contrast, the three states with the saddest voting records in 1956—Alabama (28.5 per cent), South Carolina (24.6 per cent) and Mississippi (22.1 per cent)—all require residence of two years in the state and have registration deadlines in May, June and September.

Modernization of our voting laws is by no means a cure-all for the nation's perennial Election Day ills. No matter what is done in this regard, we shall always have with us, no doubt, the millions of apathetic adults who wouldn't trouble to vote even if the polls were set up in their own living rooms. However, help must be extended to those voters who want to do their civic duty and can't.

Perhaps It's the Law That's "Insane" in This Quaint Case!

Although many bizarre episodes emerge from the confusions of American criminology, it would be difficult to find a more cockeyed set of circumstances, all within the solemn framework of psychiatry and jurisprudence, than the following.

In 1950 James Cathey murdered a fellow prison inmate in Arizona. The opinion of the Arizona court which tried him was that Cathey was insane. He was committed to an insane asylum in Phoenix. Some nine years later Cathey, who was a legal resident of California, was transferred to the Atascadero State Hospital in that state. Medical endorsement of the transfer: "For further treatment."

After one month in the California institution Cathey was adjudged sane in the opinion of the medical specialists. He was released, free to go, come and do as he pleased.

Unfortunately he pleased, within a year, to slay three more persons!

Cathey's release from Atascadero was not accomplished without protest. The superintendent of the Arizona State Hospital, to which he had originally been committed, and the chairman of the Arizona State Board of Pardons and Paroles served warning on California that Cathey was "extremely dangerous" and should continue to have prolonged treatment. Nevertheless the Atascadero psychiatrists adjudged him legally sane and turned him loose.

"We had to release him because, under California law, we had no way of detaining him unless he was committed as an insane person under a California court order," explained Dr. R. S. Rood, Atascadero's superintendent. Cathey had been transferred from Arizona, which, of course, is outside the jurisdiction of California. Furthermore, said Doctor Rood, "An insane person shows evidence of delusions and does not know the difference between right and wrong. Cathey showed none of these tendencies."

Thus, in the view of California law, the "patient" was not insane, and it was to be legally assumed that he would not murder again.

However, on May 17, 1959, Cathey, while "sticking up" a Los Angeles barroom, shot two men. One died instantly. The other lay paralyzed for many months, but eventually succumbed. Again Cathey was adjudged insane and sent back to Atascadero. There he was certified sane. Arrangements to have him returned to Los Angeles for sentencing as a person in possession of his faculties were rudely interrupted by Cathey himself. He delayed the proceedings long enough to slay a psychiatric technician at the asylum. Score to date: four dead men. And there, for the moment at least, the case appears to rest.

The Preserve Kettle Is a Memory, But it Smelled Wonderful

There are many richly satisfying smells of autumn, even in our ever more urbanized American life: the old sweet-sad fragrance of burning leaves, tangy wood smoke, and the perfume blended from ripening squ ashes and pumpkins around clean fields. There is one autumn smell, however, which was almost universally redolent only a generation or so ago, but now seems to be pretty well gone with the wind for most American kids, who don't know what they missed.

The old-fashioned, seasonal smell of "preserving" adorns few modern "utility kitchens" with their efficient frozen-food lockers, but for millions of Americans still in their fifties the memory of the tantalizing old fragrance lingers on. There was the hot syrupy smell of simmering peaches, the bland smell of stewing pears touched up with whole cloves, the wine smell of wild grapes straining through a cheesecloth bag for jelly and jam, apples spiced with quince and currant for winter delicacies, tart crab apples for jaded palates, and "applesass" sprinkled with nutmeg and cinnamon for a small boy's immediate consumption.

When he hurried home from school on a late-autumn afternoon, the boy liked to dip the peaches into scalding water and slip off their damask skins like little jackets, chop green tomatoes for the bitey piccalilli, and tie up the little cheesecloth bags of spices that brought the odors of the Orient to old New England kitchens.

Whatever he spilled on the red-and-white-checked tablecloth was a libation to the gods of the harvest. The smell of old-time "preserving" was a good, rich, clean, strong American fragrance. A great many nostalgic senior citizens, and some not so "senior," can still catch a whiff of it.

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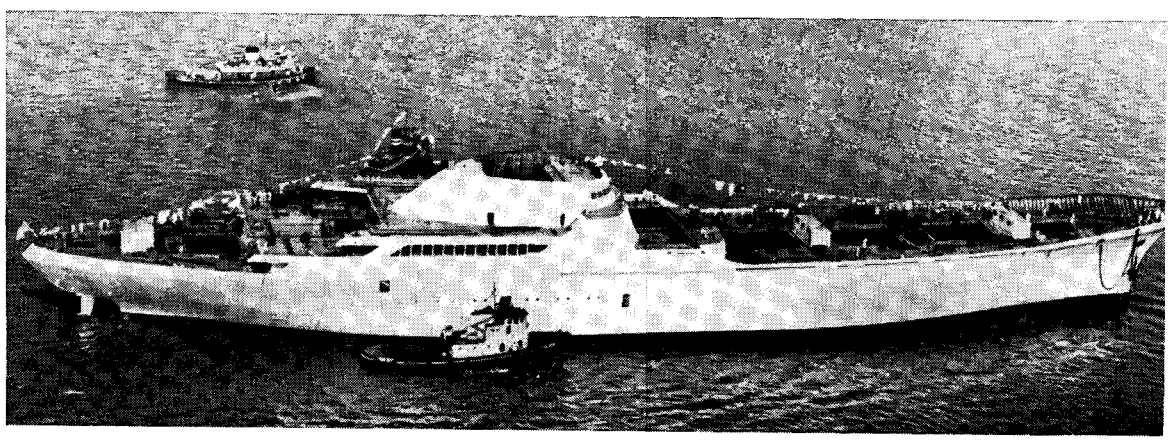
"This is Lowell Thomas, bringing you news of America growing.

Perhaps you have heard that our population is increasing at the rate of one person every 11 seconds. When you see babies like these in a hospital nursery, you see one of the biggest reasons for America's growth. And these people will need food, id clothing, and housing, and education, and hundreds of other necessities and luxuries. On these three pages, I'll show you some of the things that America is doing to grow and stay strong. Read the stories and you'll agree that America is indeed going like '60!"



From Savannah to Savannah. The SS Savannah was the first ship using steam to cross the Atlantic. When she approached the coast of England in 1819 on her maiden voyage, the British, startled to see that she wasn't using her sails, fired shots across her bow to stop her. *Today's* N. S. Savannah, launched in July, 1959, is our first nuclear-powered surface ship. She can cruise three years without refueling (compared to 89 hours for the original Savannah which used sails most of the time) and the new ship displaces 22,000 tons, compared to 320 tons for the old Savannah.

Hold it—here comes another road. We're building roads at such a clip that even the map makers can't keep up. Al Severy here, works for Rand McNally in San Francisco. He says that they often stop the presses for last minute changes, but *every* new map is slightly outdated before it's off the printing press. Roads are so urgently needed that America is going to spend $5 billion for new highways and bridges this year.

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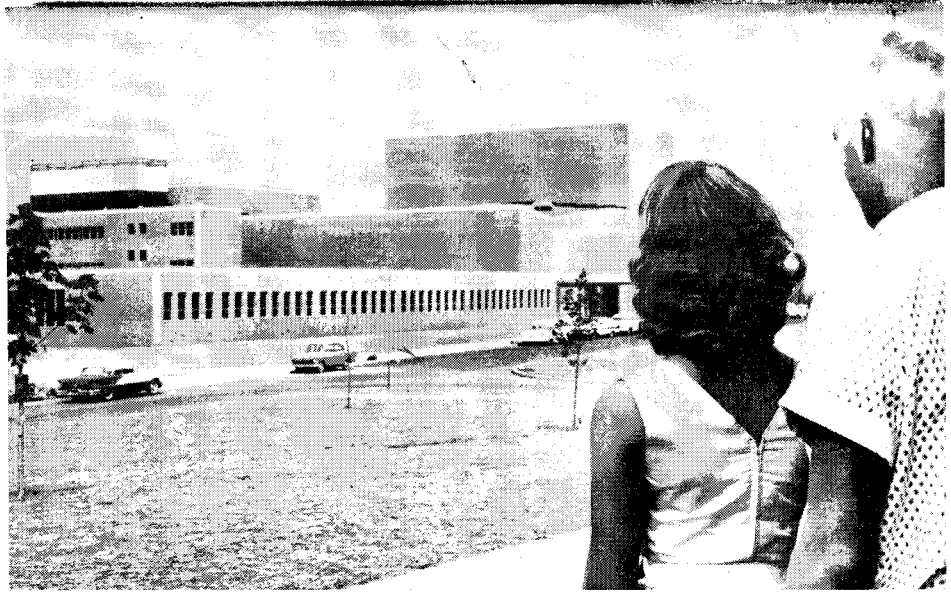
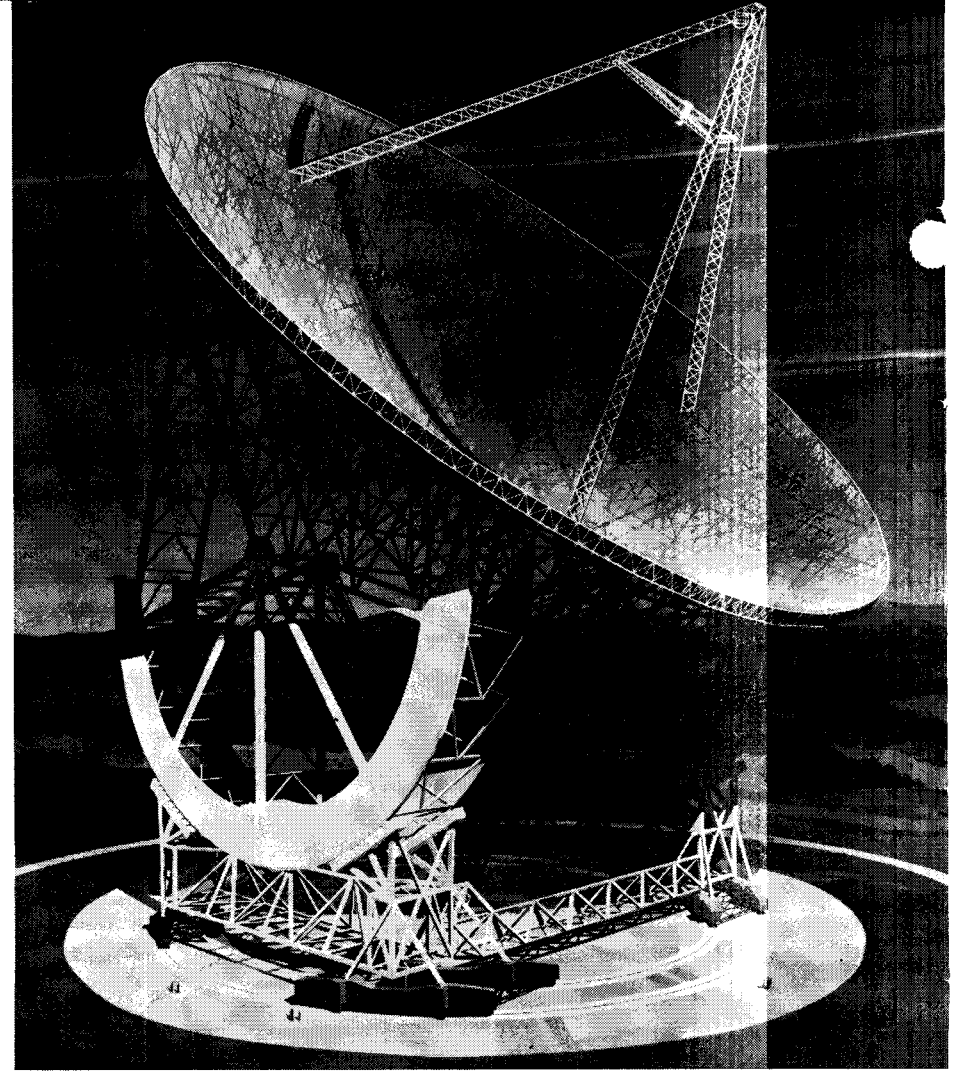
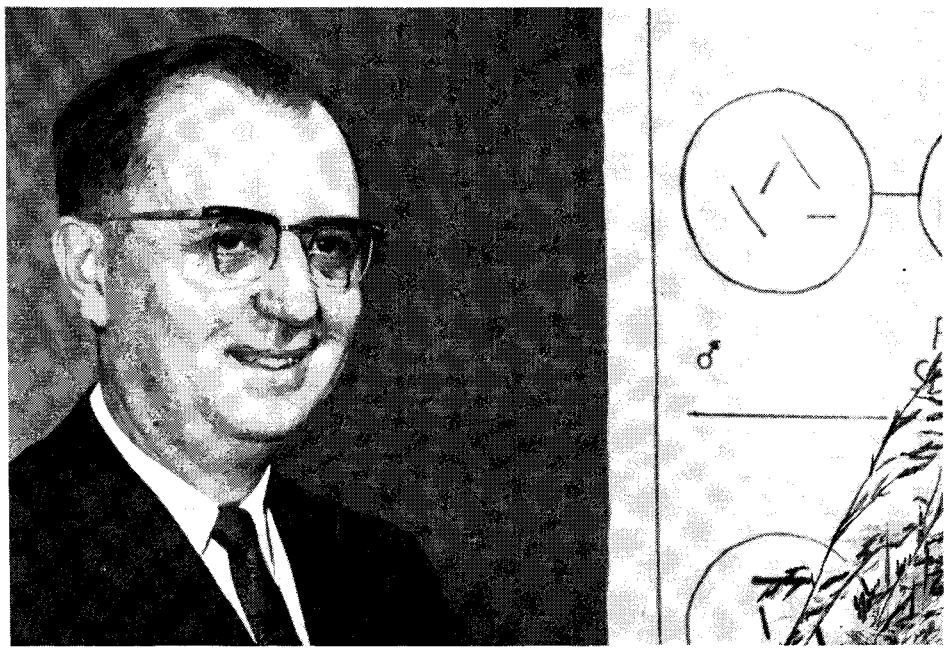


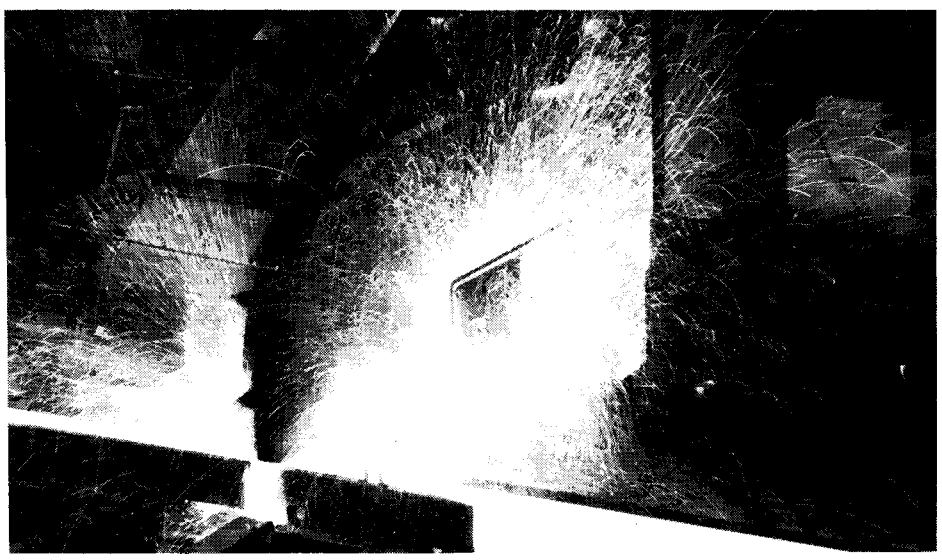
Student boom starts building boom. Here at Kent State in Ohio, they're right in the middle of a $21.7 million building program to handle the growing flood of new students who are anxious to learn and make a better place for themselves in the growing America of tomorrow. Nationally, colleges will spend about $1 billion for construction this year; and in the next ten years, they expect to spend an additional $9 to $15 billion.



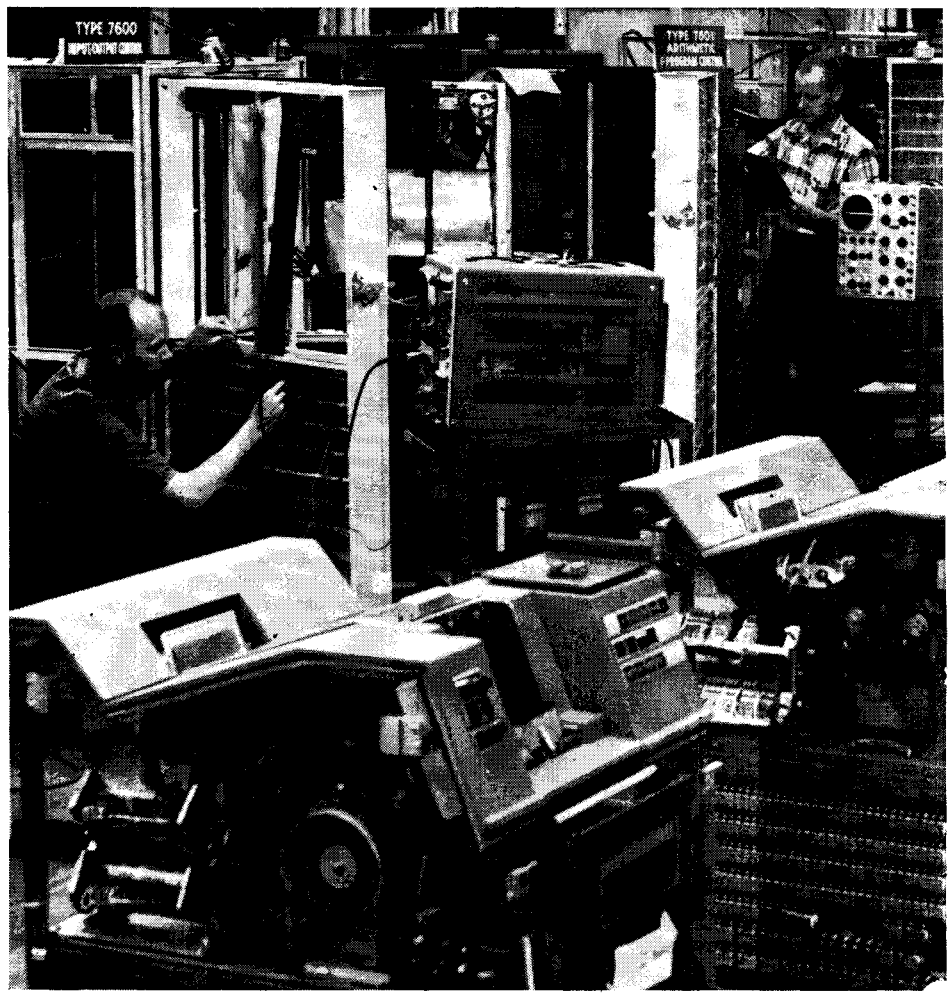
Calling all galaxies. This radio telescope will be used to detect radio waves from celest bodies billions of light years away. The U. S. Navy will operate it with a 500-man crew uncover new secrets about our mysterious universe. United States Steel is building the te scope in West Virginia from 20,000 tons of special USS high strength steel. The "bowl" is 6 feet in diameter . . . big enough to hold Yankee Stadium . . . and, for the present at any ra will be the largest telescope in the world.



He grows farmers. Surely you've noticed that the foods you buy are fresher, bigger, and better-tasting than ever before. One reason is that farming is now a science that can be taught—by men like E. F. Frolik, Dean of the School of Agriculture at the University of Nebraska. Dean Frolik says that his growing number of agricultural students will produce about 50% more food than the farmer of a generation ago—aided by better farming methods and farm machinery.



Twenty for one. It took more than 20 contracting companies three years to build U. S. Steel's new structural mill which replaces older mills at the South Works in Chicago. One of the most dramatic things in the mill is this giant "hot saw" that slices through steel beams as though they were butter. United States Steel alone has spent $588 million in the past 18 months for modernization and replacement, and they've authorized an additional $675 million for the near future.



They figure to grow. These computers on IBM's assembly line at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. soon be at work to speed up research and paper work for hundreds of American businesse Almost overnight, the computer industry has grown to an annual $1.5 billion business. Y can see the new importance of this industry in the "help wanted" columns as industry search for the trained technicians to operate their time-saving, money-saving computers.

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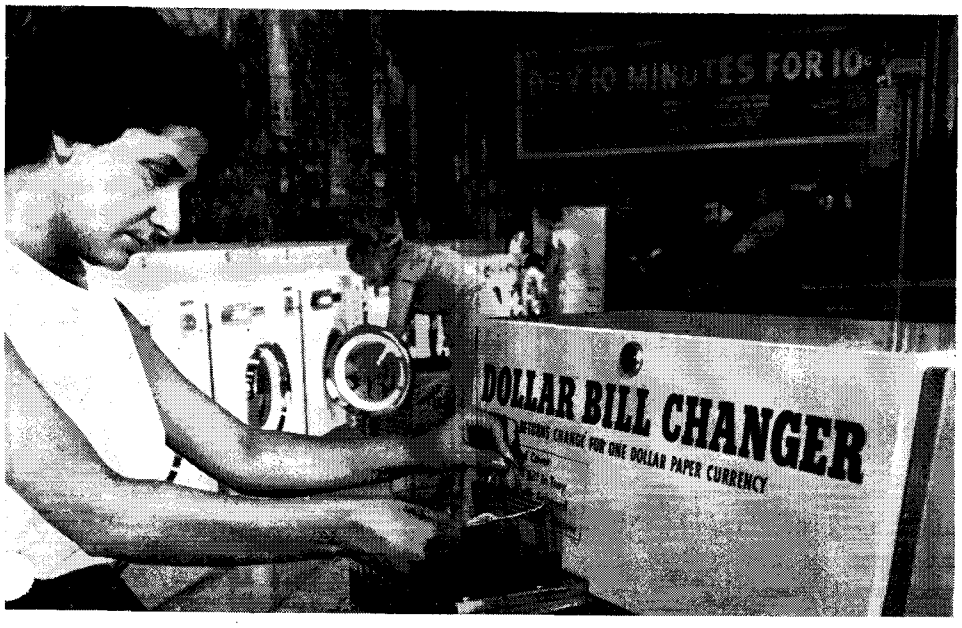
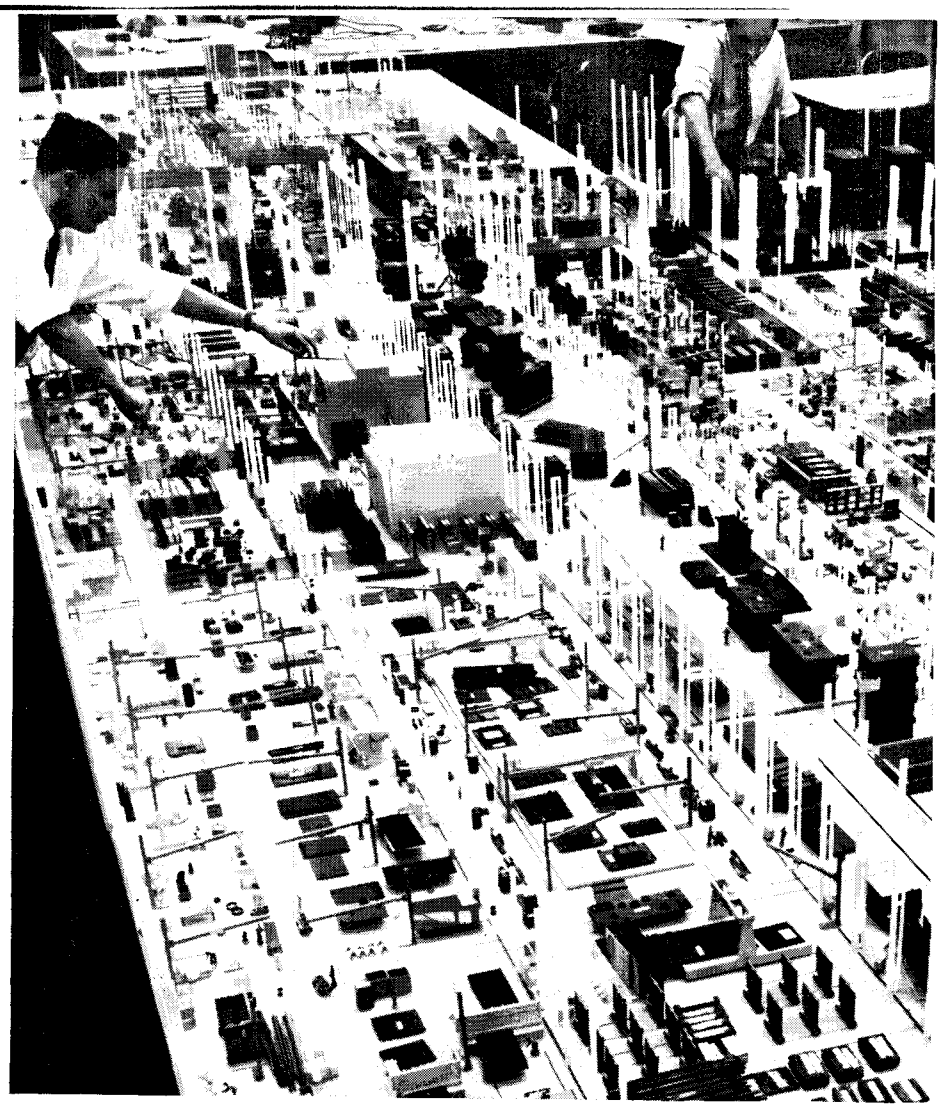
Trailers play "piggy-back." Transportation men use the word "piggy-back" to describe the new method of hauling loaded truck trailers long distances on railroad flatcars. When they arrive, a truck driver drives them off the car and to the loading dock. These Illinois Central piggy-backs are part of a 100% increase in this type of freight this year for the railroad. And, according to Asst. Freight Agent J. R. Peters, that figure is even better than the *national* 40% increase in piggy-back freight. Sometimes the trailers are loaded on barges the same way. They call this "fishy-back!"

'What, me set a record?" No one was more surprised than Walt Rumbo when he was told he had set a record when he bought the 500th Ford Falcon from King Motor Company in Long Beach, California. Mr. Rumbo said, "It's only right that I should set the record . . . I just started in my own business *making* records as the Western Custom Record Pressing Company." Notice that Salesman Vern Kusisto looks properly pleased, too.



hange for a dollar—automatically. This Woodside, Long Island self-service laundry has a machine that takes dollar bills and gives you a dollar's worth of change! It's a natural development of the growth in vending machine business. Americans bought $2.2 *billion* worth of merchandise from vending machines last year with 103,125 *tons* of coins.



Biggest in the world. When Westinghouse finishes the full-scale version of this "model plant" they're building near Muncie, Indiana, they'll build the biggest electric power transformer in the world. The transformer will weigh half a million pounds, and will be big enough to handle the power needs of a city the size of Pittsburgh, Pa. with *700,000* people. Hundreds of workers are now building this new transformer plant that will turn out transformers to meet the rapidly growing electrical needs of our country, which have doubled every 10 years.

The ready availability of today's superior steels is one reason for the nation's productive power. For most applications, steel is the most economical building material available in mass quantities known to man, and it is the most versatile.

There is scarcely a single product or development named in these paragraphs that doesn't owe its growth, in part at least, to steel.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**
525 William Penn Place Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

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zing!

Surging smoothness of *SKYROCKET* Engine power! New "fashion-line" design with real zing . . . not only beautiful and modern, but with that extra sparkle and spice that speeds up your pulse!

Remember the thrill you got when you bought your very first car? It's yours all over again in a **CLASSIC 98 OLDSMOBILE** ...awaiting you now at your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's. OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORP.

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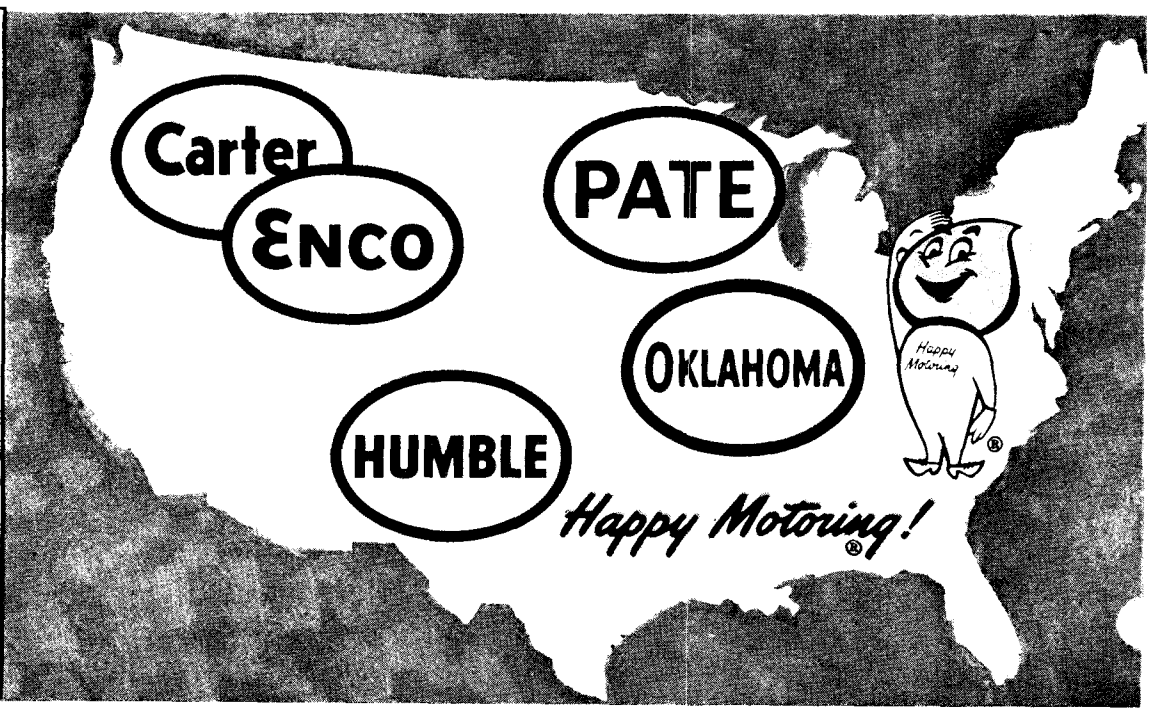
NOW HAPPY MOTORING

RECOGNIZE US
COAST-TO-COAST
BY THESE FINE
TRADE MARKS

HUMBLE
OIL & REFINING COMPANY



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COAST-TO-COAST

since 5 leading regional oil companies have joined to form HUMBLE America's Leading Energy Company

This new development in the fast advancing Age of Energy joins the skills and resources of five leading regional oil companies. To serve you better coast-to-coast, these companies have united to form a new Humble Oil & Refining Company. The name comes from an oil field and a town near Houston, which was the origin of Humble Oil Company about 50 years ago.

The new Humble Company—appropriately called "America's Leading Energy Company"—today finds, refines, distributes and markets more oil and petroleum products than any other domestic oil operation. It is backed by the nation's leading petroleum research laboratories . . . with more oil and petrochemical advances than any other U. S. research group.

Now, this great new company combines all these resources to bring you "Happy Motoring" products and services through more than 30,000 service stations coast-to-coast.

This Humble leadership promises you more of the best of new products first. Not only products for your car . . . like the remarkable new Uniflo Motor Oil . . . but many other new products for better living, made possible by Humble research.

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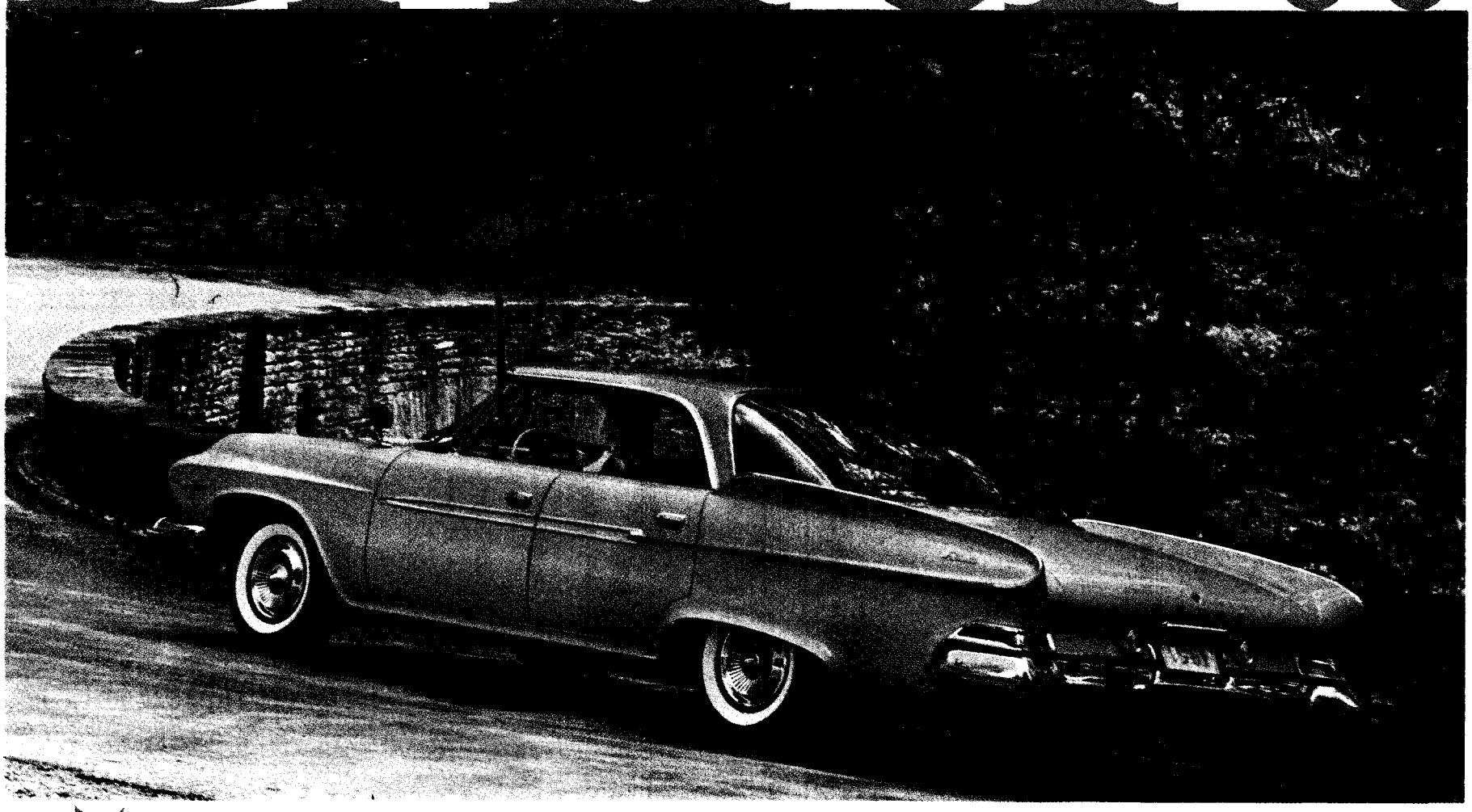
FULL-SIZE DODGE PRICED MODEL FOR MODEL WITH FORD AND CHEVROLET

DART!!



DODGE UPSETS THE APPLECART

The new automobile shown above is a bona fide bargain. It is a 1961 Dodge called Dart!! It is priced model for model with Ford and Chevrolet. That's Dart!! And that's value. No limited edition, there are 23 models to pick from. Bound to be one to suit you and your family. Also, consider this. Dart has Dodge room, comfort and quality throughout. The body is unitized, rust and rattle-proofed. You get excellent gasoline mileage with either six or eight cylinder engine. There is an alternator-generator that will greatly increase battery life, it charges even at idle. Dart has many other good things to recommend it. Your Dodge Dealer will be happy to elaborate. See him, won't you.

DODGE DART!!

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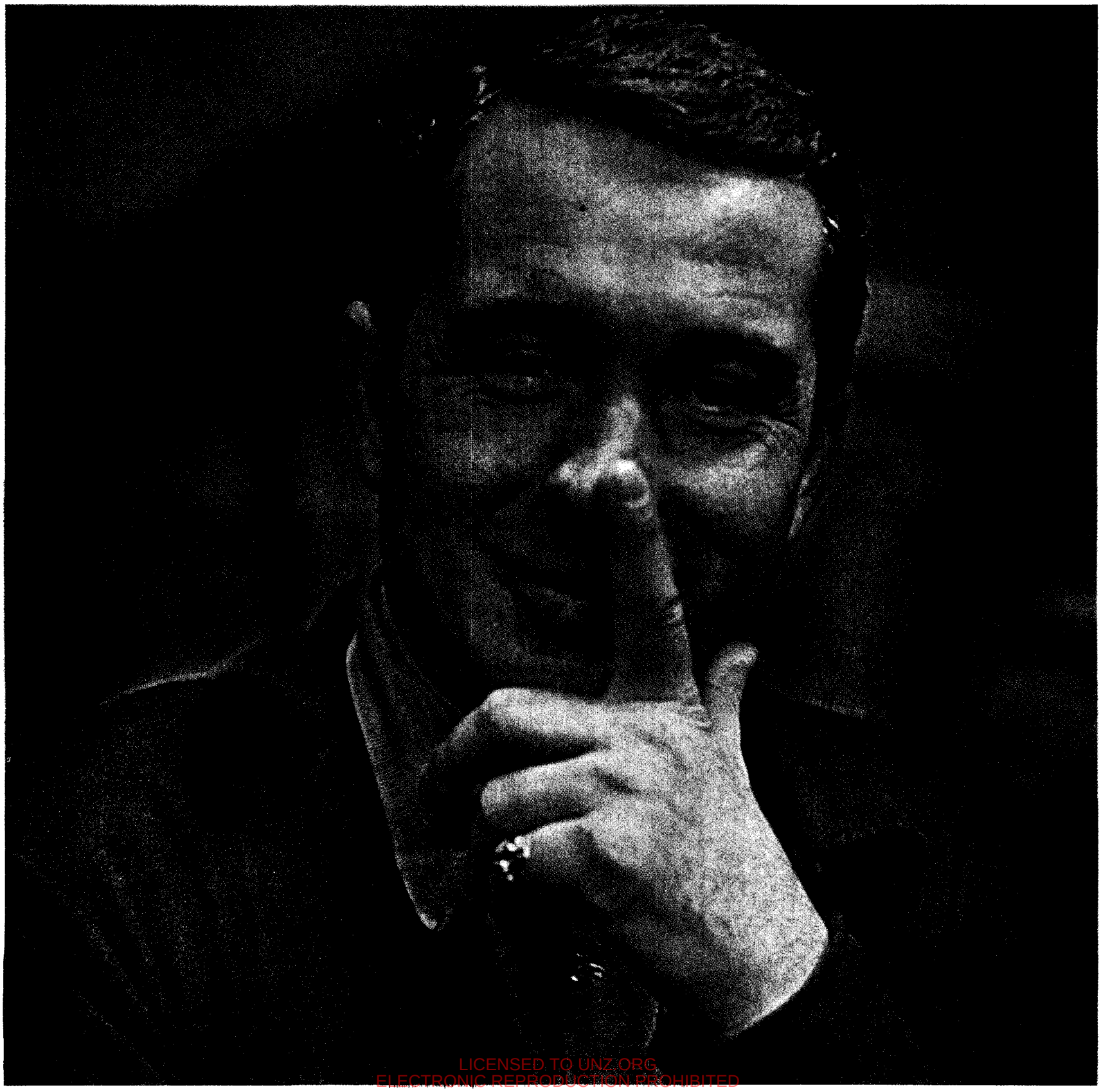
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

A *Post* editor's intimate portrait of the fabulous singing barber who parlayed an amiable, easygoing manner into one of the most successful shows on TV.

I CALL ON Perry Como

By PETE MARTIN

BEGINNING ON THE NEXT PAGE



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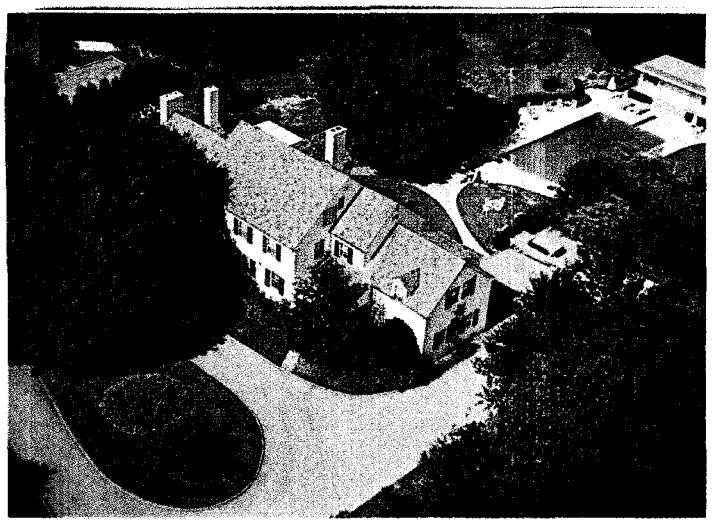


Perry's comfortable home at Sands Point, Long Island, is off limits to photographers, except for aerial shots.

The Comos at their winter home, in Florida. From the left, Perry, his wife Roselle, Ronnie, Terri and David.

I CALL ON

Perry Como

By Pete Martin

PART ONE

I looked at his hair. It was thick. It had a tendency to curl. It was exactly the right length—not too long, not too short. It wasn't a butch through which his scalp showed pinkly. I envied him his hair and his even tan, every inch of which was exactly the same degree of darkness. There were no freckles, no peeling spots.

I thought, *It figures that his hair should look right. He should know about such things. After all, he's the most famous barber since Delilah, although he abandoned his tonsorial trade about twenty-five years ago to sing for his living.*

"I understand you're a big man in the ice-chomping field," I said to Perry Como. "I'm an ice eater myself, and it drives my wife to distraction. She says she can hear the echo of my molars all over the house. Does your dentist tell you it's bad for your teeth when you crack a whole cube with one bite?"

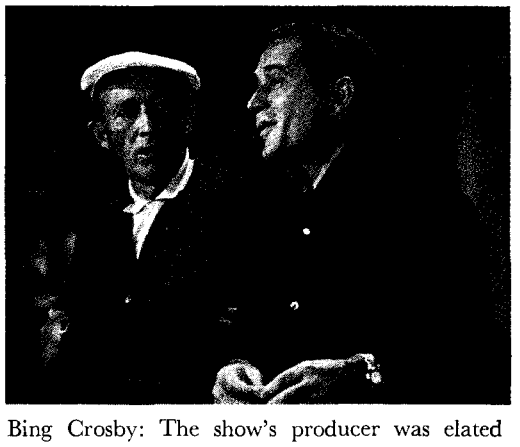
Como looked cautiously around his office as if he were afraid it was bugged. "I've never told him," he said in a low, conspiratorial voice.

"You mean he can't tell by just looking into your mouth?" I asked.

"He's preoccupied with some other dental problems of mine," Como explained. "For eighteen years I've had a small space between my two front teeth. That was my Number One problem. It was a minor one. I acquired a major one many years ago when they drilled

PERRY'S PARADE OF GUEST STARS:

He has known Peggy Lee (above) since she sang with Benny Goodman and he with Ted Weems.

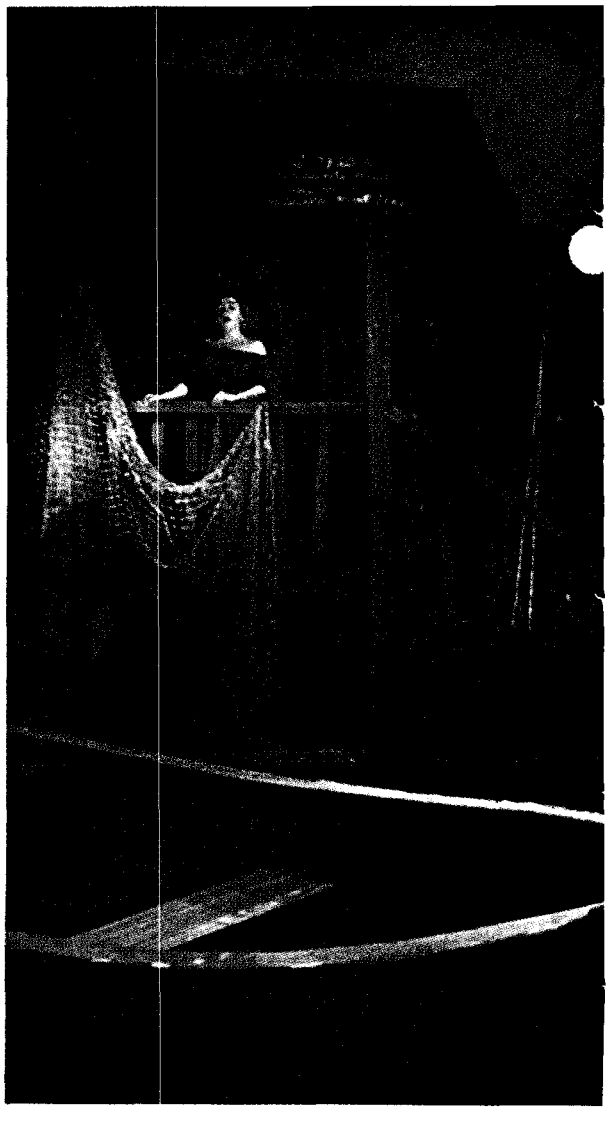


Bing Crosby: The show's producer was elated to bring these two "elder statesmen" together.

The "spontaneous" chatter with guests (above, Gary Cooper) is written by Goodman Ace and others.

Young stars such as Tab Hunter (above) often appear when they are "hot" because of a hit record.

Lena Horne has appeared on Perry's show several times since its *première* in September, 1955.



to put caps on my teeth. There is no reason why you should know this, but once your teeth are ground and capped, they're tender afterward. If you get a little cavity or decay on the uncapped part of the tooth, the dentist has to take the cap off, drill a little higher and put on another cap. Dentically speaking, I've been going through hell for eighteen years. In all honesty, I guess if I had laid off my ice-breaker bit, my teeth would be in pretty good shape."

I said, "I'm curious about how you go about crunching ice with caps on."

"Obviously my caps are made of concrete," Como said. "I can polish off a whole bowl of ice in no time at all." He thought for a moment, then added, "I'll tell you why I think I'm an ice craver. When I play a lot of golf, as I frequently do, and it's very hot, I perspire bucketfuls. I get dehydrated and I have to push that lost water back into my body. I'm not very big, but in one round of golf I can ooze between five and seven pounds."

"On just an ordinary, peaceful, quiet day of golf?" I asked.

"It's actually water. It's bloat that vanishes."

I said, "I understand that you play a very leisurely game of golf, a lazy game. So why all the perspiration?"

He smiled, confessing, "I can sweat like a herd of wild animals. My pores are wide open and ready to go any time. I'll tell you a secret," he went on, "I know your spies have told you that my rounds of golf aren't strenuous, that I keep my eyes and ears open to the crunch of grass underfoot and the sound of birdsong as I journey around eighteen holes. They doubtless tell you also that I seem to relish these things so greatly that I play very

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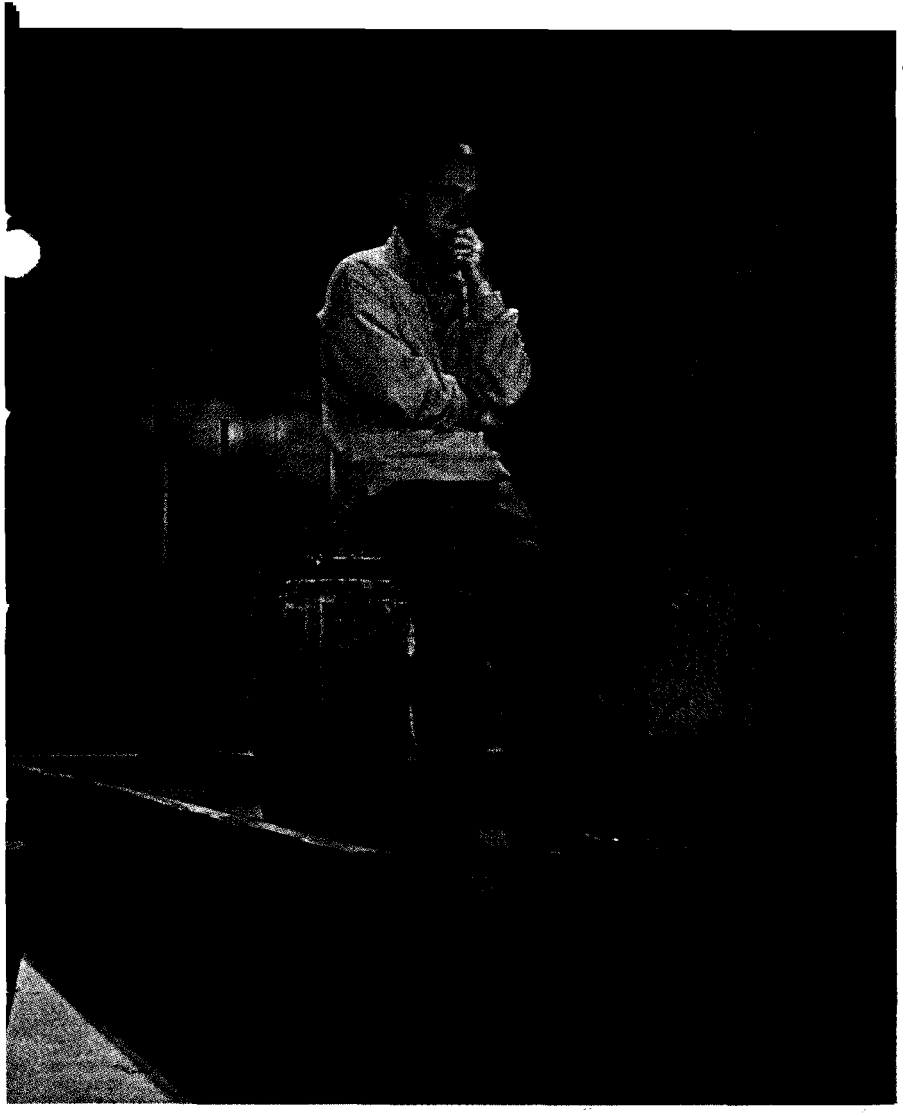

The Como weekly television show on NBC: Perry sings *Summertime* with Lois Winters. He prefers "standards" to most of the current hit tunes which appeal to teen-agers.

Como with Arnold Palmer, the 1960 Masters champion, in a Boys Club charity meet at Huntington, Long Island. Perry says he sweats "bucketfuls" when playing golf.

slowly. Well, to use a sweet word instead of a crude one, that's a lot of hooey. I may appear to loiter, but honestly I'm just as fast as anybody else on a golf course."

He thought of something and added, "With the exception of England. I really had a problem there. For some reason, British players hit the ball and run. Their wives may find them something less than volcanic at home, but put them down on a golf course, and it's Balaklava and *The Charge of the Light Brigade* all over again. They charge at you like wild boars—polite wild boars, mind you, but if they want to play through you, if you're smart, you let them play."

I said, "The only English golf match I've ever seen was one played between Bob Hope and Bing Crosby for the Playing Fields of England Fund. They had to call it off on the fourth hole because they were driving their balls right down the spectators' throats. Twelve or fifteen thousand people crowded onto the fairways until there weren't any fairways; there were just masses of people."

"I played in a few of those things myself," Como said. "They're fun until they start leaving you no room to play in. After that they're murder."

I said, "I helped Bob Hope write his story for *The Saturday Evening Post* [This Is On Me, February 13, 1954–April 10, 1954]. There are those who say he's no good without his writers around him, but I can testify that there were many times when he said sidesplitting things to me on his own, without his writers thinking them up for him."

"He's a swifty with an ad lib," Como agreed. "Hope's played a lot of golf exhibitions for charity, and I've played with him on some of them. You gather together three or four characters like Hope, and ten or twenty thousand people are apt to turn out. When the galleries start lining up on the fairways until they leave only a long, narrow slit for you to drive through, it scares the hell out of you. You could kill a spectator if you hit him in the wrong spot.

"Most of the benefits I've played," he went on, "have been for boys' clubs or for such things as cerebral-palsy funds. I remember one day in Washington, D.C., when there were five of us—Hope and I, Ben Hogan, Ed Sullivan and Jimmy Demaret. Most of the people who'd come out to see us play weren't golfers and knew no golf etiquette. They didn't even have enough gumption to know they were in danger and get out of the way when Hope and Sullivan and I were shooting. Hogan and Demaret knew where their shots were going, but you can't stand in front of Hope or me when we're shooting without running a good chance of having a slice or a hook slam into you.

"That was the maddest day I can remember. Bob was flying in from somewhere with Jim Demaret. They were supposed to be there at one o'clock, but when they didn't show up, Hogan gave the crowd a golf clinic. He showed them how to hit some balls, then he explained his shots over a microphone to kill time. People were milling and trampling around out of hand, and I was hiding in the locker room. I wasn't about to go out there and get flattened. Finally there was the sound of police-motorcycle sirens, and in came Hope.

"From the moment we teed off on the first hole, trying to play golf was ridiculous. By the time we got to where a ball had landed, it was gone, and we never saw it again. I didn't see the same ball twice all day. There were supposed to be marshals to protect us—they were really to protect the crowd—but they didn't. So the people gathered in the middle of the fairways and grabbed the balls as fast as we hit them. We kept trying anyhow and finally got to the fifth hole, which was a well-trapped par three. I'll never forget what Bob did then. It showed a softer and kinder side of this man who seems so cocky on the outside. He told the rest of us, 'I'm going to hit it in the trap,' and sure enough, that's where he hit it.

"I wish I had a movie of the action for the next fifteen minutes. Bob deliberately hit that ball from one trap to another, dealing out stale jokes for the crowd every second of the time. He was giving the crowd a show for their money, and it was hilariously funny. He'd hit under the ball so it would go straight up in the air, or he'd top it and bury it in the sand. You know, people consistently underestimate Bob. He's much more than just a funny man; he's a very kind man too.

"We played four more holes because we thought we ought to play at least nine, after which we dropped everything and ran for the clubhouse like rabbits. I simply couldn't have stood another nine holes. We'd be there yet. It had taken us four and a half hours to play the holes we did play. When we saw a ball, we hit it. The rest of the time we were signing autographs and walking. A couple of times I even walked in the wrong direction because I couldn't see the fairway."

Changing the subject, I said, "I understand that there are (Continued on Page 76)

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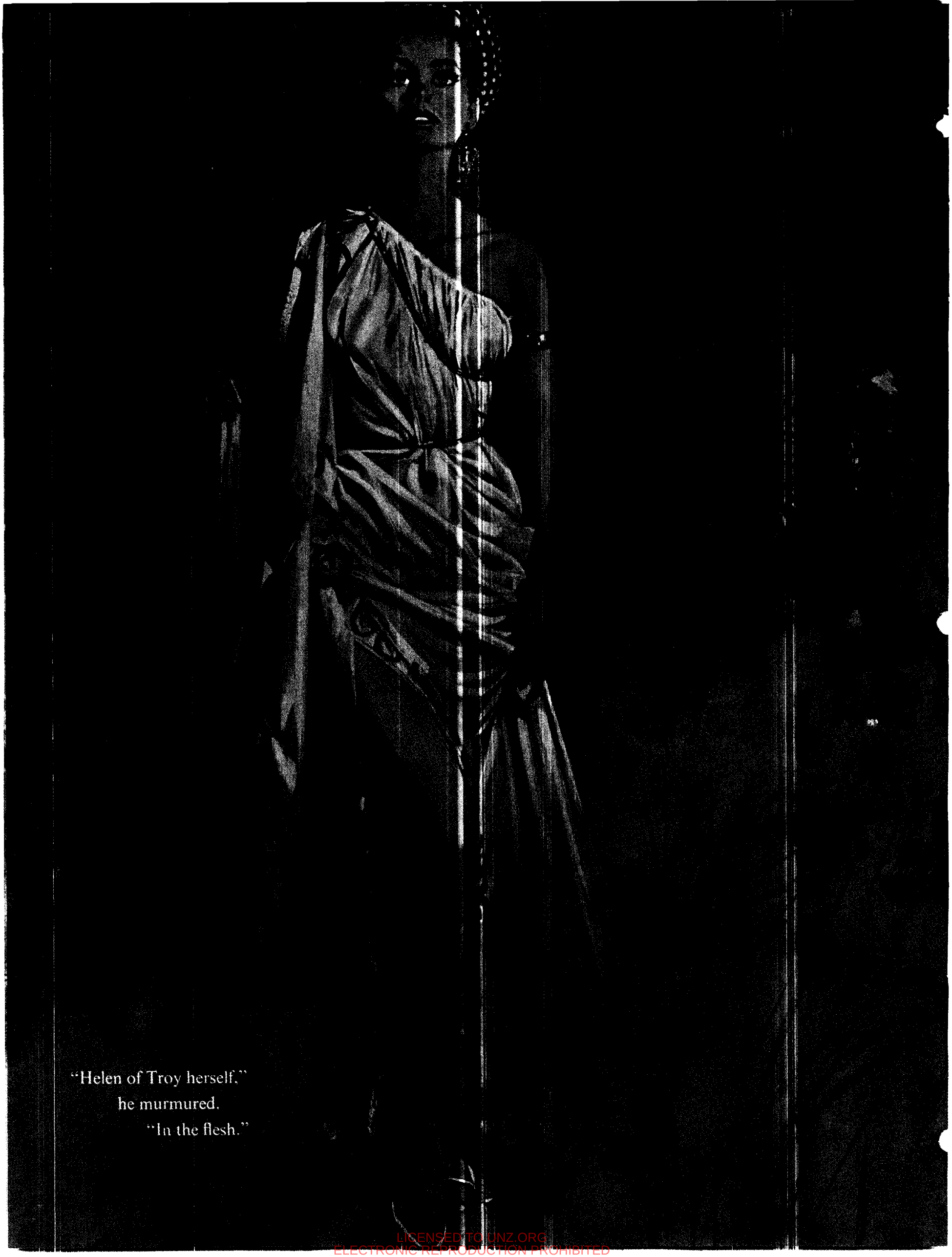

"Helen of Troy herself,"
he murmured.
"In the flesh."

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MORESBY'S GODDESS

BEGINNING A NEW NOVEL OF SUSPENSE BY ERIC HATCH

PART ONE

Moresby walked with long strides across the magnificent modern lobby of the American Athenian Bank toward the executive offices at the rear. As he passed the tellers' cages, whispering sound followed him, like the whisper of leaves at the roadside stirred by the wind of a passing car.

"Moresby—Moresby—that's Moresby."

"Who?"

"Moresby! The man who found the statue."

"Who is he?"

"Moresby—with the partisans in Crete during the occupation."

"Who?"

"Moresby—the archaeologist. Mr. Parsons sent for him."

"Oh!"

In the American Athenian Bank, when Mr. Parsons sent for somebody, it was a royal command, and anyone he sent for became an object of intense interest. The fact that this tall, well-dressed, deeply bronzed man with the crew-cut brown hair and the narrow, three-inch scar running along his left temple was an object of interest in his own right simply added to the stir of excitement caused by his arrival.

As he heard the whispering, Moresby smiled. He admitted to himself that he enjoyed it. It gave him a comforting sense of having come home. In New York, where he had been for the past six months in a futile effort to raise the huge sum of money needed to carry on his archaeological excavation on the tiny island in the Cyclades where he had found the statue, he had felt himself a total stranger. Even in his own scientific circles, where he should have been most welcome, he had been treated with cool skepticism. The statue, a small, beautiful golden image of a young Greek girl, presumably the goddess Hebe, admittedly dated back to pre-Homeric times. But his fellow archaeologists would not accept his assertion that he had found it as a result of calculated exploration at a site where he believed a city had once existed. The men in the philanthropic foundations who backed archaeological expeditions were much too polite to scoff at his ideas. They had simply hidden their smiles behind their well-manicured hands and said money was tight right now. Then, two days ago, Henry Parsons had called him on the transatlantic phone.

He was ushered into a huge air-conditioned office, ultramodern in its *décor*. Henry Parsons rose from a kidney-shaped desk to greet him—Henry Parsons, who controlled more money in that part of the world than anybody except Aristotle Onassis. He held out a hand to Moresby in warm greeting.

"Glad to see you, Paul. Welcome back."

"It's nice to see you, sir."

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable, Paul," he said. "I'm about to engage in a little quiet blackmail."

Moresby laughed.

"Whom are you going to blackmail?" he asked.

"You," said Parsons.

Moresby looked at him sharply now, out of blue eyes grown suddenly cold. On the telephone, Parsons had so plainly implied that the American Athenian Bank had decided to back him. They seated themselves, and Parsons poured two tiny cups of strong Turkish coffee from a silver service and handed one to Moresby.

"Mr. Parsons," said Moresby, "I want you to know that I caught the first plane I could get out of Idlewild, because from what you said on the phone I understood ——"

Parsons waved a graceful hand in a gesture of interruption. "You understood quite correctly," he said. "You need me. It just happens that right now I need you. Are you ready to listen, son?"

Moresby smiled. He had known Parsons since he had first come to the Aegean to work and study as a very young man. Now, after the chill courtesy and frustrating double talk of the New York financiers, he found Parson's simple directness refreshing.

"Sure," he said.

"We'll review the situation," said Parsons. "First, you want the use of perhaps two or maybe three hundred thousand dollars to excavate the remains of an ancient city nobody in the world but you believes existed. Right?"

Moresby smiled sheepishly. "Put that way," he said, "I suppose my proposition does sound a little speculative, doesn't it?"

"As a banker," said Parsons, "the mere thought of putting up the money for a thing like that gives me cold chills." Moresby felt his heart sinking. "On the other hand," Parsons continued, "this bank has sunk a couple of million dollars in something that was supposed to be a very sound investment, but is rapidly turning out to be slightly more speculative than your notion."

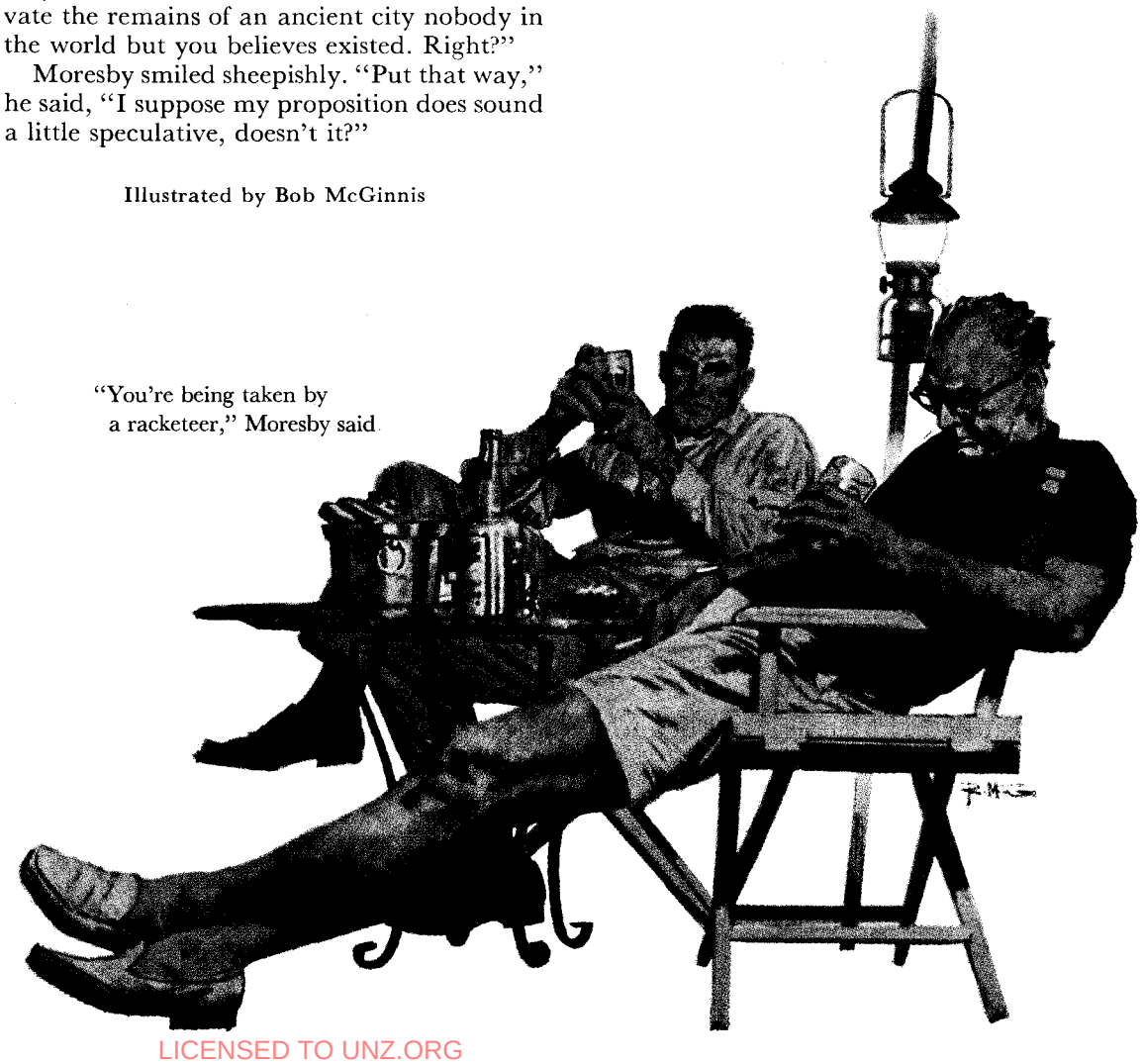
"I'm listening," said Moresby.

Parsons leaned forward. "We financed a moving picture!" he said, clipping the words as if he hated them. "Oh, it sounded fine. One of these colossal super-duper spectacles like *The Ten Commandments*. Basic story by a rather well-known author, too—a little something called the *Iliad*—by Homer. It's being done by a top American producer, it has a top romantic star—Niles Gregory; a pretty, young new French star who's on the way up; a top Hollywood director. It has everything. And what's happened?—we're losing our shirt. It's already gone over double its budget."

Moresby frowned. He couldn't find even a clue to where he fitted into this. "Well," he said, "what *has* happened? Who's guessed wrong where about what?"

"That's what you're going to find out for me," said Parsons. (Continued on Page 46)

Illustrated by Bob McGinnis



"You're being taken by a racketeer," Moresby said

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A Moral for an Age of Plenty

By JACOB BRONOWSKI

On August 2, 1939, Albert Einstein told the President of the United States that his scientific colleagues had evidence to show that an atomic bomb might be made. Five years later, in February, 1945, Klaus Fuchs met a Russian agent whom he knew by the code name "Raymond" and passed on to him what he knew about making the bomb. Was one of these men right to disclose his terrible knowledge, and was the other wrong? Or were they both wrong? Do scientists have a sense of right and wrong?

Questions like these haunt the minds of many people today. Our age of plenty has produced such an expansion of knowledge—from birth control to bombs—that it overwhelms the common judgment. How can I decide what is good and what is bad? asks the honest citizen. Moreover, why should *I* decide? Has science abandoned its own responsibility, because it has lost its moral judgment?

These fears in the public mind are understandable, but I think they are mistaken. On the contrary, I have found that the conscience of scientists is the most active morality in the world today.

When Einstein told the President that he thought that an atomic explosion could be produced, he did what a moral man in a democracy had to do: he told the elected representative of the people what he knew. To have withheld the information would have been to deny that representative a choice of action. If Einstein, knowing what he did, had not written to the President, he would have been as disloyal to his own democracy as Klaus Fuchs was later when he passed his knowledge to another state. If we ask a scientist to decide himself whether to withhold or to disclose a discovery, we are asking him to flout the rights of the community.

Here I should say something personal, because I have great sympathy with those people who feel that there are some lines of research on which a scientist ought to refuse to set out at all. I spent the war years in operations research on work which was designed to make British and American bombing more destructive. This is how I came to be sent to Japan at the end of the war in order to report on the atomic-bomb damage there.

When I saw the inhuman desolation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, I was convinced that the development of atomic weapons could lead to the destruction of mankind. I therefore resolved to take no further part in the making of weapons of mass destruction. But I do not therefore regard myself as morally superior to any one of my fellow scientists who made a different choice. I know that he dislikes weapons as much as I do, and if he works on them and I do not, I do not despise his reasons. I think that the gravest threat now is to human survival, and another scientist thinks that the gravest threat is to human independence. Both judgments, if they are honestly made, deserve equal respect. Each of us no doubt thinks the other mistaken, but neither of us thinks the other wicked. We know that we have each searched a long time before we have reached our own convictions.

I have found that the conscience of scientists is the most active morality in the world today. This is a strange thing to say at a time when few believe that science has a conscience. Most people think themselves generous if they allow that science is neutral and that its findings can be used either for good or for

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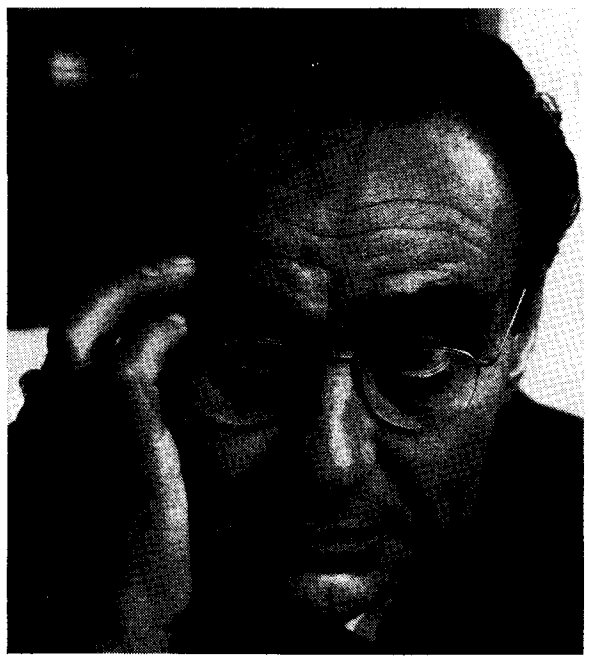
To survive, society must add the active morality of science to the traditional ethics of religion, art and philosophy.



About the Author

Jacob Bronowski, author, mathematician and scientist, has written radio dramas and books on literature, applied mathematical statistics to peacetime economics and to wartime operations research in bombing tactics, contributed to the official British Government evaluation of the atomic immolation of Hiroshima and for some years awed and amused English TV audiences as a participant in the BBC *Brains Trust* program. Polish-born, British-bred Doctor Bronowski is currently director-general of process development for England's National Coal Board. His book, *Science and Human Values*, suggested the theme of this essay.

evil. These people imply, of course, that what is good and what is evil cannot be judged by the standards of science. Science, they say, tells us only what is true and what is false; and they insist that true and false are quite different standards from good and evil. True and false, they say, are matters of fact; but good and evil are matters of conscience which lie on a different plane.

This separation of the true and the false from good and evil is destructive of sound morality. For it removes morality from the tests by which we judge the things that happen around us every day, and makes it something remote from our practical lives. This is most dangerous now, when the setting of our lives is being changed by discoveries in medicine, in mental health, in psychology and in social science in ways which most affect the relations between human beings. Our habits, particularly our habits of thought, are shifting profoundly. In every field of human welfare, from nationalism to sex, and from race relations to delinquency, we learn that we can truly judge the actions of others only when we understand their motives. In such a time it is a disaster to think that the difference between knowledge and ignorance is somehow more trivial than the difference between good and evil. True humanity is understanding—understanding Nature and understanding man. This is why there is no human warmth unless wisdom and goodness are linked together and are seen as facets of our character which cannot be separated.

There is a deep moral lesson in the practice of science, which has been missed only because most people never see science as it is practiced. They never see the pains, the care, the patience, the humility, the bewilderment, the long hours spent in trying to see all the facts in focus, the agony of rejecting an explanation which seemed plausible but which fails to fit one obstinate fact, the illumination of at last finding the thread through the whole maze. Most people see nothing but the finished discovery, dispassionate and neutral. How can they guess what devotion, what singleness of mind is needed in the pursuit of truth—whether the truth is as subtle as relativity, or as matter-of-fact as getting a rocket into orbit?

Of course a discovery—a fact or a theory—is neutral. There is nothing moral or immoral about the theory of relativity; a rocket can be used for good as well as for destructive ends; and even the inventions of medicine can be used to kill as well as to cure. But this does not mean that science is neutral. That idea is a misunderstanding of what science is and substitutes semantic confusion of language for thought.

Science is not a mere collection of discoveries, an album of facts and theories that have been established once and for all. Science is the process of discovery itself, a living process. It is not what scientists know that matters to them, but what they do not know; and what drives them is the urge to know more.

In short, knowledge is a form of experience for the scientist—as, indeed, it is for all of us. And as for all of us, what matters is not the experience that we have had but the experience that we are having. This is the essence of life, which is always a process of going forward. What we did last year may have been as decisive as a marriage and as delightful as a honeymoon; but our life is dead if once we let last year become more important to us than this year. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 70*

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THE GIRL with the SOLID-GOLD KISS

She had money, she was beautiful and she loved him. What more could he want?

By WILLIAM HOLDER Gerry Madison got off the 5:15 at Holtsbury, still glowing from the tribute paid him by Mr. Harbach, senior partner of Harbach, Lewis. Of the preliminary brief Gerry had drawn on the Hasset case, Mr. Harbach had said, "H-m'm, Morrison." Mr. Harbach wasn't very good at names.

He found his old car in the station parking lot, and to his immense surprise it started immediately. This was certainly his day. He drove through town and out toward the huge development known as Paradise Acres, which until eight years ago had been the Madison estate. That his father had invested the last Madison million in a diamond mine in a New Jersey swamp was really no business of Gerry's, but the improbable venture had been an inconvenience in that it meant he'd have to spend most of his life working, something on which he had not earlier planned. He had chosen the law as a clean, polite and socially acceptable profession and was mildly surprised when he found that he liked it and possessed a talent for it. Being editor of the Law Review in his senior year had been his entree to the revered precincts of Harbach, Lewis.

He drove through the plannedly twisting streets of myriad houses, each alike as soldiers on parade, toward the big Georgian house on the hill which, with its four surrounding acres, was all that remained of the original barony. For after the New Jersey debacle his father had said, "Never having done anything in all my life, I have no intention of starting now," and had sold the estate for a sum relatively insignificant, but sufficient for the upkeep of the house and its personnel in subdued graciousness. He was still gentry, even if no longer landed.

Gerry parked in the driveway next to a car almost as disreputable as his own and knew that Margaret Whitehall was visiting. Her father, a boon hunting companion of Madison *père* and former whip of the Holtsbury Hunt—no longer existent—had loyally gone down in the Jersey (Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

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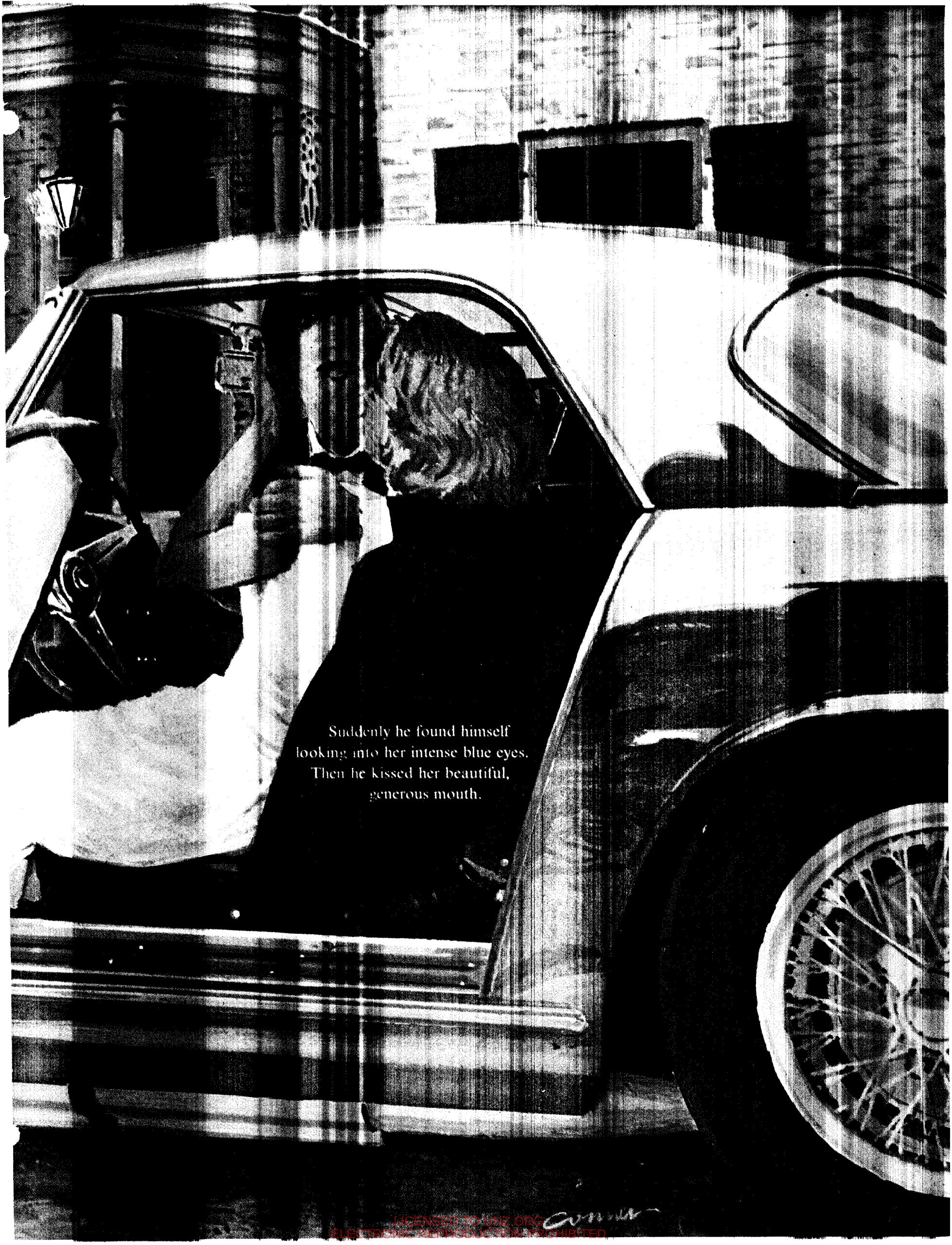

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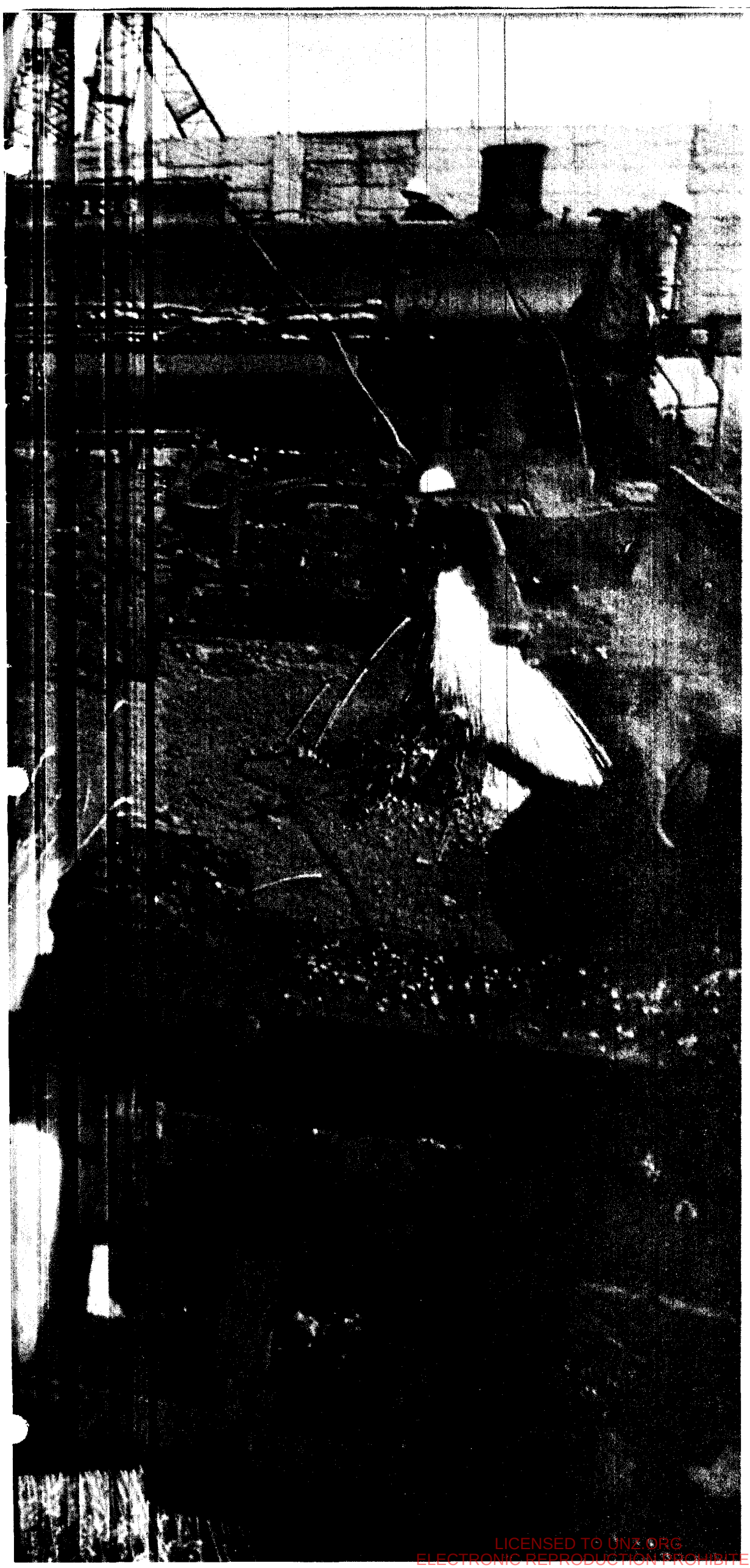
The Face of AMERICA

Iron-Horse Graveyard



In 1924—the peak year—more than 65,000 steam locomotives hauled freight and passengers on the nation's steel highways. Today fewer than 400 are left. In the last ten years several hundred steam locomotives have been cut up and melted down by the Laclede Steel Company, at Alton, Illinois, to produce new steel for airplane control cable, bobby pins, bed springs and a host of other wire specialty products. You see here Laclede's iron-horse graveyard. The locomotives, bumped from service by the more economical diesels and electrics, have come to Alton from all parts of the country, bearing famous brands: NYC, PRR, AT&SF, B&O, IC, UP, and many others. It takes less than three days for the acetylene-torch-wielding "burners" at left—working round the clock, rain or shine—to reduce one of the old monsters to pieces that will fit into the mill's open-hearth furnaces. A ten-ton steel ball, called a skull cracker, breaks up the larger castings. Before they are delivered to the graveyard, the locomotives are divested of bells, lights and whistles. Some are salvaged for their brass content; others go to old railroaders or museums as souvenirs of the vanishing age of steam.

- Photograph by Farrell Grehan

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"To cross this rockslide you have to run," he told the killer. "If you stop, you'll cause a rock avalanche, and you'll get caught in it."

The Murderer On the Mountain

One misstep and the killer would meet a fate worse than the electric chair.

By DON KNOWLTON

The boy stood in the doorway of the shack on the side of the mountain, looking down, way down, across the valley. He held a cup of coffee. He had come up early that Saturday morning in the old jeep and cooked breakfast. He wanted to get in another weekend on the mountain before high school started again.

It was his mountain. Oh, he didn't own it. The range, most of it, was inside the national-park boundaries. The shack was right on the line. But just the same, the mountain belonged to him; or rather, he belonged to the mountain.

They said in Pinedale, down below, where his father taught in the college, that Vince Shelly was a strange lad. Bright enough, but shy. Solitary sort of an individual. He knew what they said, and he did not care. He was in love with a mountain.

Vince knew that mountain as a city boy knows his back yard. He knew it in rain and in sunshine, in moonlight, in mist, in driving snow.

There was the long slope that the purple lupines covered in July. There were the reaches of open pines, with grass underfoot. There were the brooks, two on his side of the mountain, that came tearing down in a rush through tangles of brush. There was the high, placid pond, where the beavers worked. There was the stand of dead

(Continued on Page 102)

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By EDWARD T. CHAMBERLAIN Jr., Director of Admissions
Dartmouth College

Why We Turn Them Down

In selecting a freshman class, how are the fortunate few chosen and the many rejected? Why do good colleges pass up some students with fine records? An authority gives the inside story.

It is May. Outside, the fresh sweet green of New England grass covers the campus. Gay shouts echo through the open windows. The sunlight is bright and glistens on the walls of the buildings.

Inside, the boy looks at you. His gaze is steady, but there is a shadow in his eyes that was not there last November when you first saw him. "You mean," he says, "you mean there's no chance?"

"I'm sorry," you say. "I'm afraid that's right." You feel leaden and grown old.

"Well," the boy says, "I thought I'd like to see you again anyway." The shadow in his eyes deepens. "You see, I've wanted to go to Dartmouth as long as I can remember. I guess I didn't study hard enough. I was hoping—well, not exactly hoping. Anyway, thanks." He gulps, shakes your hand and steps outside your office. You close the door softly behind him.

You sit there choking down the gulp that came along with his. You stare at the sunlight, but you do not see it. It is the same old story. He is such a wonderful boy. You wonder over and over again, "Were we right?" And in your mind you see those boys who will flunk out or be expelled for misconduct. You see others who will pass their courses but who will harass to exasperation the deans and the counseling office.

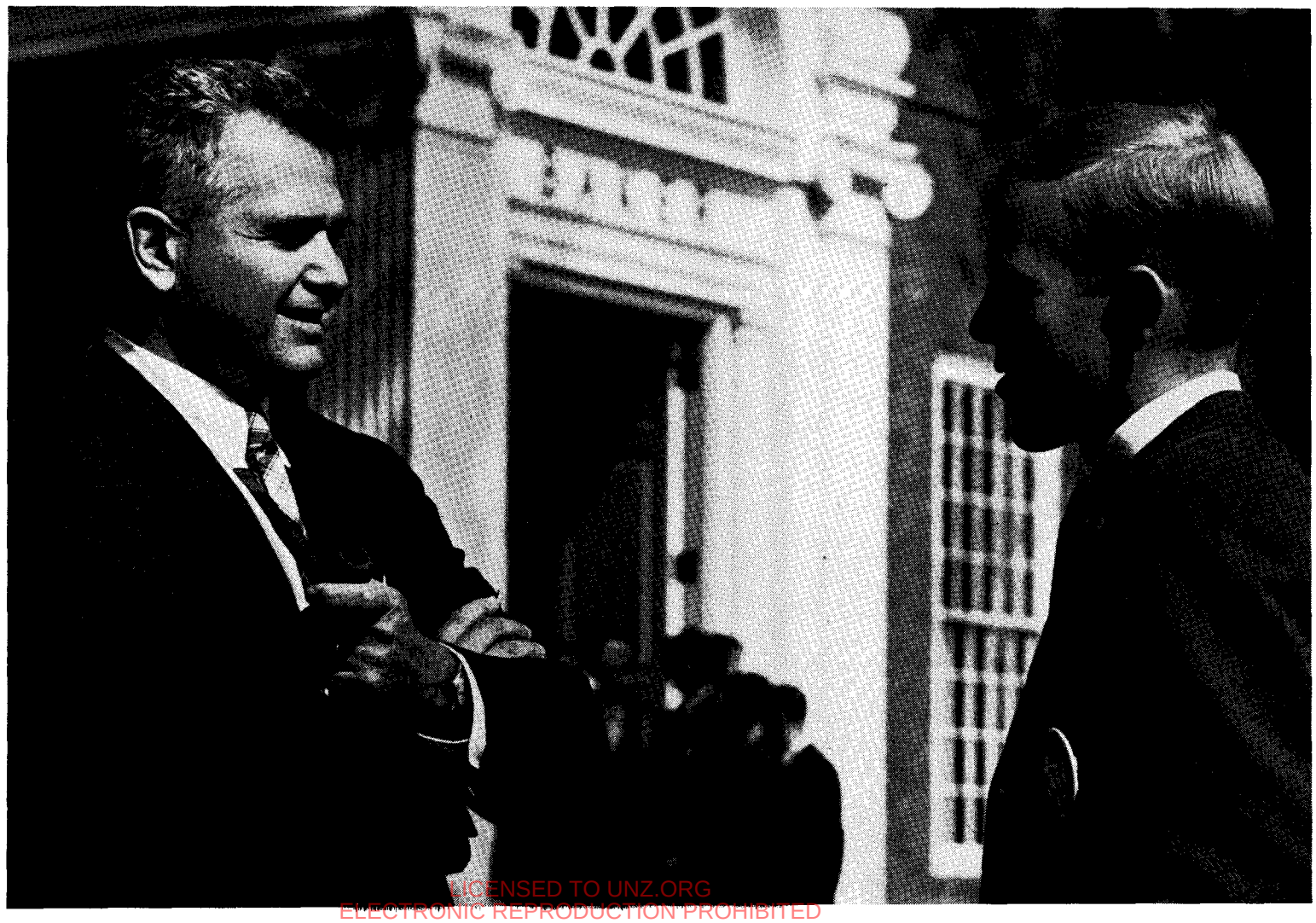
You wish for the thousandth time that somehow, sometime, someone would invent a system by which all failures could be eliminated and all decisions could be made with a simple formula, infallible and irrefutably defensible.

This boy's principal did not understand the decision; he was the strongest candidate the high school had seen in years. His parents could not understand it. Right now you are not sure you understand it. But the boy understood. Candidates usually do. And he had been so nice about it.

Some people—not many—are not so nice; not that you can blame them in their disappointment. There was the mother whose boy stood at the bottom of his school class. When she realized the decision was final, she had leaned over, tapped you on the knee and said, "I'll bet you take Communists."

And there was the father who got three senators to telephone you to see whether your decision could be changed; an alumnus who "knew" several trustees and threatened to get you fired if you did not admit his nephew; the mother who cried (Continued on Page 120)

The author with a Dartmouth freshman, John Sottile.



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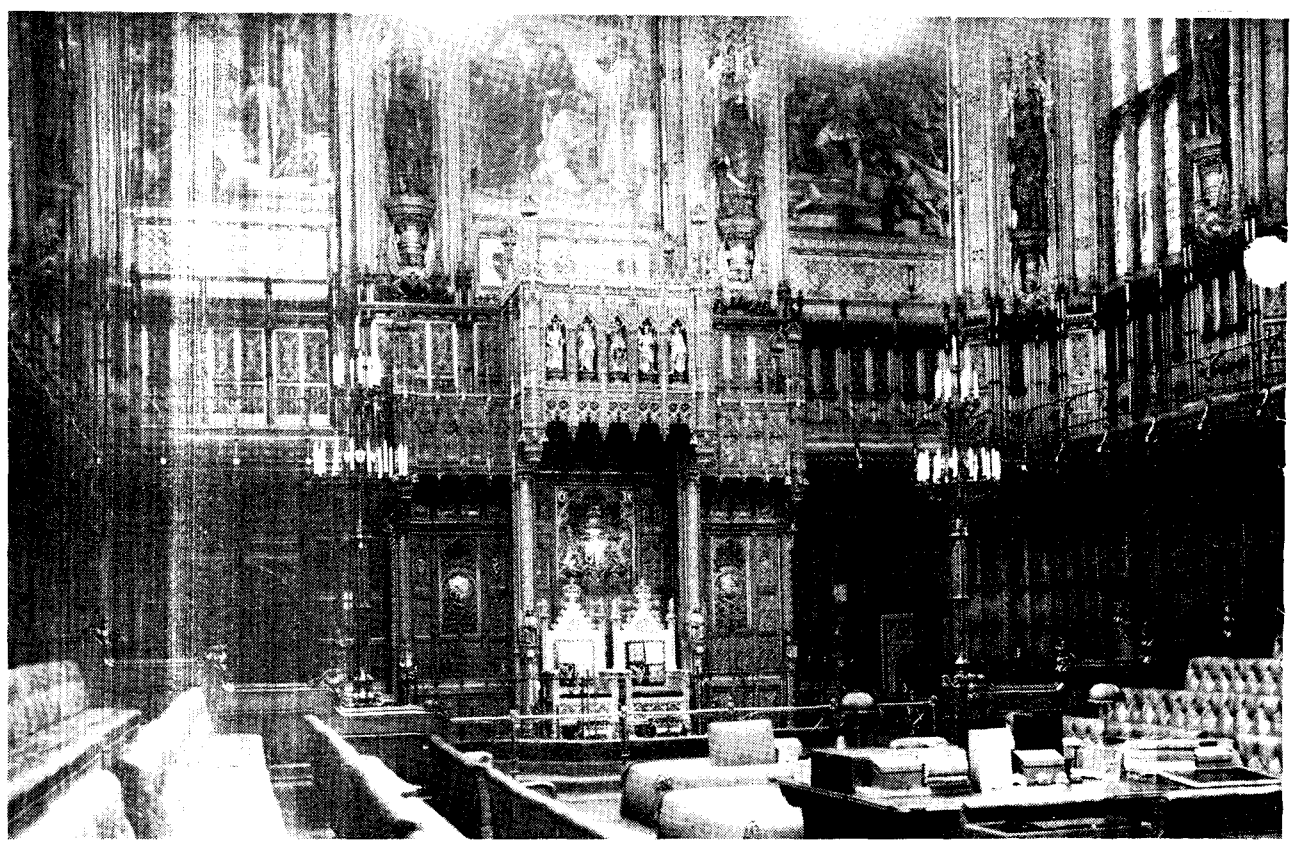
Lord Goddard. In 1955 he rallied the lords to reject a Commons bill abolishing the death penalty.



The Lords' chamber. The membership is 908, but only about 120 of the lords attend sessions. Before 1948, if a duke, marquess, earl, viscount or baron committed a crime, he was tried in this room "by God and his peers."

The Noble and Durable Lords

Britain's once powerful upper house has survived generations of bitter hatred and shocking scandal. It remains a symbol of national pride.

By DON COOK

LONDON.

There is an old story that periodically goes the rounds of the London clubs about a duke of Devonshire who dreamt that he was making a speech in the House of Lords—and woke up to discover that indeed he was.

Many people in England would probably accept the story as quite plausible and even true. Ever since the days of Gilbert and Sullivan—"They do nothing in particular, but they do it very well"—the House of Lords has been good for a music-hall gag. And, in fact, a routine sitting of the Lords is likely to leave a casual visitor with a distinct impression that this anachronistic, insulated, tradition-encrusted upper house of the British Parliament does indeed do its work with its eyes half closed—and that it could be put to sleep permanently, without the British being any worse off or even particularly aware of its disappearance.

Yet, as a sort of useful Old Curiosity Shop of British democracy and political life, the House of Lords has never been more secure than it is today. In its debates it often rises above the House of Commons, though, to the constant regret of their lordships, not very often in so newsworthy a fashion. Its intellectual caliber is high, and the opinion formers of England look to the House of Lords for debate and discussion uncluttered by party politics or petty considerations.

Apart from that, without the noble lords what would the gossip columnists do? Scandal in England improves in titillation value in direct ratio of the rank of the peer involved. When the duchess of Argyll recently sued the duke of Argyll for divorce and named her own stepmother as corespondent, it made far bigger headlines than if it had just been a family squabble between plain Mr. and Mrs. Argyll of Scotland.

So the image of the House of Lords fluctuates constantly. One day it is likely to give the public impression of a social nut house and a dumping ground for worn-out politicians. The next it is the embodiment of the finest and highest qualities of British political intellectualism, wisdom and experience. Recently the lords themselves reflected these contrasts in a debate on the state of the British press—a hot topic in London even for a dinner party.

Laborite Herbert Morrison, worst enemy of the Lords ten years ago, was admitted to the upper house as a "life peer" under the Reform Act of 1957.

"Gossip columns are detestable things," declared the sixth earl of Arran, whose title dates back to 1762. "They have, of course, existed for many years. The only difference is that whereas in the past they used to say 'Lady X has gone to Monte Carlo,' now they say 'Lady X has gone to Monte Carlo with Mr. Y,' to the chagrin of Lord X and Mrs. Y. That is malice. I find this wicked, and I would earnestly ask those most responsible persons, the editors, whether they can reconcile such things with their journalistic consciences and whether they will not put an end to them."

Appealing to British gossip columnists to stop writing about the antics of the peerage was a little like Canute lecturing the tides. But it was a noble effort. The debate went on for six hours, and up rose his grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, primate of all England and one of twenty-six lords spiritual who sit with the lords temporal in the upper chamber, to declare serenely:

"My lords, here is a great profession, beset more than most by (Continued on Page 89)

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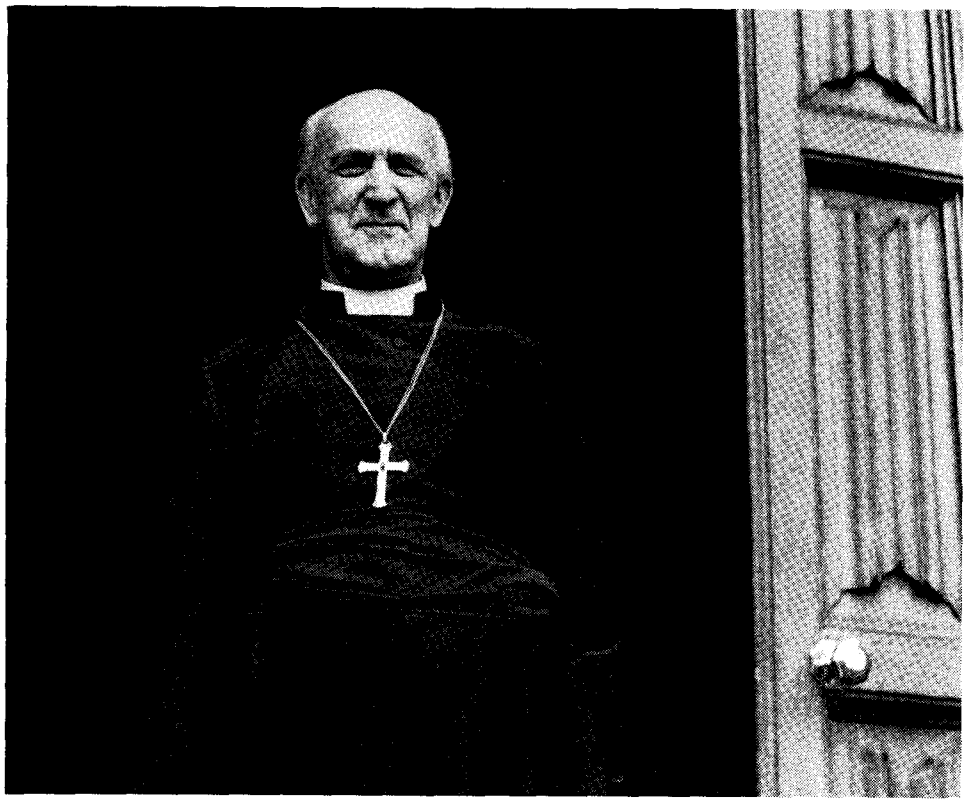
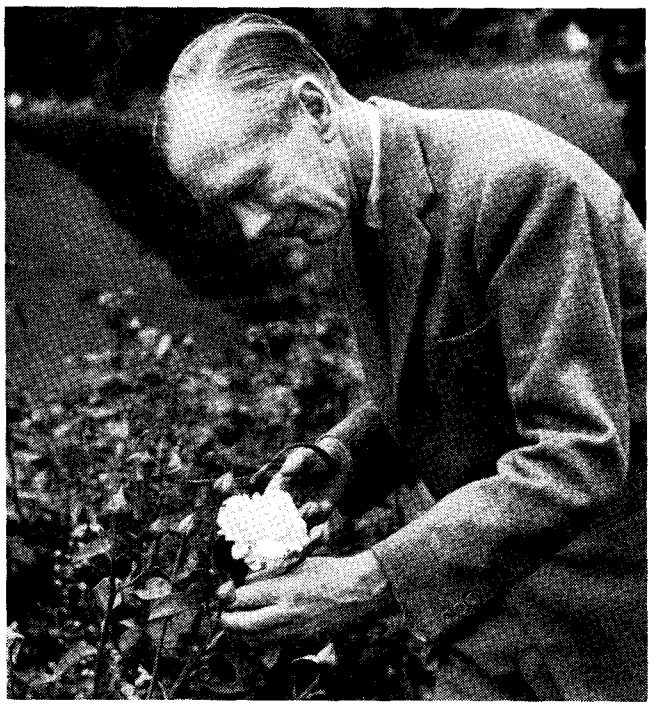


Included in the exclusive membership are the lords spiritual: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher (above), the Archbishop of York and the twenty-four English bishops.

A noble scandal: The divorce squabble of the duke and duchess of Argyll. The duchess named her own stepmother as co-respondent.

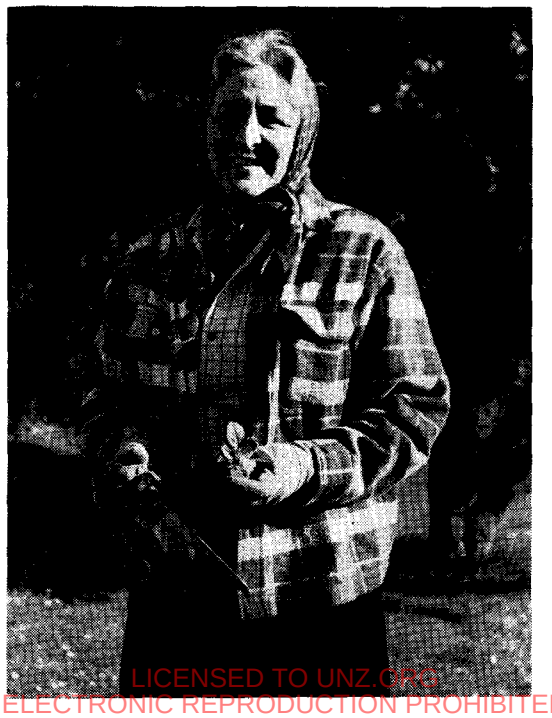
Anthony Wedgwood Benn (above), heir to Viscount Stansgate, may be forced to abandon a promising career in the House of Commons. Like some other ambitious sons, he does not want to assume a title. His father (below) is a prominent Labor peer.

Lady Ravensdale of Kedleston is one of six women who have entered the Lords since the 1957 Reform Act.



Lord Home (pronounced "Hume"), first foreign secretary to sit in the Lords since before World War II.

The Marchioness of Reading, a life peer, founded the Women's Volunteer Services during World War II.



Viscount Hailsham (left), once was Mr. Quintin Hogg, MP. He is shown with Lord Woolton.

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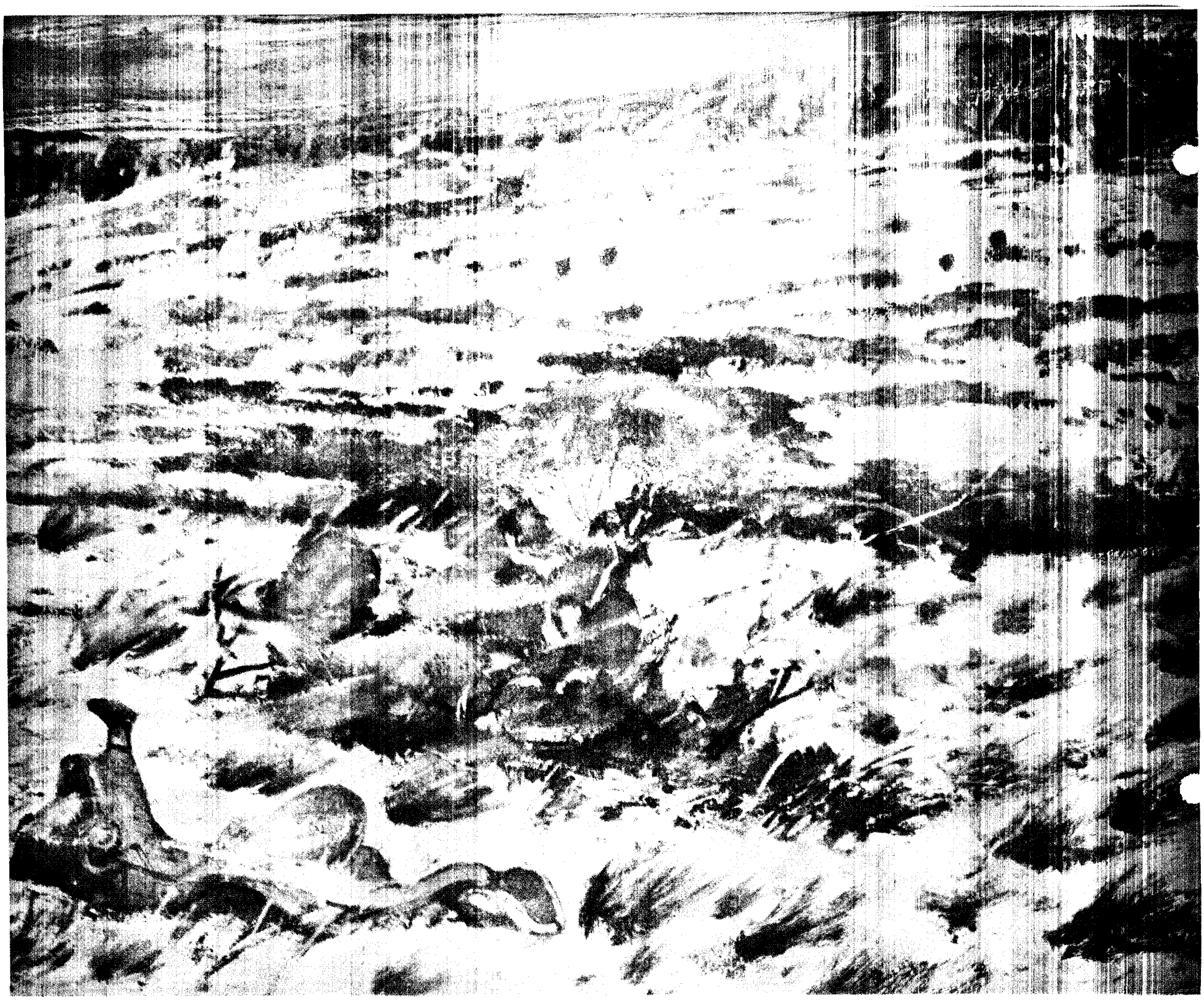

By
CHARLOTTE
EDWARDS

FOOL

Lost and alone on the desert, he learned

When Dan Mangren left Bend Hollow one early sunny morning in 1873, he was two months short of his nineteenth birthday. His dream was three months over six years old.

A small crowd collected to watch his leave-taking. They made no special noise about it. They were still sleepy. It was easier to lean against a near post with their shoulder blades than to stand up straight. It was simpler just to look than to do any vocal funning.

Anyhow, only three of them really got up for the occasion. The rest were there by accident, not caring much, if at all. The three cared, though.

Dan's mother, fixing the heavy breakfast, helping him stow the extra food and water on Bonnie's already overloaded back, showed her concern with butterfly sighs, gone as she was beyond arguing any more.

Old Man Pike, never one to give up easily, fussed and chattered. "Fool thing to do, boy like you. Give up all you know. Reach out for whatever." The tobacco juice arched a dark-golden rainbow in the morning light and hit against the dust before the stable with a hiss. "Stubborn crazy young 'un. You'll kill the pony—half kill yourself, and all the time there's that spread you could buy down by the river ——"

Dan went about his readying. He tried not to hear the words, so many times slammed into his ears, nor the sighs. In his mind a phrase repeated itself, insulation against them all. *Don't touch my dream. Don't touch my dream.*

It worked fine until Bonnie was saddled, the tarpaulin was pulled tight and cinched over the extra saddle on her rump. Dan was ready

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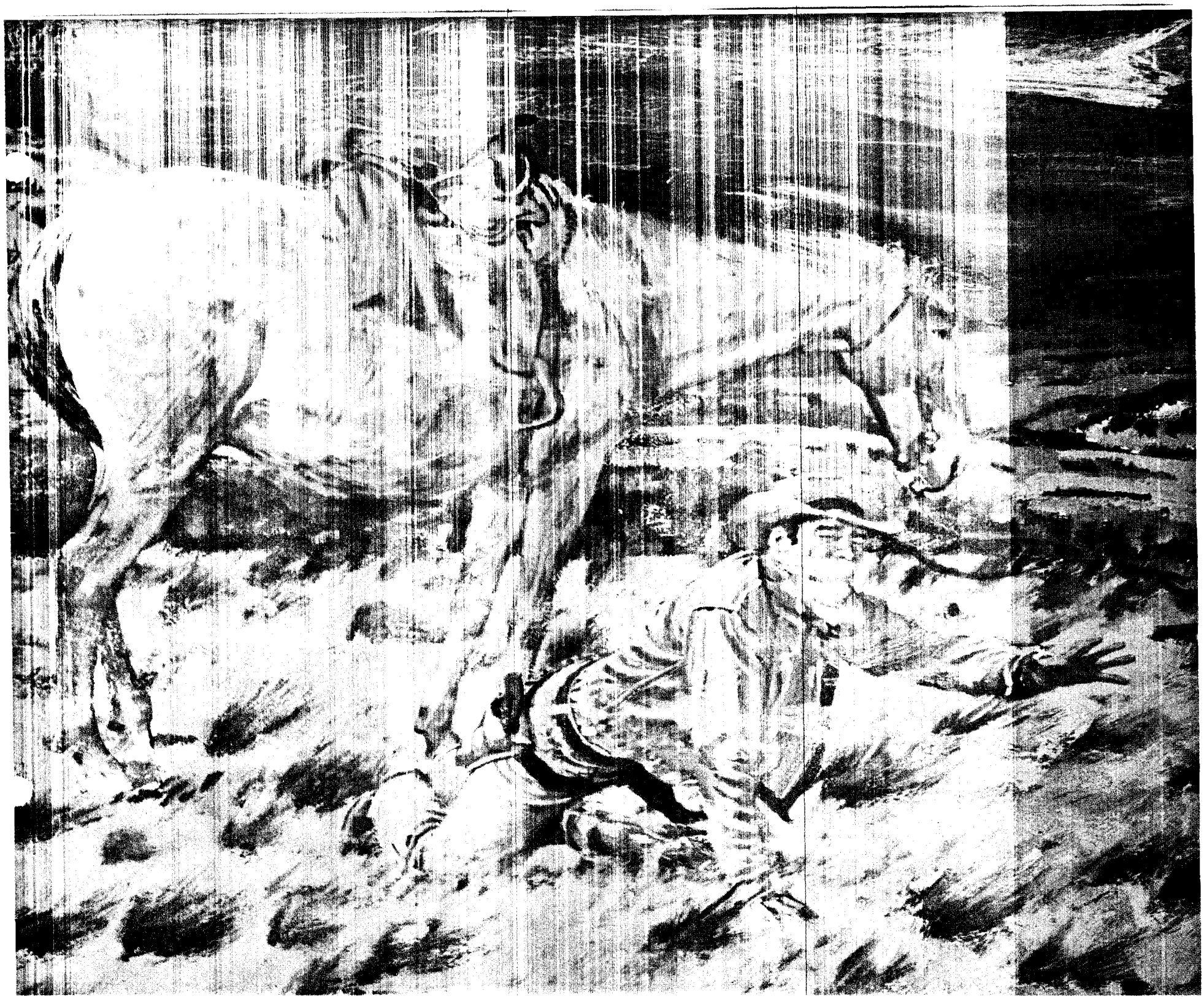

The pony stood hunched against the wind and the stinging sand. Dan was beside her now, on his hands and knees.

ow much he had left behind.

to lift himself up—to begin. To plod on the pony out of the town of Bend Hollow, down the familiar paths, beyond them toward the mountains to the north, and over them. Then he looked at Nora.

The amount of Nora's caring was written sharp and clear in her blue eyes. It was told in the special way she had combed her dark straight hair and piled it high, and the fact that her best yellow dress was on her, rib-boned and belted and fresh, a reminder of the picnic by the river.

Dan touched his hard stomach where the money was tied close and hidden, enough to buy the spread by the river. He stared down at Nora, and his chest lumped his breath. He put out his hand. "Be happy," he said. It was as if you told a hurt child to stop crying pronto.

Nora put her hand into his. It was cold despite the sun. It did not touch heavily or cling at all. But Dan somehow knew that the feel of it would stay with him across the desert, over the mountains and right into California. Then Nora was gone, slipped from his fingers.

His mother's sighs thickened to sobs. She rushed at him. Her good solid arms were around him, wanting to hang on forever.

"Ma," he begged. "Ma. Please."

She grabbed a long breath, kissed him quickly and backed away.

Dan mounted Bonnie. "Well," he managed, "so long, all."

Old Man Pike kept his eyes on the ground. "Fool boy," he muttered. "Fool kid. Good luck."

Dan pulled sharp on Bonnie. They turned their backs to Bend (Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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I'm Still Scared

By Eugene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb
as told to Robert G. Deindorfer

The huge lineman of the world champion Baltimore Colts discloses why fear has haunted his life. Here is his own surprising story of his sordid past and his hopes for the future.

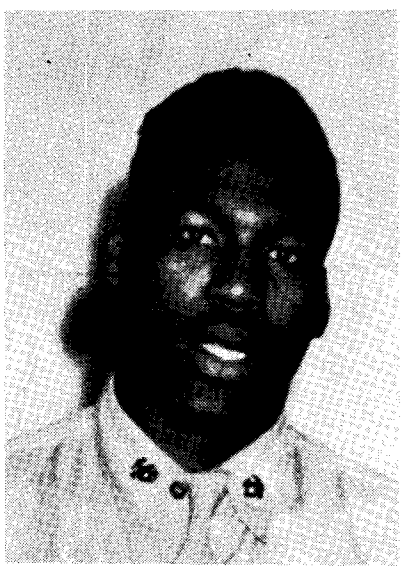
I've been scared most of my life. You wouldn't think so to look at me. I'm six feet six inches tall, I weigh 283 pounds and I'm an All-Pro defensive tackle with the champion Baltimore Colts. But I still get feeling scared sometimes. Every once in a while it gets so bad I cry myself to sleep.

I don't know exactly why this is. I think part of my fear comes from being self-conscious about my size, and part of it from being alone so much. And part of it must come from my being a Negro. Whatever the actual reasons, life has been one long scare for me. The bad times stick in my head no matter how hard I try to forget them.

My worst scare came when I was eleven years old. My mother and I were living together in a rooming house on the east side of Detroit. One morning she left for work at the laundry, as usual. I was fixing myself some breakfast and getting ready to go to school when a man rapped on our door and asked whether this was the residence of Mrs. Lipscomb.

Even now I thank that man for trying to be so nice. He put his hand on my shoulder, sat me down and told me my mother was dead. She had been (Continued on Page 92)

Left: Big Daddy today. Once he was known as "Fifteen-Yard Daddy," because he was penalized so often. Below: Corporal Lipscomb of the U. S. Marines in 1953. He learned to play high-powered football in the service.



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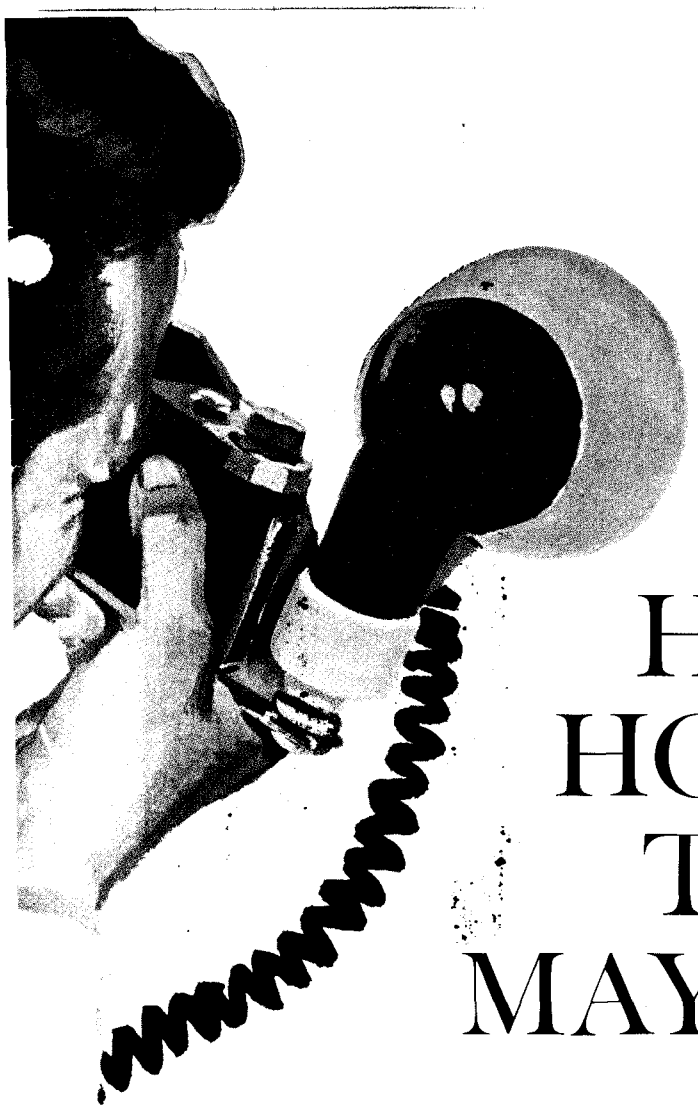

Now the opposition had an "incident" that could ruin her.

HER HONOR, THE MAYOR

By WILLIAM FAY

"Stop him," she shrieked.

Joseph P. Fogarty, as a candidate for city council, was obliged to concede that overnight internment in the Sovereign City jail had not assisted his cause. A conviction on the charge of "disorderly conduct" had proved a handicap not only to his personal mobility but also to the image he had hoped to create among the electorate, with whom the fortunes of each candidate must rest.

"It don't look good, Joe," a cop named Arthur Dunphy said. Dunphy was a man grown tired and discreet in his constabulary blues. He had been relaying the election returns to Fogarty from a barely whispering transistor radio beyond the cell block. When he spoke, it was in low, confidential tones, as though he feared to have it known that he and Fogarty were friends. "It's runnin' about two to one against you, Joe, in all seven wards."

Fogarty nodded in understanding. It was by now apparent that the same unthinking citizens he had attempted to ransom from the sins of city hall had judged him less a martyr than a clown.

"It wouldn't be so bad if you didn't have a reputation as a troublemaker," Dunphy said. "Or if you'd ever learned to keep a muzzle on your big mouth."

Fogarty just looked at him.

"Well, put it this way," Dunphy said uneasily. "Here you are—thirty-two years old—a man admitted to the bar. It's not enough to get your name on the ballot for city council. You have to jazz up the campaign by punching Luther Gantry in the nose—not just some joker in a poolroom, Joey, but the mayor of the town!"

"Is that what you believe?"

"I can read the blotter on the desk outside, can't I? And the last two editions of the *Citizen-Star?*"

"Yes," said Fogarty, "I suppose you can."

He tried to make plain to Dunphy that in several attempts, spanning many years, he had not succeeded at striking Luther Gantry in any area more sensitive than his forearms. The mayor of Sovereign City was a continuous ripple of muscle from the base of his socks to the crown of his head, and the only scoundrel in town whom Fogarty had come to realize he could not lick. The simple truth was that His Honor, losing a warm political discussion on the corner of Forest and Main, had expressed (Continued on Page 95)

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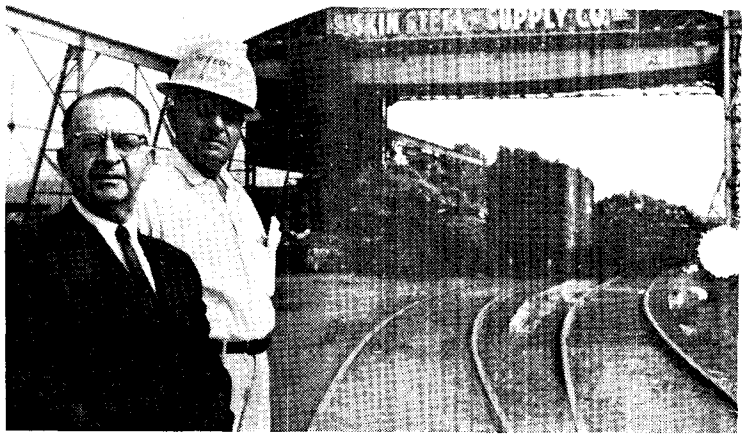

"Some persons invest in stocks and bonds; we invest in people," say Garrison (left) and Mose Siskin.

THEY'RE GIVING AWAY THEIR FORTUNE

The Siskin brothers, two multimillionaires of Chattanooga, Tennessee, are determined to spend all their hard-earned money on the sick and needy.

By SIDNEY SHALETT

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

In 1942 Garrison Siskin, a Chattanooga, Tennessee, businessman who, with his brother, Mose, was beginning to enjoy a modest success in the scrap-steel business, was seriously injured when a heavy iron grid fell on his right leg and a clot formed. When three surgeons told him it would be necessary to amputate and gave him only a fifty-fifty chance for recovery, Siskin decided to take it up with his Maker. He prayed all night, promising God that if he recovered he would spend the rest of his life helping those who were less fortunate than he. The leg got better without

The Siskin Center for the sick and disabled treats victims of hearing defects and cerebral palsy, and retarded children. The three youngsters above, almost completely deaf, entered public school for the first time in September after six years of treatment.

"Hello, Mr. Garrison," sings out one of the young patients at the center.

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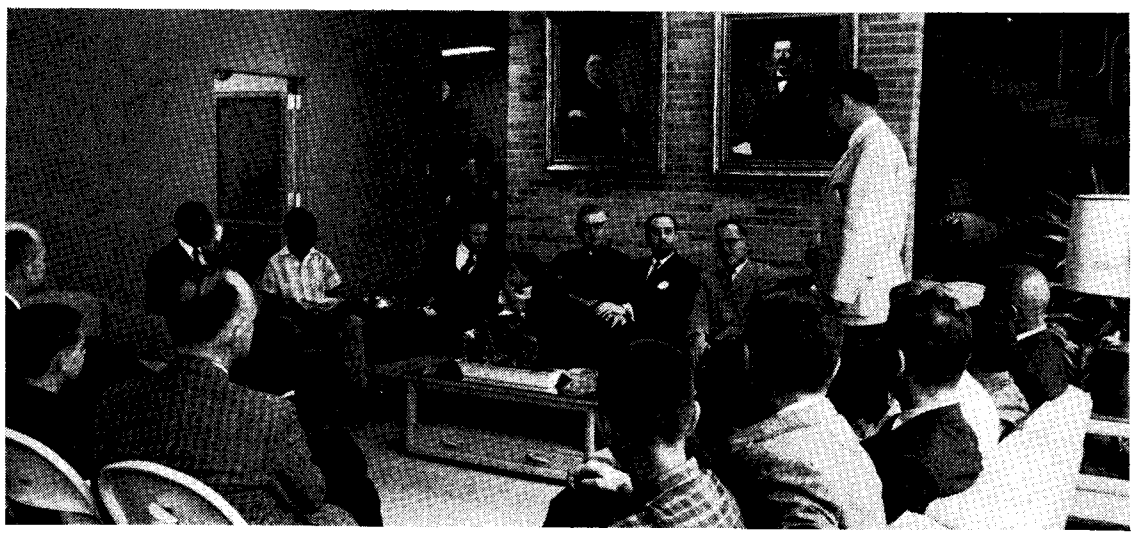


Clergymen of many faiths publicly acclaim the Siskins' philanthropies. Here, at a "Big Brothers" meeting in the Siskin Memorial Building, are the Rev. Walter Bush (clerical collar), Rabbi Harris Swift and the Rev. Larry Crane of Chattanooga's First Christian Church.

amputation, and after a hard convalescence Siskin pulled through.

Many such promises are made in the agony of sickness and pain, and many are forgotten when the crisis passes. Siskin did not forget his. Since that day he and his brother have become tireless, almost fierce crusaders in behalf of the lame, the needy and the unfortunate.

One result of their efforts has been the creation of a center in Chattanooga as a memorial to their parents. One wing is dedicated to rehabilitation of the physically handicapped; most of those receiving treatment are children suffering from cerebral palsy, from other types of brain damage and from the cruel isolation of deafness. In another building, free facilities for the community's cultural, civic and charitable activities are provided.

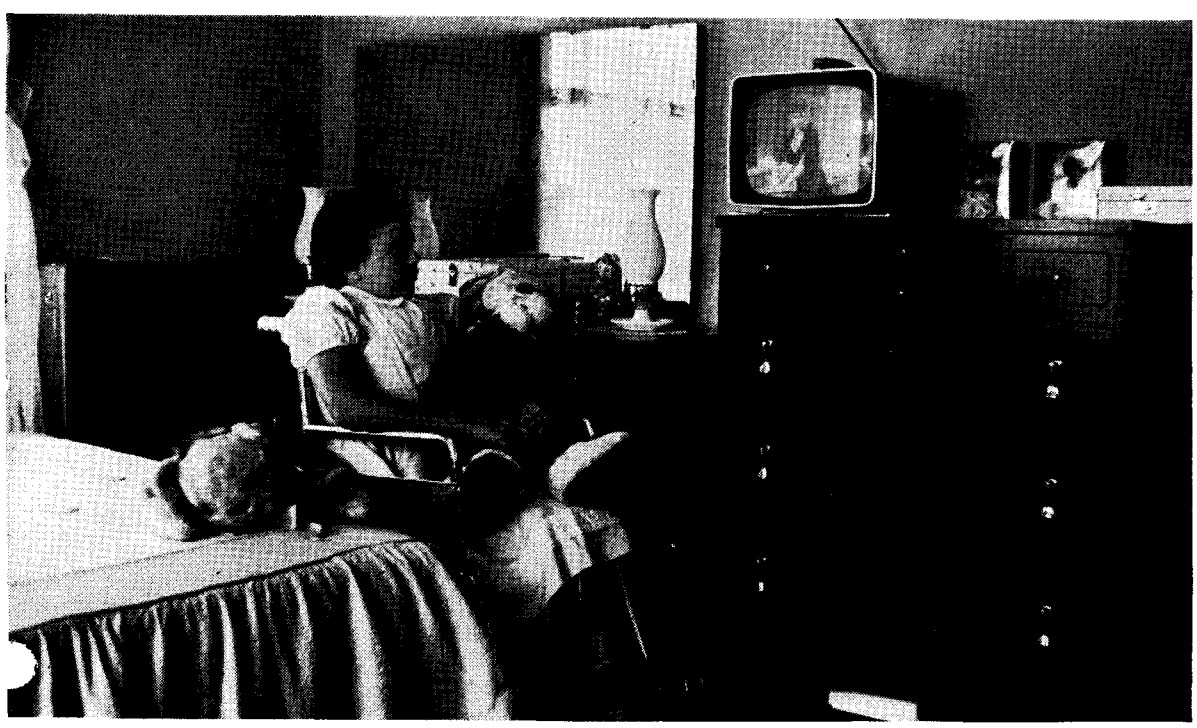
The Siskin Center represents an investment of approximately $3,800,000 in real estate, construction, equipment and maintenance. Of this amount, the brothers have contributed more than $2,500,000—approximately $1,000,000, in cash, more than $1,000,000 in endowment insurance and $500,000 worth of stock in the Siskin Steel and Supply Company. The Siskin Foundation also has attracted approximately $1,250,000 in outside gifts, and the brothers are planning to increase their own contributions. Their accountants and attorneys insist the money is pouring out almost faster than the Siskins can earn it and that they're "really doing too much." Mose and Garrison say this just is not so, and that since they've started doing the Lord's work everything they've spent "has come back to us tenfold—even a hundredfold."

The Siskin brothers have been widely honored for their philanthropies. Yet they have remained down-to-earth men, who live comfortably but not ostentatiously and who work harder now than when they first went into the scrap business. Mose is at the post office each day at six A.M. to collect the mail, while Garrison opens the office at the same hour. Garrison, who handles most of the customer contacts and public appearances, is a neat, conservative dresser who is known as "Mr. Inside." Mose, whose customary working garb is a battered felt hat, an open-necked shirt, unpressed pants and a pair of scuffed shoes, runs the stock pile and is known as "Mr. Outside."

Step by step the brothers have become the most indiscriminate benefactors of individuals and organizations in the state of Tennessee—and frequently their efforts extend outside the state. The latest addition to their buildings is the Rehabilitation Center for the Physically Handicapped, which serves patients from twenty counties in Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. It is a functionally modern, three-story brick, marble-steel-and-glass structure, containing the finest obtainable equipment for treatment of speech and hearing defects, therapeutic aid for victims of cerebral palsy and other brain disorders, and dental treatment for indigent and retarded children. More than fifty Chattanooga doctors and dentists volunteer free services.

To the Siskin brothers the Rehabilitation Center has become more than a philanthropy—it is a religion and a way of life. A Chattanooga newspaper reporter who has followed their activities comments, "I don't see how they find time to sell steel." Mose, whose life ten years ago, outside his close family circle, consisted of buying and selling scrap metal, now spends hours each day at the center. Almost every time he goes, he thinks up things he feels the clinic should have—special screens to insure privacy for the children, or turquoise nylon uniforms for the seventy volunteer aides—and sees that they are provided.

Garrison—supposedly the salesman for Siskin Steel—has become the supersalesman for the Siskin Foundation. He has many friends in the business world and (Continued on Page 106)



The Siskins often go outside their "organized" charities to help needy individuals. They gave this television set to little Margaret Miller, victim of a spinal-cord infection for six years.

The brothers hire the handicapped in their own company when possible. They installed this costly Braille switchboard for blind telephone operator Joyce Rominger.

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Post Scripts

Excerpts From Unused Letters of Recommendation

". . . faculty of this university is well-acquainted with our alumnus, Mr. Swezey. During his seven years here, he. . . ."

". . . and as Judge of the Superior Court I am pleased to render a firsthand character report on the applicant. In my opinion, the charges against him were exaggerated, although. . . ."

". . . a personal friend for many years. He is a highly regarded member of our Jolly Boys Beer and Poker Club and. . . ."

". . . have carried Mr. Swezey's account for seven years. So far all overdrafts have been covered, but. . . ."

". . . and well-known local sportsman. For example, one day when his boss was out of town, he slipped out to fish the Tippecanoe River with. . . ."

". . . has been an employee of this firm for nine years, except on Monday mornings. In addition to handling all the baseball pools, organizing the golf league, he also. . . ."

". . . Mrs. Swezey is a member of my little flock and a loyal church worker. Unfortunately, I have not yet met Mr. Swezey; however. . . ."

". . . a keen businessman, respected member of the community and fine gentleman. In spite of what you may have heard about his cousin, Jack, this man is. . . ."

JACK SWEZEY

Lines Concerning 1961 Automobiles

With each and every make designed
With features that I go for,
I can't decide which one I wish
I had sufficient dough for.

RICHARD WHEELER

"Where's your sense of humor?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Preview

I don't know which of the new television shows your family has adopted for the unfolding season, but at our house I guess we'll stick to the educational stuff that kept us occupied last year. Following is our evening programing for the duration of the school year:

6:00 PUPILS ARE FUNNY
Panel show. Dinner-hour discussion, in which sixth-grader regales parents with doings in day at school. Fictional, based on fact.

7:00 KNUCKLE DOWN
Panel show. Battle of wits, with touches of daytime TV share-the-misery programs thrown in. Pathetic twelve-year-old describes fatigue, Boy Scout duties, forgotten chores, skinned knee and other heartbreaking factors in attempt to gain sympathy and win permission to skip homework.

7:15 LIKE IT OR LUMP IT
Drama. A pleasant, even-tempered mother finally tires of being harped at by headstrong son, picks up a hairbrush and asserts self. (Starring Mrs. Harriet Reppert, in the role she created.)

7:30 HAVE SPELLING, WILL STUDY
Adventure. Courageous tenderfoot, armed only with a few confusing rules, attacks gang of tough words and fights them to a draw.

7:45 I HATE GRAMMAR
Mystery. A confused youngster finds himself in strange surroundings and is confronted by some difficult decisions. Forced to choose between "I *ain't* going" and "I *am not* going," "We *was* there" and "We *were* there," he decides to disregard his father's well-meant advice—and learns the value of self-reliance.

8:00 FATHER KNOWS NOTHING
Situation comedy. Bumbling male parent is roused from nap, called upstairs from basement, dragged away from his newspaper, and so on, and plied with bewildering array of knotty problems in arithmetic, geography, history and other subjects he forgot years ago. Hilarious. (A Ralph-Harriet Production)

8:15 WRESTLING
Cuthbert Reppert (in the khaki shorts) grapples with that old villain, Long Division. Grudge match, plenty of action. Two falls out of three.

8:30 THE THREE STODGES
Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne.

8:45 BREAKOUT
(*Popular rerun*) A youthful prisoner forced by a stern warden to spend long hours at a difficult job enlists the aid of a sympathetic guard (played by kindly old Ralph Reppert) to effect his escape.

8:46 THIS IS YOUR BATH

9:00 THAT'S THE LIMIT
Exactly two cookies, exactly one glass of milk and exactly one half hour of television.

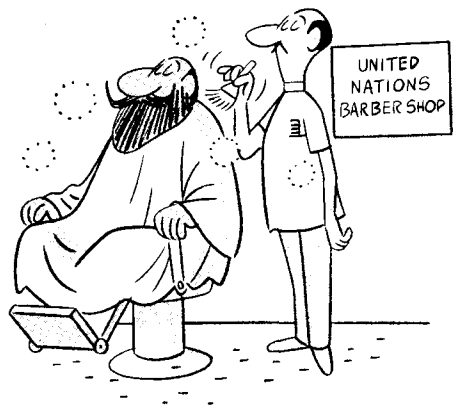
9:30 LIGHTS OUT

RALPH REPPERT

How-to Craze

How to whittle a napkin holder,
How to sequin a matchbook folder,
Stipple a plaster leprechaun
Perched on a toadstool, for the lawn,
Or fashion a knocker for the door,
Shaped like a woodpecker poised to bore:
It takes no artistry, skill or wit;
Everything needful comes with the kit.
How to's a cinch if I want to try to.
The mystery I can't plumb is *why to*.

ETHEL JACOBSON



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Den of Inequity

Since sleeping space is somewhat tight,
When we have guests for overnight
We pull a day bed from the wall,
Bring sheets and blankets from the hall,
Throw pillows on, and there and then
Have made a bedroom of our den.

Our guests, next morning, rise and shine.
"How did you sleep?" we ask. "Just fine."
That day bed's hard, and short a foot,
And bedclothes simply won't stay put,
But what they said of sleep no lie was,
For they weren't on that day bed. I was.

RICHARD ARMOUR

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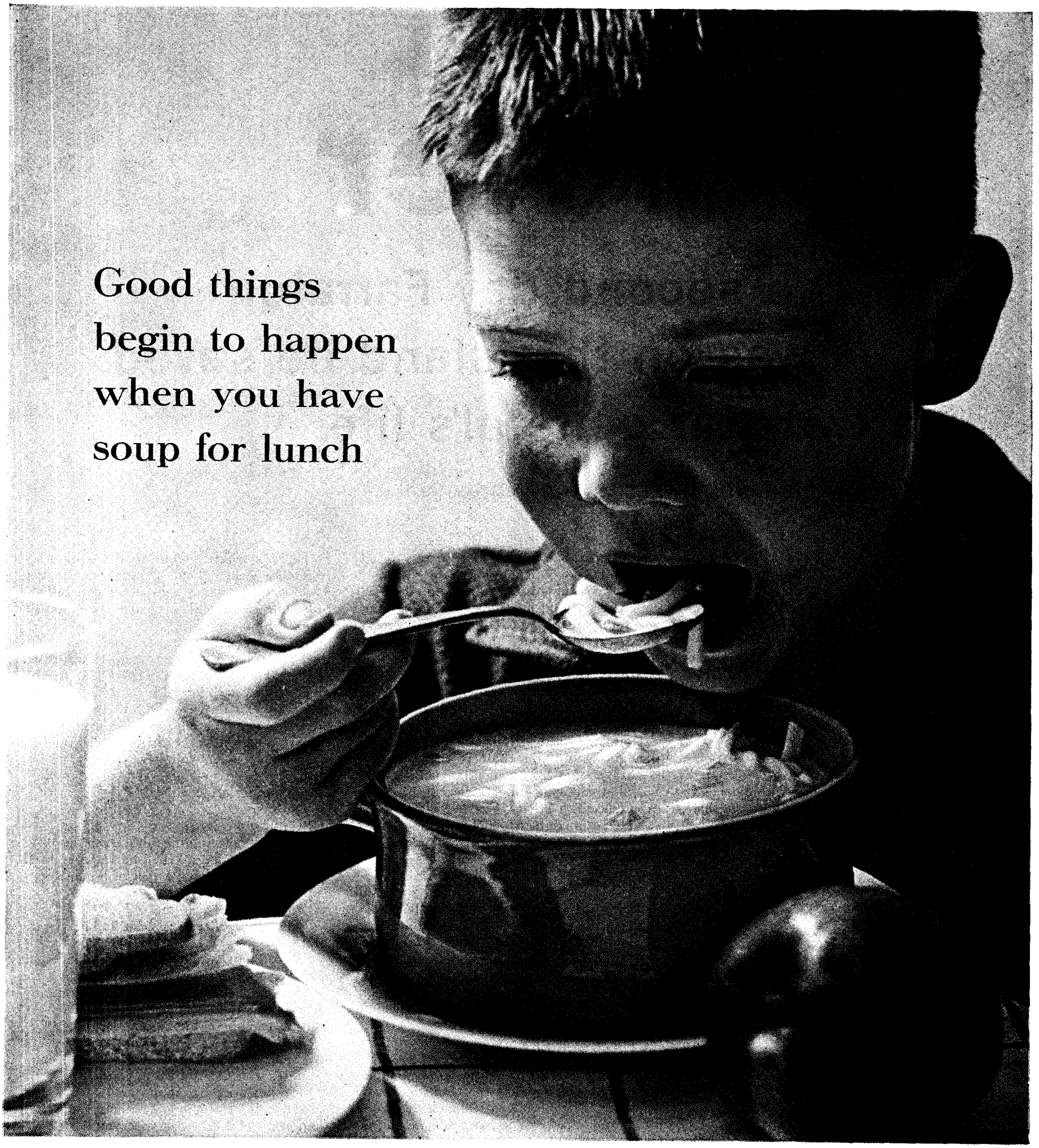

He's stoking up for a busy afternoon . . . with good, nourishing soup warming up his sandwich lunch. It's Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. There's plump, tender chicken in it. Enriched egg noodles. Good, wholesome broth. Soup makes any meal better. Soup smells good. Soup tastes good. And soup gives you the wholesome nourishment of good natural foods to make you *feel* good, too.

Have you had your soup today? **Campbell's** (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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The Soldier

The second day Farralon was on the island he saved a two-star general's life.

By RICHARD POWELL Illustrated by Mac Conner

Lt. Col. William Farralon, who had fouled up his Army career, wasn't happy to be sent to Port Solo in 1942. It was the headquarters of the Lower Pacific Command, which was full of officers like himself who were considered unfit for important assignments.

On the plane that brought Farralon to Solo were five WAC's who found themselves unwelcome at the base and forced to live in primitive conditions under twenty-four-hour guard. When Farralon found out about their problem, he decided to help the WAC's.

II

Farralon made a few inquiries around headquarters, staying away from officers he had already met, and learned that there was only one war correspondent in Port Solo. The man's name was Holman. He worked for the Associated Press and had quarters in a house across the street from G.H.Q. Farralon crossed the street and found the correspondent—a thin man with a tired face—slouched in front of a battered typewriter.

General McGuire jumped into the jeep and said, "Let's go."

Farralon introduced himself. "I just arrived today, and they tell me I'm public-relations officer," he said.

Holman looked at him sadly. "What have they got against you, colonel?"

"Maybe they have something against you," Farralon said, chuckling. "After all, I have no experience as a P.R.O."

"That's all right, colonel. I'm not getting much experience as a war correspondent. You seen today's communiqué? Let me read it to you. Quote. Yesterday airplanes of the Lower Pacific Command carried out a successful strike in the Balikovo area. North of Port Solo, contact was made with Japanese patrols in the foothills of the Karl Blitzen Mountains. On Moon Island our forces continue to hold their lines. Unquote. How's that for a headline story?"

"Maybe," Farralon said, "I could give you a better one."

"Don't do it unless you want to make a friend for life."

Farralon studied the war correspondent. This operation had a lot of built-in booby traps, and if he misjudged Holman, the booby traps would start exploding. So far he had no facts on which to form a judgment of Holman's character. He intended to run a small test now. It was merely designed to find out whether Holman had reasonably good standards of ethics.

"I want to put a little pressure on some people. I can do it if you'll write the story I give you and then let me take it and pretend that it might be sent to the Associated Press."

Holman looked at him as if Farralon had suddenly switched to a Japanese uniform. "Colonel," he said, "why don't you call this off while there's still a chance we might get along with each other?"

That was good, Farralon thought. The guy had pride and a sense of ethics. It was worth while taking a chance on him. "I'll make a deal with you," he said. "I'll tell you the story. I'll explain why and how I want to use it. I won't ask for any promises from you. If you won't go along with me after you hear everything, O.K., you have a story. Is it a deal?"

"No strings attached?"

"No strings."

"Carry on, colonel."

Farralon gave him the full story of the WAC unit and its troubles. When Farralon finished, Holman said, "That's a hell of a good story, colonel."

"It looked like it to me."

"This would start a real hassle back in the States."

"Yes. But it wouldn't help this lieutenant and her four girls. And it would give the WAC's a black eye all through the Army. Everybody would be afraid to take on a WAC unit for fear there'd be another scandal."

"If I double-crossed you and tried to send this story out, and explained where it came from, what would happen to you?"

"I'm not worrying about me."

"Oh, hell," Holman said, looking more tired than ever. "I'll go along with you."

"Good. Can you bat out something for me right now?"

"What's the name of the WAC lieutenant and her girls? What are their home towns?"

"Her name is Peters or Packer or something. I've only heard the last names of three of the enlisted WAC's. Moretti, Olson and Smith. I don't know their home towns. Can't you do it without these details?" (Continued on Page 112)

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"Drop!" Farralon yelled to McGuire.

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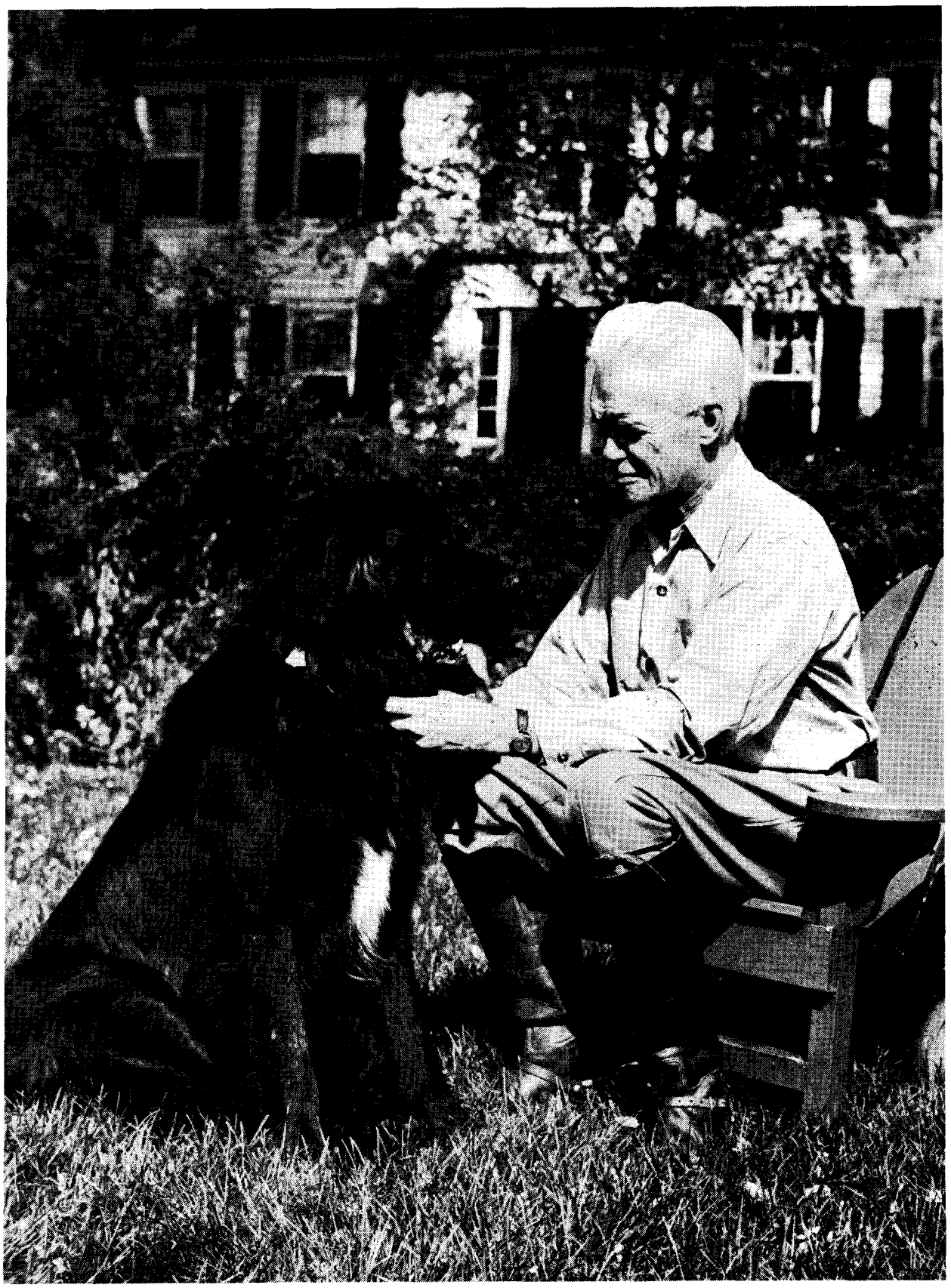
Acey, Beloved Clown

He was gentle, he was kind, and he was a big black monster who startled people wherever he went...

"Early in our association, Ace resolved that the proper study of dogkind was one particular man."



By Frederic F. Van de Water

Throughout his amiable life he was unfailingly gentle, barring his single, disorderly involvement with Elmer the gander. His kindness, too, was constant. It encompassed all mankind, reputable or otherwise, and extended to include, among the lesser creatures he admired, a friendless barn cat.

His registered name was Waseeka Ace of Spades, but everyone, on slight acquaintance, called him "Acey." The diminutive was inappropriate for an outsize Newfoundland dog, yet it did indicate the responsive affection he quickened in all who knew him.

Though I was his owner and intimate for ten years, I cannot be entirely accurate about his dimensions. When he put his forepaws on my shoulders, he stood at least a head and a half taller than I, and, while he was less than three quarters grown, he weighed 125 pounds plus.

Early in our association, when I became aware that seldom had so much dog been bought at any price, I began to weigh my purchase regularly. This I accomplished, not without hazard, by lifting the loose-jointed puppy and stepping, thus burdened, onto the bathroom scales. They registered up to 300 pounds, and I weighed 175. Thus, when in his mid-adolescence I found myself proprietor of 125 pounds of Newfoundland, the scales could report no further increase.

In maturity he was a spectacular creature, enormous yet benignant. His domed head, enclosed between the parentheses of saddlebag ears, was upholstered in plush and habitually wore a smile that rubbery dewlaps and a dangling tongue intensified. At his other end, and a long way off, resided a tail, plumed like a Greek warrior's helmet and addicted to violent sweepings, likely to dent or knock over whatever it encountered.

Between these terminals extended a massive body, encased in a deep pelt of uniform, glossy black, save for the white star that shone on his ruffled shirt front like a good deed in a naughty world. It might have served as an accurate label for him who, all his life, was addicted to benevolence.

When first we met him, he showed no indication of the genial dignity that was to be his in his later years. He was then a bewildered, three-month-old puppy, still wearing the wool of infancy and an apprehensive expression. When the purchase had been completed, I lifted him onto the car's rear (Continued on Page 59)

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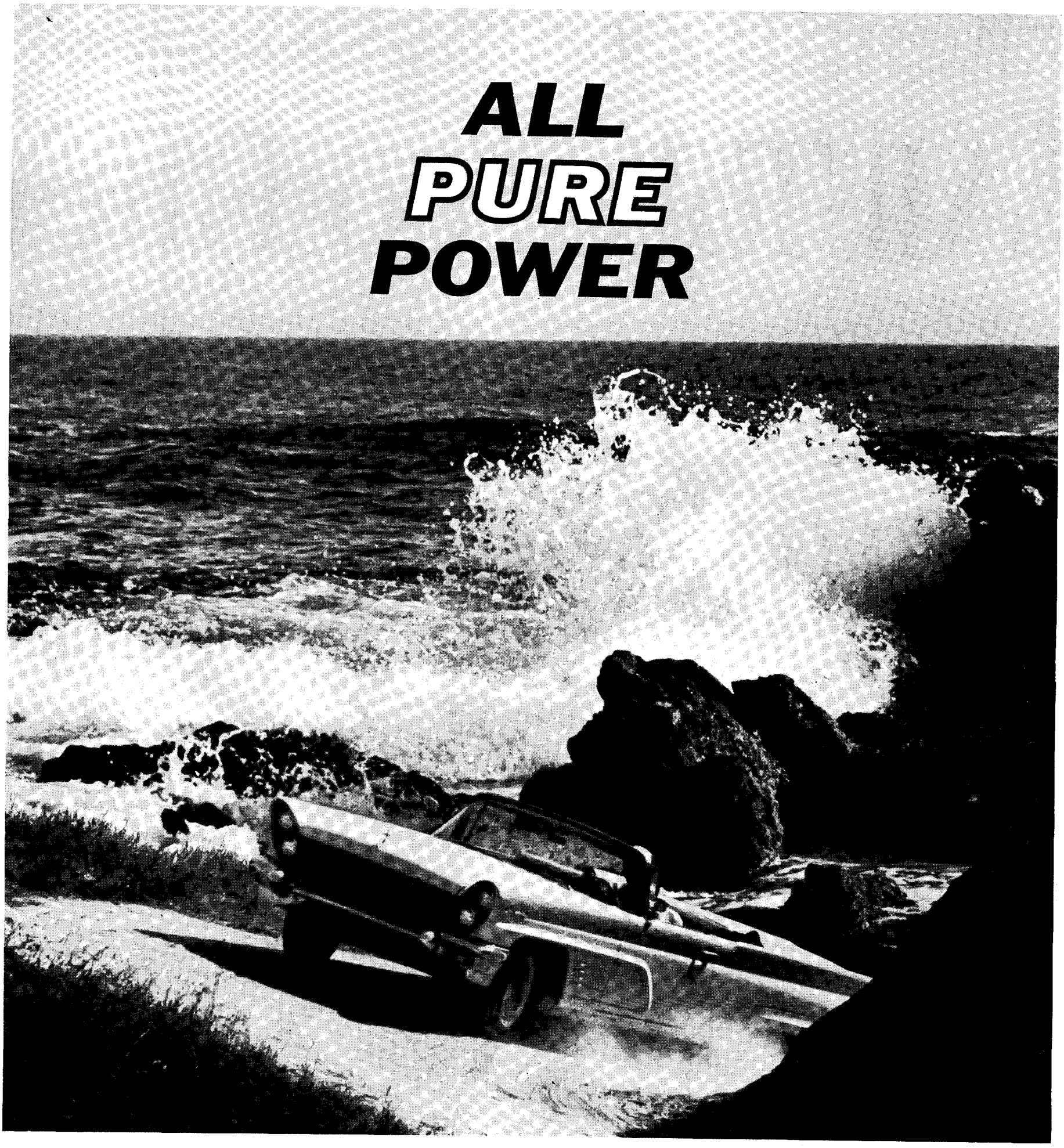

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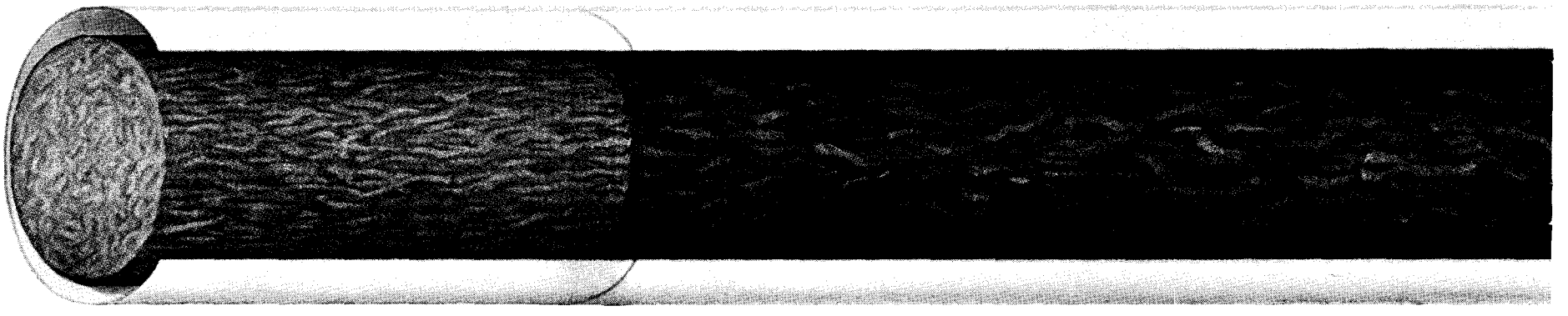
Kentucky Kings A NEW KIND OF

All-Tobacco Filter



All-Tobacco Taste

Moresby's Goddess (Continued from Page 23)

Moresby's eyebrows arched. He felt a tingle of excitement. Finding things out—and finding things—had been his life.

"I'd have to know a little more about why you're so sure anything's wrong. Maybe Hollywood people are just naturally extravagant."

"No," said Parsons. "They were right on their budget. Then they moved over to Crete. For the past month they've been shooting the Siege of Troy. According to Homer's poem, the Siege of Troy lasted ten years. It's beginning to look to me as if this one's going to last even longer. They were supposed to take ten days shooting the battle scenes. They've been at it a month and still haven't got anyplace." He shook his head woefully. "Three thousand Cretan farmers and sailors and loafers hired to go playing soldier at a payroll of five thousand dollars an hour. For a *month!*" He reached out the graceful hand and rested it on Moresby's knee. "Son, somebody's pulling some dirty work on us. You go over there and find out what the trouble is and help us straighten it out, and you get your financing—free. Any amount you need. You'll have earned it. Otherwise not a dime. That's the deal. Do you want it?"

Moresby took a deep, lung-filling breath, let it out with a whistling sound. This, he knew, was the big chance of his life. For a second the fear of failure made him hesitate; then Parsons patted his knee and now, when he spoke, his voice was warm where before it had been cold as cash.

"Look, Paul," he said. "Some thug is robbing us. I know that. And I don't know another man in the Aegean who has the savvy and the experience—and the nerve—to handle this for us. Paul, we need your help. What do you say?"

The note of sincere appeal got through to Moresby, as it had eighteen years before when Parsons, representing the United States Government, had spoken to him in almost identical words, asking him then, as now, to go into Crete. Compared to that, what he was asking now should be easy. His eyes met Parsons's and he grinned.

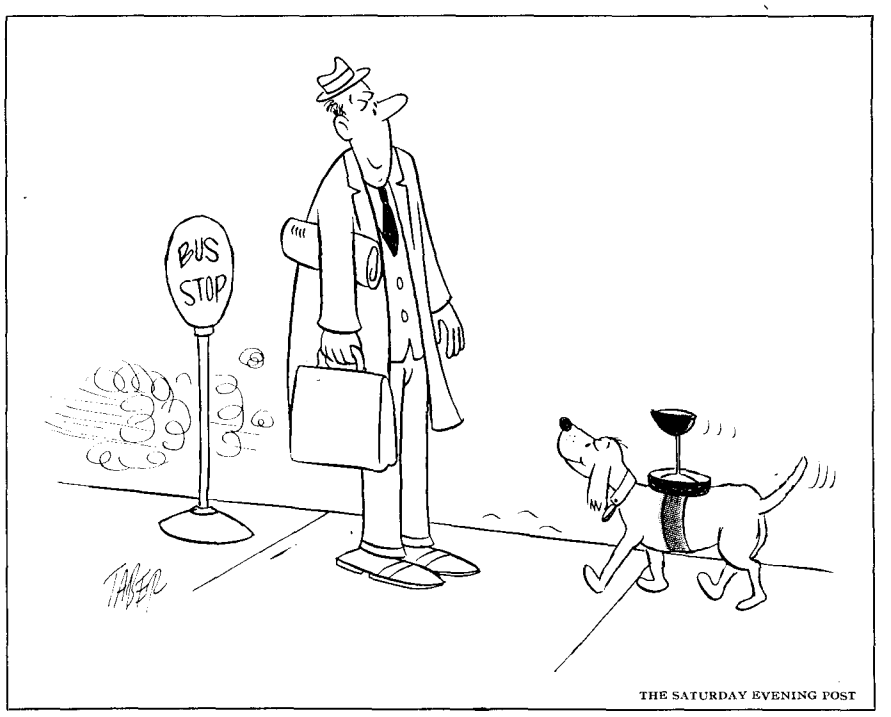
"What do I *always* say when you give me that come-on?"

He laughed at Parsons's expression of sudden, startled remembering.

"Good boy!" Parsons said and held out his hand.

From the mountain ridge that overhung it, the movie location looked like an armed camp. It was a city of olive-drab tents set on the reddish earth of the plain. The plain was divided into small square fields of waving wheat, irrigated by hundreds of windmills with flailing kitelike white sails.

Here and there were scattered whitewashed farmhouses surrounded by olive groves, and on top of a small, steep mountain that rose abruptly from the plain just beyond the encampment was a palace whose Doric columns and white walls were turning pink in the first reddening of the westering sun.



On top of the ridge, Moresby, hatless, wearing khaki slacks and shirt, with a musette bag tied to his saddle, checked the small gray horse he rode when he saw the palace. "What I would give," he murmured, "to find a real one like that!"

He rode on. An hour later, just as the sun slid behind the western mountains, he reached the camp. He paused, feeling a tightening in his chest, for down the hill from the palace hundreds of soldiers were streaming. They wore the knee-length tunics and the helmets of ancient Greece and carried spears and short-helved battle-axes.

He reined in at a little distance from the main street, enjoying the eerie sensation of timelessness, forgetting for the moment the earnestness of the business that had brought him here. The soldiers, laughing and joking, passed on down the street toward a big tent that must be the extras' dressing room. Behind them came what he recognized as a Hollywood version of ladies-in-waiting, circa 1000 B.C. They, in turn, were followed by a girl wearing a white, almost transparent robe. Her dark, more than shoulder-length wavy hair, was held back from her face by strand after strand of pearls that gave the suggestion of a coronet. Her eyes were huge and gray, her nostrils just slightly distended, her parted lips lushly tempting.

Moresby smiled to himself. "Helen of Troy herself," he murmured. "In the flesh."

She passed close by him, still absorbed in her part. She walked regally, on dainty sandal-shod feet, looking neither to right nor left, her enormous eyes staring at the edge of the sky, her expression tragic as though she saw there the ghosts of the whole armies of men that would be destroyed because of her.

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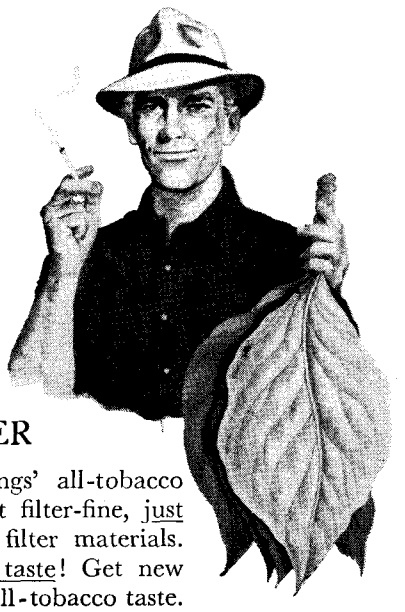

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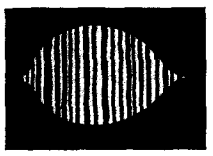

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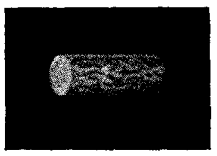

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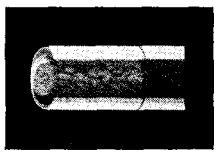

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That could be very distracting, he thought. *Watch yourself, Moresby!*

He turned the gray horse and deliberately rode all the way around the camp. It was tremendous, laid out city-fashion in squares of streets. A little way to the south, obviously serving as the exclusive suburbs of the city, was a row of tents larger than the others. He passed machine shops and photographic darkroom tents and a bank of huge humming generators. Rubber-covered electric cables writhed like snakes all over the encampment.

Just as the moon rose, bathing the plain and the camp in rich amber light, he turned into the main street. He heard voices coming from the dwelling tents he passed, speaking in Greek, Italian, French, Turkish, Arabic and English.

"My Lord!" he muttered. "I've got into a branch of the United Nations!" He paused outside one of the tents and called out in Greek, "*Vherete, Kalispera!*" A swarthy, mustachioed man stepped out.

"*Kalispera Yiasas*, and how may I serve you?"

"This is the cinema outfit?"

The man grinned, shrugged his shoulders and answered with a strong New York accent. "Sure," he said. "Who else would be spending this kind of dough? Niarchos? Onassis?" The man shook his big head. "Naw," he said, "they wouldn't. They got brains."

Moresby answered the man's grin. "I follow your line of reasoning perfectly," he said. "These people come all the way from America to Greece to make a movie about Helen of Troy so everything will be really authentic, and then they build King Priam's Trojan Palace on an island the king never even visited. Where do I find the head man? Mr. Waltham? I'm supposed to report to him."

The Greek grinned. "You'll find him having dinner at Romanoff's. That's what they call the private dining-room tent for the brass just down the street there."

"Thanks," said Moresby, smiling. He nodded, turned the horse and started down the street. An instant later the Greek was beside him. He caught hold of the bridle, stared hard at Moresby's face, his black eyes intense. Now he raised a hand, pointed a finger.

"But I know you!" he cried. "You are Paul Moresby! I know you from a little boy—and from the war too! I am Nick Samos"—he gestured with his head toward the east—"from the café in the fishing port at Knossos."

Vaguely Moresby remembered the smiling face which at the moment seemed all teeth. "Nick!" he said. "What are you doing with this outfit?"

The Greek threw back his head and bellowed laughter. "Making a fortune!" he shouted. "Importing wine and bourbon and Scotch and gin and rye and you name it."

"From where to where?"

"From the port to here," said Nick. "I bought the—ah—the concession. I had to pay through the nose, but that's O.K. Plenty of money here for everybody."

Moresby's mouth tightened. "You bought the concession from whom, Nick?"

The Greek's expression changed in a flash from bonhomie to wariness. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"From whom, Nick? I want to know. I mean it."

"Mr. Moresby, I am your friend. You know that."

"Yes, I know that."

The Greek moved closer, letting go of the bridle. "Mr. Moresby, when you were a young man in the war—in the occupation—you were a good friend to us here in Crete. Believe it, I am being a good friend to you now. I tell you, from the heart, it's much better that there's some things you don't know. And it's much safer that you don't try to find out. Me, Nick Samos, I will try to see that's how it is. Good night."

He bowed, walked back to his tent and disappeared. After a moment Moresby kicked his horse into a trot down the street. In a few minutes he was approaching the tent Nick had called Romanoff's.

It was very large, and a table was set under its marquee. Six persons were dining there by candlelight. There were shining silver and wine on the table, and a servant moved about on Oriental rugs that covered the ground under the marquee.

An old-timer is one who remembers when the Government was criticized for giving away free garden seed.

F. G. KERNAN

"Pretty comfortable," he muttered.

He rode up to the marquee. The diners stopped eating and stared at him, forks and knives poised midway between dishes and mouths. A black-maned, heavy-featured, sport-shirted man with a hairy chest and wide-rimmed, black tortoise-shell glasses looked at Moresby, took in the khaki clothes, the horse, the musette bag. "Good heavens," he said. "It's Tonto."

Moresby felt the contemptuous attitude back of the words, but he understood it. He was a stranger invading a very private world. Anyone who didn't belong to that world was of a lower caste. He looked, steady-eyed, along the table. Next to the hairy man, on one side, was a stout Irish-looking man he guessed to be in his early fifties; on his other side a young, alert, fair-haired man, then a girl in her twenties, not plain, not pretty; then a tall man who looked in the candlelight to be a tired forty with a finely chiseled handsomeness and a superb physique. Moresby recognized him at once as Niles Gregory, the movie star. Next to Gregory was the dark-haired girl of the regal manner. Moresby's eyes lingered on her to the point of rudeness because he found it hard to draw them away.

With an effort Moresby pulled himself together and smiled at the hairy man. "Sorry, but you're mistaken," he said. "Tonto's my cousin. I'm Moresby." The pretty girl laughed. He went on, "Which of you is Mr. Waltham?"

The Irish-looking man wiped his mouth with a linen napkin. "Me," he said. "You want to see me about something? Can it wait till we're through eating or can't it?"

Moresby shrugged. "That's up to you, I guess," he said. "As I told your friend there, I'm Moresby." He paused. There was still no reaction. Surprised, he went on, "The bank in Athens engaged my services as—shall we say—technical director for a picture called *Helen of Troy*. They told me to report to you here. I'm doing just that."

The not pretty, not plain girl nudged Mr. Waltham and said in a loud whisper, "Boss! This is the archaeologist Parsons wired you about. Moresby, Paul Moresby. *Very* V.I.P."

Waltham got to his feet. His face flushed with embarrassment. The fact that Moresby was an archaeologist didn't impress him half so much as the fact that Moresby'd been hired by the American Athenian Bank.

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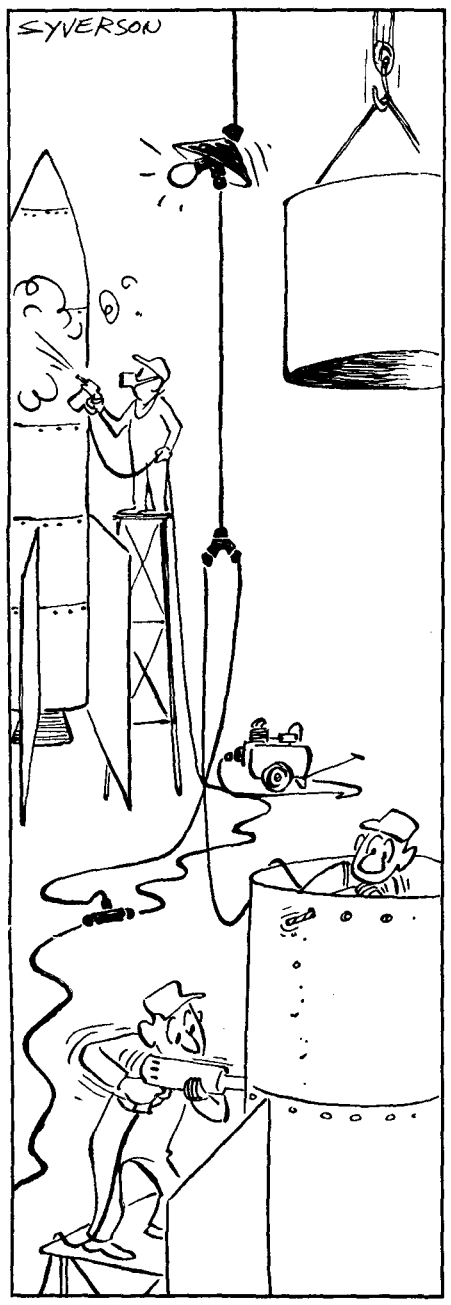

"Paul Moresby, of course!" he cried. "Just for a second there the name didn't click. Come on in and join us. I'll have a place set for you right away."

Moresby dropped the reins, prepared to dismount. The hairy man was still watching him. Now he spoke again. "Why the horse?"

Moresby felt antipathy rising in him. The contemptuousness that had been acceptable when he was an unidentified stranger was out of place now. He looked blandly back at the hairy man and, once again, smiled.

"Well," he said slowly, "why not?"

He heard the dark-haired girl laugh again. The sound thrilled him like lute music. He dismounted, swung the reins over the horse's head and walked into the tent.

Waltham, still on his feet, spoke again. "Paul"—Moresby's eyebrows rose at the familiarity, and he mentally shrugged off momentary annoyance. Waltham put his hand on the hairy man's sport-shirted shoulder, "This is Jerry Milzner, our writer-director, and Martha Peak, script girl." He nodded toward the fair-haired young man on his other side, "Harry Belden, assistant director. Across the table—well, I guess you recognize Niles Gregory all right. And maybe you know Marianne, the French star. She's on her way up. This picture is going to make her."

Moresby nodded to each in turn as he was introduced. He sat down next to Marianne. The servant put a steaming plate in front of him and filled his wine-glass with white retzinato, the resinated native wine.

"Look, Moresby," said Milzner, "kidding aside, how come you rode that horse all the hell and gone over the mountain to get here when you could have come in the jeep that brought your luggage from the airport?"

"Well," said Moresby, "a man on a horse moves slowly. He sees all the little things that you wouldn't even notice in a car."

"Like what?" said Milzner.

"Pret-ty girls!" said Marianne.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Marianne!" said Waltham.

"But what else is there worth seeing?" asked Marianne. "For a man, that is, of course."

Moresby smiled at her. She spoke with a French accent overlaid on an English accent. The effect he found charming, the logic equally so, though debatable.

"Pretty girls, too, of course," he said, "but I was thinking of shards."

"I beg your pardon?" said the girl.

"Just broken pieces of things," said Moresby. "Bits of marble, or terra cotta, or porcelain. Almost anyone experienced in my line of work can take a shard—oh, say not over an inch long—and tell almost right away whether it came from a plate, a cup, a vase, a mosaic mural. I always ride when I can. That's how you go about finding strange, buried cities."

"And did you find a strange city?" asked Marianne.

Moresby grinned. "Only when I got here."

"What's so strange here?" said Milzner.

Moresby took a sip of his wine. The sharp acrid taste felt good on his tongue. Then his bronzed face settled into an expression of thoughtfulness. He took a second sip of his wine, set down the glass and looked Milzner in the eye.

"I don't know what's strange here," he said in a quiet voice. "Do you?"

He saw quick anger flash in the black eyes behind the thick glasses. "Well," said Milzner, "if you'll pardon the expression, you're pretty strange for one thing. You and your horse."

Moresby smiled to hide his annoyance.

"All archaeologists are a little strange," he said. "It comes from living so much of the time in the past. We get so we imagine things. It's an occupational hazard. By the way, how did you happen to build Priam's Trojan palace here instead of where it belongs?"

Waltham, who had been quietly biting his nails as he felt the tension building between Milzner and Moresby, relaxed. He laughed.

"Sort of hard to explain to a technical man like yourself, Paul," he said, "but the fact is that the place where the palace was supposed to be didn't look as much like the place where the palace was supposed to be as this place does." He nodded his big head as if confirming an unspoken thought. "I get it now!—that's what you meant when you were talking about there being something strange here, isn't it?"

"I guess it must have been," said Moresby. "Was there any other reason why you came here instead of the site of Troy?"

Waltham gave him a surprised look. It was as if Moresby's words suggested something to him that surprised him.

"Now that you mention it," he said, "yes. We needed a hell of a lot of labor—extras, mostly—for Greek and Trojan soldiers. It turned out they were available here, that's all." The producer looked at him shrewdly now, with respect—and concern. "By the way," he said, "what made you ask that?"

Moresby shrugged his broad shoulders. "I was curious," he said. "That's another occupational ailment of archaeologists. They develop a sense of hypercuriosity about all kinds of weird things."

Waltham shot him another quick, penetrating look. Harry Belden, the assistant director, got up, glancing at his watch.

"Boss-man . . . Jerry," he said, "time to go to work. We've got to finish laying out the action detail on tomorrow's battle scenes we'll probably get nowhere with as usual. . . . Want to work in my place or yours, Wally?"

The two men instinctively, like fire horses answering the bell, got to their feet. Getting the next day's scenes ready to shoot—that was money. Conversation could wait.

"Let's go to my place," said Wally.

"Will you need me?" asked Moresby. "I mean, to advise about anything technical?"

"No," said Milzner. "I hope not."

"When you're through dinner, Paul," said Waltham, "stop by at my tent. I'd like to talk to you for a couple of minutes before you turn in. O.K.?"

"Of course."

"'Night, Marianne . . . Niles. . . . Let's go, kids."

Martha Peak, the script girl, started to follow the three men, then paused.

"Your tent's the second one from here—that way," she pointed. "Your luggage is all there ready for you. I saw to that this afternoon, sir."

Niles Gregory's eyebrows arched. "Sir?" he said. "What's this 'sir' business, Martha? You've never called *me* sir."

"Mr.—Doctor—Moresby's an intelligent man," said Martha. "A script girl gets so she has a great respect for intelligent men—when she meets them."

She turned to follow Milzner, Belden and Wally Waltham and disappeared into the darkness.

"Nuts!" said Gregory. "That girl's getting too big for her bra!" He got to his feet, weaving slightly. "If you charming intellectuals will excuse me, I'm going to go and sulk in my tent."

He bowed very low and drifted off. Moresby realized he and the girl beside him were alone. He had a sudden feeling of dangerous proximity. Marianne definitely was not the kind of girl with whom you could be alone (*Continued on Page 52*)

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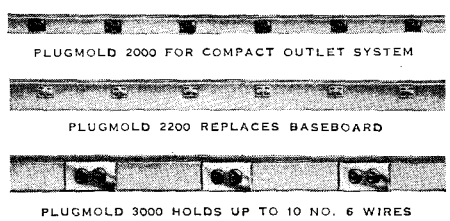

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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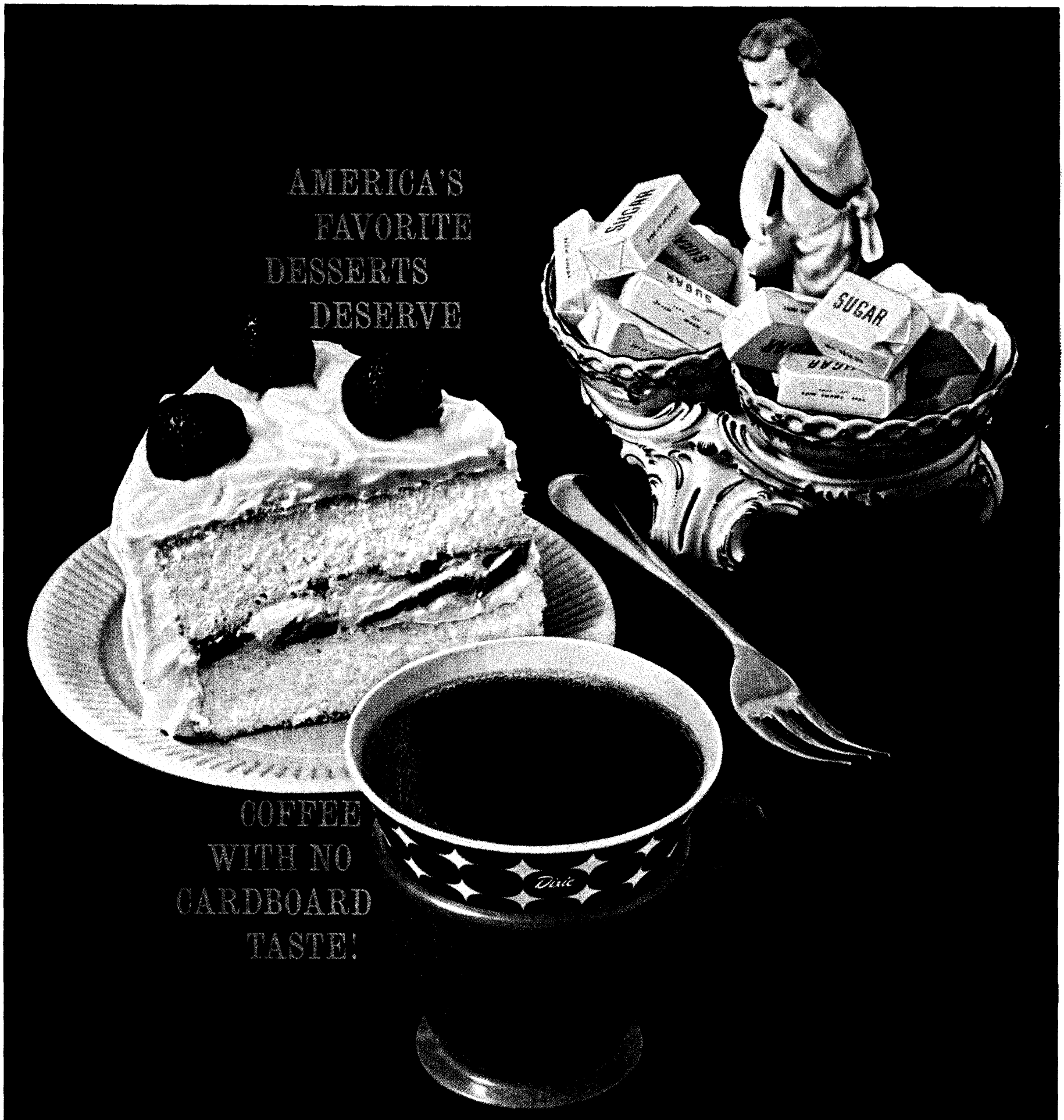

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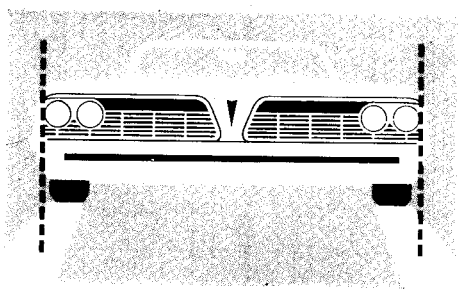

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(*Continued from Page 48*) and not be horribly—or ecstatically—aware of the aloneness. With her it seemed to carry an obligation to talk in soft voices, to touch hands. The feeling disturbed him.

Presently, once again, the lutelike laughter rippled. "Hey, you—Moresby!" she said.

He turned to her. The lush lips were quite close to him and were parted again, with mirth.

"Yes?"

"I don't think everybody here loves you very much," said Marianne. "Except Martha, of course, and—" she paused, tilted her head to one side, birdlike "—and maybe me, but that's something I would have to find out, of course."

He managed a laugh.

"I hope you find out pretty fast," he said, "and that you find out that you do. I don't think I got off to a very auspicious start in my new career."

"This is no new career," said Marianne. "This is no career for you at all. Anything you suggest about the picture, Jerry will do just the opposite until you give up suggesting. With Wally it will be the same thing, only with him he'll be so polite you won't know he's doing it. You will be the loneliest man in the Aegean."

He smiled now and shook his head.

"No," he said. "No man in my profession can ever be lonely in the Aegean."

"How is that?"

"I explained before," he said, "how we live in the past. The people who lived around here three thousand years ago," he gestured expansively to include the whole Aegean, "seem very much alive to us. There were some very charming people here then." He made her a little bow, "Including yourself. So how could I be lonely?"

Her small, smooth forehead wrinkled. "Including myself? Oh! You mean Helen of Troy that I am playing in the picture!"

He nodded. There was a silence. He finished his dinner, lighted a cigarette, exhaled. The smoke hung in a gray cloud in the still air.

"You—Moresby."

"Yes?"

"Who are you?"

He spun around to face her. She was half smiling with her lips, but the huge gray eyes were serious. "What do you mean?"

"Moresby," her voice was low, intimate, "I am like you. I have a hypercuriosity. Because I read books and newspapers and magazines, I know that you are famous. I know, too, that six months ago you found a little statue of the goddess Hebe that made you *very* famous."

He nodded, feeling a warm glow rising in him. This pretty actress's turning out to be literate to the point of actually reading something more than her own publicity releases was an unexpected pleasure. The fact that she remembered things she had read about him gave him a tingly feeling of pride. She reached out and rested a hand on his forearm.

"I ask who you are," she said, "because no man as distinguished as the young, scholarly Doctor Moresby I have read about would be willing to work for men like Wally and Jerry. He would be far above that."

The lines showed in Moresby's face again. When he spoke, his voice was hard. "He'd be willing to work for them," he said, "if for some reason the job meant everything in the world to him."

Her eyes danced with mockery. Marianne moved the lush lips close. "I think perhaps you are here," she whispered, "to protect the little helpless lambs from the wolves. And I—me, me personally—I will feel very much safer because you have come—onetime Lieutenant Moresby of the Evzones." He started in surprise. Her laughter filled the marquee with music. "My father is the publisher of one of the magazines that ran articles about you and your little statue," she said. "He told me some of the other things you have been—besides a statue finder. I think you are being one of these other things now. I ——"

He took her hand, pressed it, nodded ever so slightly toward Knarkos. "Please!" he murmured.

She let her eyes go to the servant.

"Is he one of the wolves?" she asked.

Moresby got to his feet, bowed with exaggerated formality.

"I've enjoyed meeting you so much," he said. "We must get together again some time."

The sound of her laughter followed him out into the night.

Moresby and Waltham sat alone in Waltham's tent. Like the others, it was divided into two rooms. The rear section was a bedroom. The front section was furnished more or less as an office. On the table between them was a bottle of bourbon, glasses and soda. For a few minutes they talked polite, sociable inanities; then, abruptly, Waltham took a deep pull at his drink and set the glass down with a thudding sound.

"You know something about the situation we've got here in Crete that's been holding up our shooting. What is it?"

Moresby shook his head. "No, I don't know anything," he said, "but I'm going to find out. I won't pussyfoot around the bush with you. Henry Parsons at the American Athenian feels worse about the situation than you do. That is really why I'm here."

"I thought so," said Waltham.

"Would you like to tell me just what has held you up so long?"

Waltham shrugged. "Why not? I can tell you that in one word. Goldbricking. Now, can *you* tell me how to stop it?"

Moresby shrugged. "Maybe," he said. "What do the men do? Pretend not to understand directions?" Waltham nodded. "I've had that one tried on me dozens of times in my archaeological excavating. The other standard technique is the slowdown, but of course you know yourself that's pretty chronic all over the Mediterranean and the Aegean. The archaeologist's answer to both of those problems is to pay on a piecework basis. So many bucketfuls of earth carted away, so many drachmas."

Waltham drank again, thoughtfully. "My racket's a little different from yours," he said slowly. "You can't pay actors—extras, that is—on a piecework basis. And as far as the slowdown goes, every time we try to shoot a battle scene they slow down just enough so that when you look at the scene on the screen next morning they don't look as if they were fighting. In those silly tunics they wear they look as if they were doing some kind of Greek gavotte."

Moresby frowned. "That's odd," he said. "I should have thought—well, Greeks are damn good soldiers, always have been. I should have thought once they got into a battle scene they'd get so carried away they'd start trying to kill each other." He lifted his glass, swallowed, set it down carefully. A thought was forming in his mind. He took another swallow. "By the way, Mr. Waltham, how did you hire these characters? Did you hire them individually, or did you have somebody hire them for you?"

Waltham snorted derisively. "*Me?* Hire three thousand men individually? Are you crazy? A man as busy as I am? No, of course I didn't. That was all taken care of by my staff in Hollywood when we were deciding on the location."

Moresby was annoyed now. "Look, Waltham," he said. "I know you're a Hollywood big shot. If you weren't, my friend Henry Parsons wouldn't have bothered with you. But just come down out of the clouds. I'm trying to help you. If you don't want the bank to pull the rug out from under you, you'll co-operate—fully."

"Your long lonely vigil is ended."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Waltham flushed. He took a quick gulp of his bourbon and said, "I'm sorry. I'm under a good deal of tension."

"What I'm trying to find out," said Moresby with a patient air, "is this: Did some one person come to you and say 'Mr. Waltham, I can get you as many extras as you need if you go to Crete to make your picture? You contract with me for so many dollars per hour per man, and I'll provide them—no troubles for you language-wise, and so forth.' That's what happened, isn't it?"

"Well, I suppose you could say so. Yes."

Waltham looked hard at Moresby, but it was a shifty look—as though what Moresby had just said was making him extremely uncomfortable for reasons he was not eager to have known. Moresby saw the look, and it puzzled him. He frowned.

"I think," said Moresby, "perhaps you'd better tell me who this character is." He smiled. "I'll make a guess. He's not a Greek."

"Why—why, no," said Waltham. "As a matter of fact, he's an Italian. He's a Hollywood character. His name's Rocco. Sal Rocco."

"What sort of Hollywood character?"

"I guess you'd call him an agent."

"What sort of agent, Waltham?"

"The usual kind—they handle actors. A ten percenter."

Moresby shook his head.

"No," he said, "not a ten percenter. A hundred percenter. You're being taken, Waltham. You're being taken by a racketeer."

There was a silence in the tent. Waltham sat staring into his empty glass with a stunned look on his face. Moresby sat watching him—watching him like a hawk, his brain racing, trying to figure out whether Waltham's stunned look was because he had just been told he was being taken by a racketeer or because he, Moresby, had found it out. Presently he reached out and mixed Waltham a fresh drink.

"Thanks," said Waltham. He drank and shuddered, for the drink was strong. Then, in a husky voice he said, "Moresby, you shock me."

"I meant to."

"I'm as shocked at your saying Sal Rocco's a racketeer as I am by your saying he's working a racket on me. Are you sure you know what you're talking about?"

Moresby smiled.

"I know what I pay for labor in this part of the world," he said, "and I know what you're paying. You're paying exactly double. This Mr. Rocco of yours is keeping half for himself—or his gang, or what have you. The *men* damn well aren't getting it. I checked on that before I got here. Have you figured out what half of five thousand dollars an hour, eight hours a day for a month comes to? It comes to pretty big business, doesn't it?"

Waltham sighed, a beaten-sounding, tired sort of sigh.

"You won't believe me, Moresby," he said. "I've known, of course, that Sal Rocco isn't exactly a pillar of the church, but I never dreamed he could pull a stunt like this. Hell, Hollywood's full of petty crooks and chiselers, but this—like you said—this is the big time! I thought we were just having a regular sort of labor slowdown." He sighed again. "Well, I'll take care of it somehow." He contrived a laugh. "You sure did your job in a hurry. I suppose you'll be going back to Athens tomorrow?"

Moresby smiled. Waltham, watching him, was surprised. Then he saw Moresby's eyes. The smile on his lips didn't touch them. They were blue and hard and cold as the (*Continued on Page 55*)

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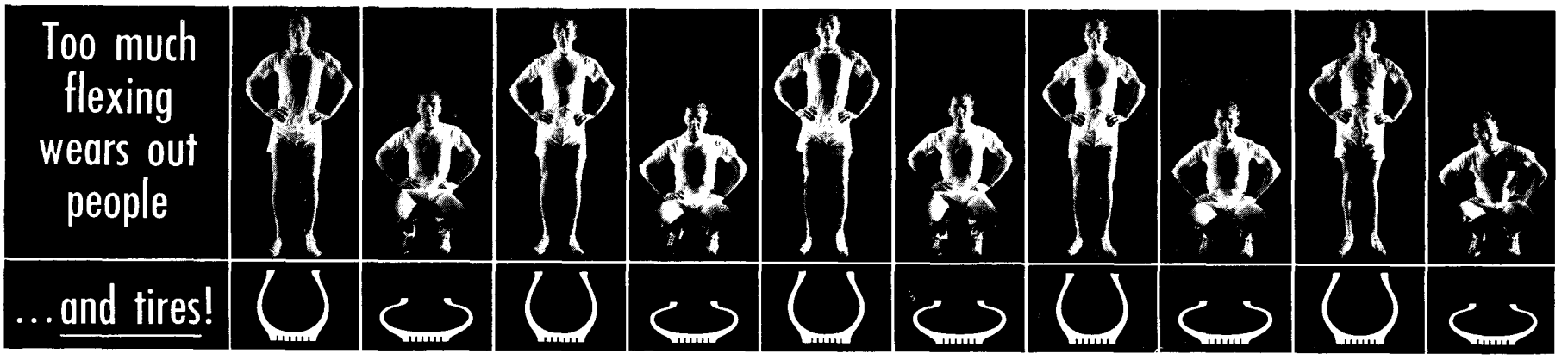

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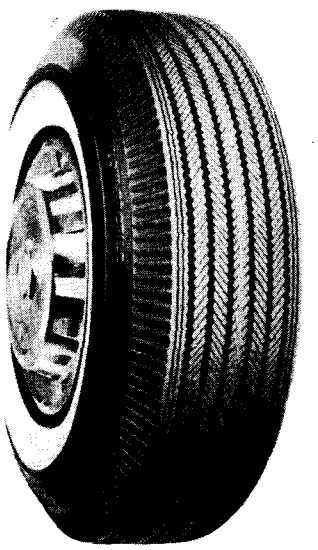

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(*Continued from Page 52*) steel in a pistol barrel, and they were sparkling with excitement.

"No," he said. "Tomorrow you and I are going to handle this little situation *together*. We're going to have your friend Rocco in here for a very private talk."

Waltham's eyes shifted back and forth. He bit his lip nervously. "He—I —— You'd better let me handle him. He—he might have a gun."

Moresby's smile grew wider and faintly mocking. "That would only be fair," he said quietly, "because I'll most certainly have one."

Waltham swallowed hard. "Yes," he said. "I guess maybe you'd better be here at that. I—I'm not very used to guns. Have another drink?"

Moresby nodded. A few minutes later he left the tent. As he stepped out through the fly he saw a man scurrying off into the darkness. He called to him, first in Greek, then in Italian. The man ignored him and disappeared. Wally Waltham thrust his head out of the tent.

"Hey, Paul! What's going on?"

Moresby turned to him. "It would seem," he said, "that that private talk of ours wasn't quite as private as we thought. We had an audience."

"You see who it was? What did he look like?"

Moresby chuckled.

"Pheidippides." Waltham looked blank. "Pheidippides," smiled Moresby, "was the early Greek equivalent of Herb Elliott. He could beat the four-minute mile."

"Oh. I get it." Waltham stroked his chin thoughtfully. "What's this going to mean to us?"

Moresby shrugged, smiled.

"Well, for one thing," he said, "we can skip that talk we were going to have with Sal Rocco tomorrow morning. Five minutes from now he's going to know I'm on to him." He chuckled. "I don't think Sal Rocco's going to like it very much."

"Come inside," said Waltham. They went back into the tent. Waltham sat down at the table, poured himself another drink and offered one to Moresby, who shook his head. "Look," said Waltham in a low voice, "I've been thinking. Rocco has a perfectly valid contract. Legally he's done exactly what he contracted to do."

"He's robbing you blind," said Moresby.

"I know, but as I say, I've been thinking, and I don't really see what we can do about it, except maybe try to persuade him to give us a break for a change."

Moresby's voice grew sharp. "You mean you're actually contemplating letting him get away with this?"

Waltham shrugged now. "What else?"

Moresby leaned forward so his eyes bored into Waltham's. "I'll tell you what else," he said quietly. "I won't let you."

Waltham's face flushed with sudden anger. He had been a top producer for a long time.

"And just who are you to try and order me around? Parsons or no Parsons, I'm boss here! And you'd better realize that in a hurry!"

Moresby was smiling again—the gunmetal smile. He shook his head slowly.

"No," he said. "I don't know what he's got on you—if anything—but up to now this man Rocco's been the boss. I'll play square with you, Waltham. I made a deal with Parsons. If I straighten out the mess you've got yourself into here, the American Athenian Bank will *give* me all the money I need to finance an archaeological expedition that means more to me than anything else in the world. I'm playing for keeps. That's why Rocco's not going to be the boss here any longer. I'm going to dethrone him."

Waltham spat out an ugly epithet and said, "You can't. He's got a contract."

Moresby got to his feet. His eyes were bright. "By this time tomorrow," he said, "Rocco's either going to come to you on his knees begging to be let out of that contract, or he'll already have left."

Waltham gave him a frightened look. "What—what are you up to?"

Moresby laughed. "These Greeks," he said, "can be very, very tough when sufficiently aroused. So can I. You figure it out from there. Good night, Wally."

TO BE CONTINUED

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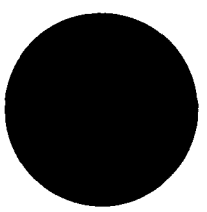

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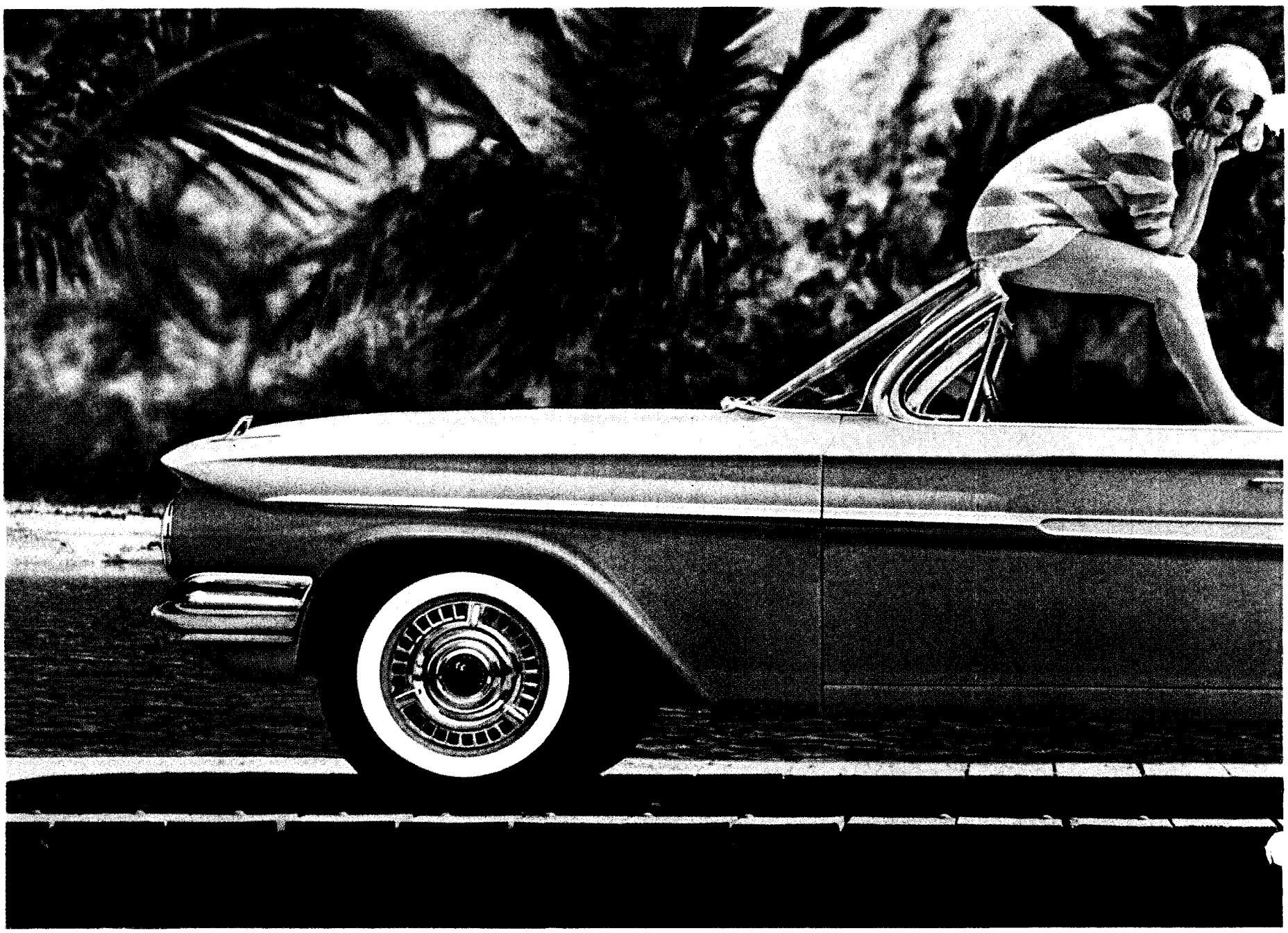

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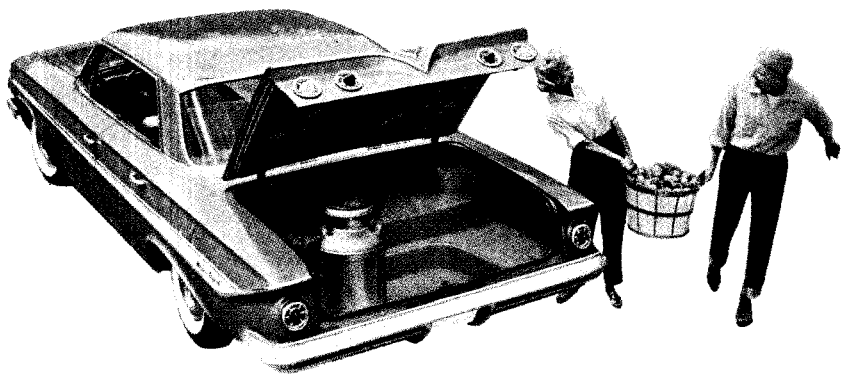

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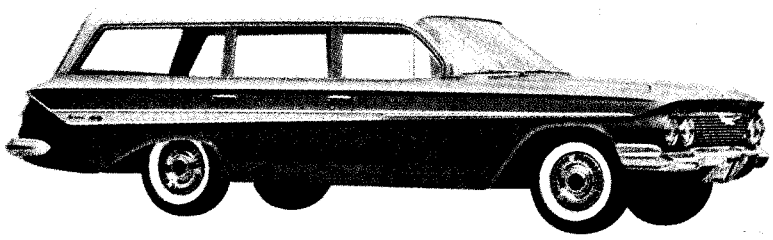
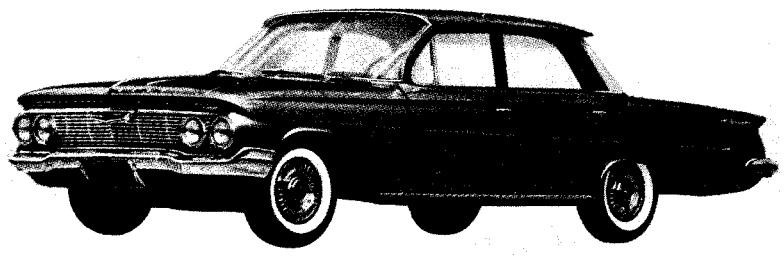
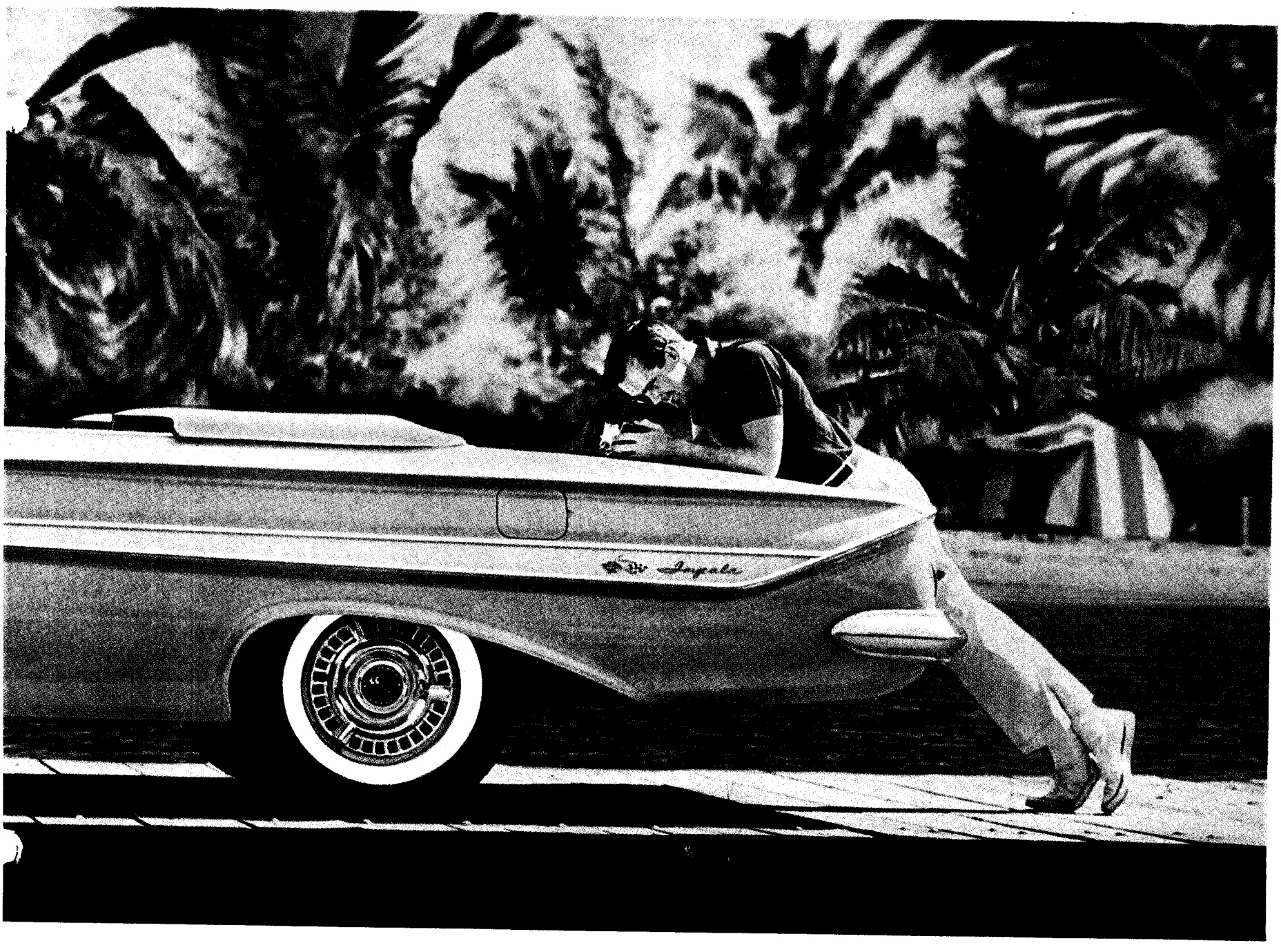


Nomad 9-Passenger 4-Door Station Wagon with taller, wider tailgate opening that makes easy loading of even the clumsiest cargo.



Biscaynes 4-Door Sedan.



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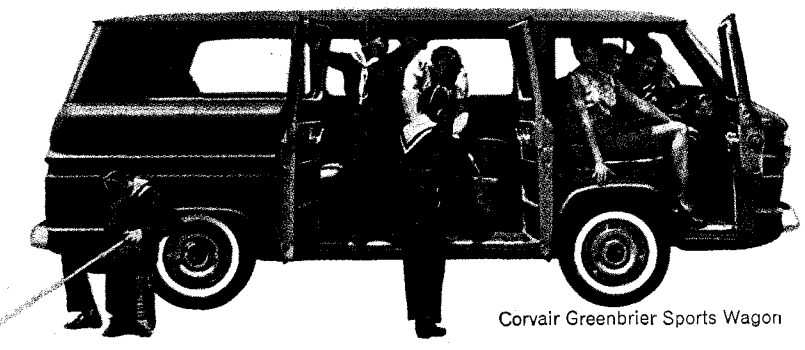

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Acey, Beloved Clown (Continued from Page 44)

seat. There he prostrated himself and wept.

"He's frightened, poor baby," my wife said. "I'll sit with him."

She got in; I started the motor. The puppy looked with horror at trees that began to slide past him, then hid his head in his seatmate's lap. So he remained during all the homeward journey. Neighbors who saw our progress along the street of our village immediately produced a scandalous report: The Van de Waters evidently had had a fight and were still so estranged that they refused to share the same car seat.

The puppy's reception, when he reached his new home, did nothing to lessen his distress. He refused to leave the car voluntarily. I pried him out and set him down. He unhinged all his joints at once and lay quite still, save for his wildly rolling eyes. Prostrated and abject, he endured the scornful welcome our two Scottish terriers accorded him.

Wullie and Cricket walked stiffly about the stranger; they growled and kicked gravel backward. No insult of their ingenious contrivance could provoke the wretched puppy. I shut the terriers in the garage and at length persuaded Ace to get up and follow me toward the house, but before the porch he balked and, with an air of finality, lay down again.

He had never seen steps and did not know how to deal with them. Then and thereafter he met any ordeal or problem with the minimum of active protest and the maximum passive resistance. On this day of his arrival, I picked the puppy up again, wondering whether I had added a permanent burden to my existence, and carried him into our dwelling. There I set him down.

My wife tried to comfort him, but he was not reassured. Until now a kennel and a wired run had been the largest structures he ever had known. He found our house terrifyingly vast and its smells sinister. Before I could catch him, he had whirled and bolted through the open doorway. Unwisely I chased him but found that, despite his haphazard gait, he could run faster and farther than I.

When breathlessness halted me, the puppy stopped too, principally, I think, because further flight would have carried him deeper into threatening wilderness. In the middle distance he sat down. The late-afternoon light played upon the disconsolate small figure and cast a long shadow behind him. He ignored my voice and, each time I moved forward, rose and maintained the space between us.

"He's frightened and lonely," my wife told me, "and probably he's hungry too. Leave him alone while I get his supper."

"All right," I agreed. "It's milking time anyway."

When I came from the kitchen with the pail, our most recent purchase had vanished. I called him, but roused only echoes and the still-imprisoned Scots. I circled the house and, finding no trace of the runaway, plodded toward the barn. It was not the presence of a cat before its door that halted me. She was my unfailing company at milkingtime.

Barn Cat occupied so lowly a position in our farm's social structure that she had no other name. Months earlier she had taken a squatter's rights within the building, and since then had led a precarious and depleting life. Wullie and Cricket had chased her up innumerable trees; had pursued her with hearty tantivies across the lawn and over the mowing until, at last, the harried creature had compromised with existence.

Each day and all day Barn Cat remained invisible until choretime. Then she rematerialized, and I would find her waiting on the threshold for her ration of warm milk, secure in the knowledge I would protect her from Scottish raiders.

That evening, as usual, she had assumed her post, but this time she was not alone. Beside her sat our recently lost puppy, in contented communion with his race's oldest foe.

I can explain that association today only a little more surely than I could then. It may have been that Barn Cat tolerated Ace because he bore only the faintest resemblance to her canine enemies. Or it may have been that a miserable puppy welcomes company of any variety.

Whatever its source, Ace's friendship with Barn Cat endured for the rest of her life. His store of affection was inexhaustible if unscrupulous. He loved us, and he loved our acquaintanceship, including those whom we regarded dimly, and he viewed all living creatures, save Elmer the gander, benignantly.

Wullie and Cricket waged continual warfare against deer, driving them off the premises with a terrific tow-row-rowing. If Ace's attention was called to a buck or doe in the middle distance, he merely looked interested and, when exhorted to give chase, ambled a few steps forward, sat down and saluted the intruder with a polite "woof!"

Small living things particularly delighted him. He would have been, if they had permitted it, an intimate of squirrels and chipmunks, and for a week one summer he shared the porch where he slept with a pompous hoptoad, larger than my fist, who must have been chiefly interested in the insects the overhead light attracted.

On the evening when I first found Ace and Barn Cat together, he backed away from me, but was partially reassured when his companion advanced and stropped herself against my leg. He watched the milking from a distance and was more than willing to share the milk I set before Barn Cat. She hissed and struck at him. When he drew back, he came within my reach. I caught and carried him once more into the house.

He slept little during his first night with us and we even less. At last, when his moans and the Scots' responsive barks became insufferable, I released him from the porch where he had been tethered and bore him up to our bedchamber. Straightway he slumbered.

Neither then nor later was he an entirely acceptable roommate, for he interspersed industrious snoring with explosive puffs and wheezes. If the night was foul and I let him in at bedtime, he charged upstairs and cast himself down beside my bed with a house-shaking crash that promised to carry him through the floor. It required so much effort, vocal and physical, to evict him that usually I let him remain.

He had a forgiving spirit. Soon after he came to us he was enraptured by the arrival of house painters. Visitors always pleased Ace, and these were particularly welcome since they wore white overalls, like the kennel attendants who had been his earliest friends. To an infantile mind this promised to be Old Home Week until, while cavorting, Ace swept his tail over an open can of paint, and one of the workmen essayed to cleanse him with turpentine.

The operation had scarcely begun when it ended. As the stinging fluid penetrated, the puppy screeched, broke away and undertook a whirling dance that a dervish would have admired. When spinning failed to unseat his invisible tormentor, he tried to outrun his own tail.

This endeavor proving futile, too, he bore down, still lamenting at the top of his voice, upon my wife, whom he already had identified as a very present help in time of trouble, and barely missed bowling her over. At length, by the efforts of the entire company, linseed oil was applied, and Ace's anguish diminished. He bore no malice, but the painters he encountered thereafter were viewed warily and from a distance.

During the early months of our union he grew prodigiously in appetite and stature, the former always remaining well ahead of the latter. The fuzz of puppyhood was replaced by a shining sable coat, and we began to see foreshadowings of the majestic creature he was to be. He became thrice the size of any other dog in the region, but his simple spirit was immune to arrogance or truculence.

I never knew him to show resentment toward any human, no matter what indignities were imposed upon him. Foremost among his singularly few dislikes stood his occasional visits to the veterinary, but his objections to these were passive if obdurate.

Usually on such occasions I could get him out of the car by myself, but after that he collapsed and lay so flatly inert that it took two men to pry him up and lever him into the doctor's office.

The big dog met, with shatterproof patience, the trials contrived by Wullie and Cricket. The terriers' attitudes toward him were permanently bilious. If Ace invited them to romp, they snarled and stalked off. As he grew older they evolved a practical method of humiliating him.

If he attempted familiarities, a Scot attacked him frontally while the other laid hold of one of Ace's hind legs and, by violent jerkings, overthrew him. This pastime was abandoned permanently on a day when Wullie involuntarily imitated Samson. Wrenching shrewdly at his victim's hock, he brought the overhanging mass down squarely upon his own person. He was so thoroughly deflated by the collapse that it was some time before he could recover sufficient breath to proclaim his injury.

Children, like all other small creatures, fascinated Ace, and they, in turn, seldom were afraid of the genial black monster, who approached them cordially and submitted with a slightly inane expression of delight to youngsters' attempts to clamber onto his back.

Motoring was another of his enthusiasms, and when we took him with us he sat bolt upright on the convertible's rear seat and surveyed all other travelers with a lordly air. Wherever we parked he invariably attracted spectators. This greatly pleased him, though the questions they asked me became boresomely routine.

How much, thrifty Vermonters always inquired, did it cost to feed so big a critter? How much did he weigh? One awed small boy, who had been gingerly patting Ace's (*Continued on Page 62*)

You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

Martin and his buddy were soldiers on leave, seeking excitement. They met two girls, had a number of drinks with them and got into Martin's car. As Martin was too intoxicated to drive, his buddy took the wheel. Martin soon insisted upon driving, however, while in a slum district. Then it happened. There was a collision. Both girls were injured. They later sued Martin.

"Anyone who rides with a drunken driver is guilty of contributory negligence and cannot collect damages," Martin's attorney asserted.

"Martin was not driving when the party started out," the lawyer for the girls replied.

"Nevertheless, when the car stopped so Martin could take the wheel, the girls should have got out," Martin's lawyer insisted.

"They couldn't," their lawyer said. "They didn't dare get out in a slum district late at night."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to the girls?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The girls won. The court said that, confronted with the unhappy choice of remaining with a drunken driver or getting out on a darkened slum street, they were not guilty of contributory negligence by staying in the car.

Based upon a 1946 California decision.

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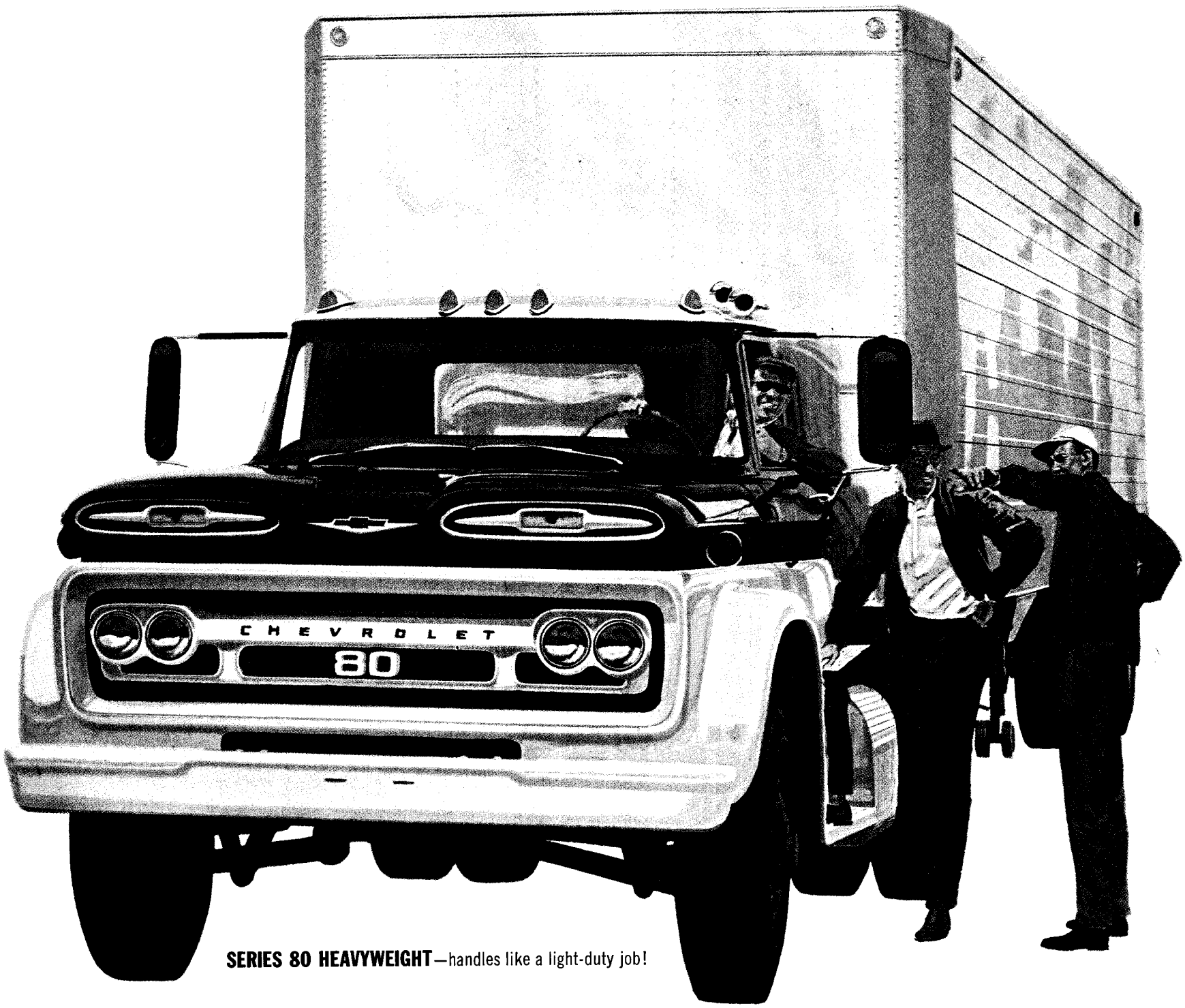

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GREATEST CHOICE IN TRUCKS!

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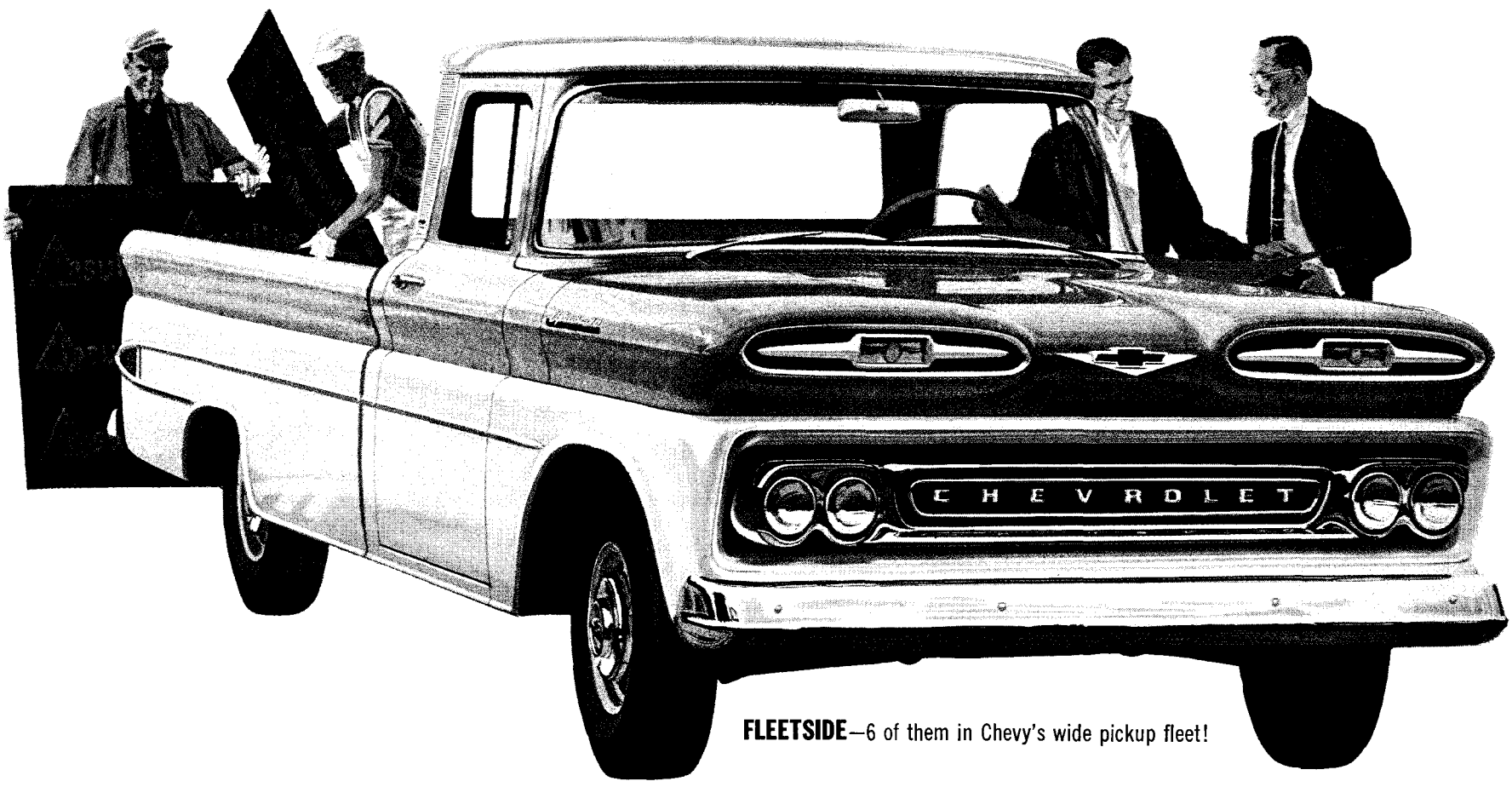
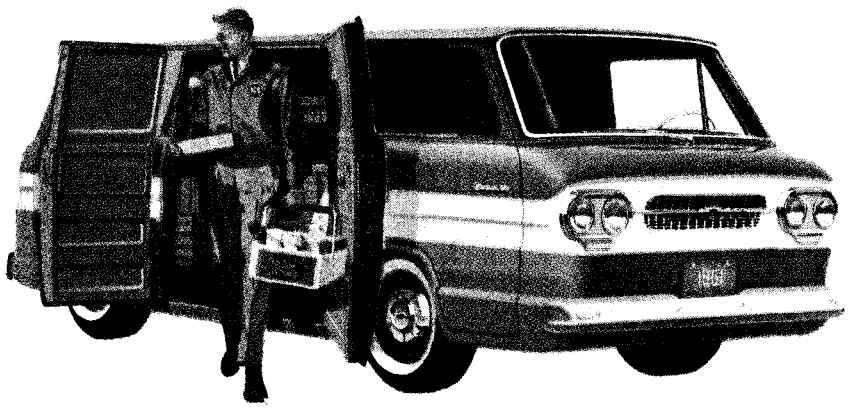
Leave it to Number One. Chevy's still way ahead with its proved independent front suspension and Sturdi-Bilt design. That goes for any size model, too, from pickups right up through tandems. They'll outwork, out-save and out-last an ordinary old-style front axle truck on any job you name. Drive a '61 Chevy and you'll know why. You'll *feel* it in the almost total absence of I-beam shimmy and wheel fight. The driver rides easy, the load's better protected, tires take less abuse, and the truck itself is subjected to far less damaging road shock and vibration. You can move faster off the road or over back trails to get more done in a day. Efficiency goes up and profits follow. Your dealer will be glad to arrange the ride. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



FLEETSIDE—6 of them in Chevy's wide pickup fleet!



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RAMPSIDE—just roll your load in or out!

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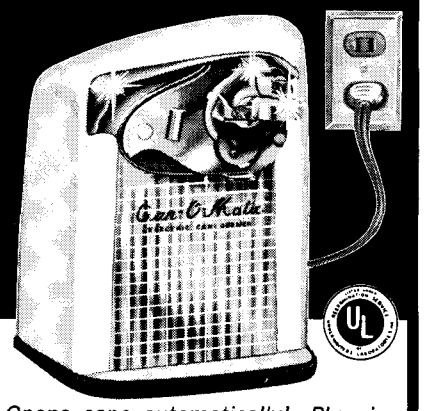

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SAWYER'S, INC. Portland, Oregon

(*Continued from Page 59*) nose, wanted to know, "How big are his fleas?"

We drove with Ace on an errand to a village not far from our home. We scarcely had parked when a dozen youngsters came pelting up the road. They squalled with excitement, but halted at a safe distance. Ace beamed upon them and thumped the seat with his tail, but the children looked defrauded.

"Dog, ain't he?" the foremost inquired. "Aw, shucks! We thought he was a bear!"

He was too mild ever to be of any real assistance in the operation of our farm. I spent hours in an attempt to teach him to drive Buttercup, the cow, home from pasture, but his heart never was in the enterprise. He always approached the irascible Buttercup tentatively and, when she snorted and brandished her horns, apologized and politely withdrew.

Once, and only once, Ace did bring the cow, but on that occasion he led the way by several lengths and looked frequently back at Buttercup who, having lost her temper entirely, pounded along in hot pursuit.

This was his final attempt to help us run our farm, save for his single, uproarious embroilment with Elmer, the Toulouse gander.

Insofar as a sunny and forgiving being could dislike anyone, Ace detested Elmer. The great gray bird with his bright orange bill and paddles was a ruffler and a troublemaker, continually ready to give and take offense. The Scots walked wide of him, and during Ace's puppyhood the gander bullied him unmercifully: stalking him with snaky neck outstretched and punishing wings upraised; blasting him out of slumber by brazen trumpetings close to the victim's ear.

These and other indignities Ace bore with patience, but I think he recorded their number in a retentive mind.

It became Elmer's pleasure to sun himself daily on the kitchen steps, thereby materially hampering housework, for he enforced a strict blockade that only a vigorously plied broom could break. While my wife was belaboring him one morning and he was shouting defiance, Ace ambled around a corner of the house.

"Acey!" the hard-pressed woman cried. "Chase him; bite him. My goodness, don't just stand there!"

It may have been this appeal from his dearly beloved that roused the Newfoundland; it may have been memory of sundry gander-inflicted outrages upon his own person. Whatever the impulsion, Ace roared and charged.

He knocked Elmer off the steps, but tripped over them himself and fell heavily. When he arose, exhaling a mouthful of feathers, the swashbuckling gander was retiring toward the barnyard. Ace reassembled himself and gave chase.

The earsplitting violence of the next two minutes compensated for the twenty years' placidity our farm had enjoyed. Panic, or sight of a course bare of obstacles, impelled Elmer to flee around the back-yard turning circle. His gait was a compromise between running and flying. With wings flailing, with orange paddles kicking up the gravel and outstretched neck emitting discordant honkings, the gander sped round and round the track while, behind him and still expelling a few feathers with every bellow, bounded Waseeka Ace of Spades, hitherto the most amiable of creatures.

Elmer was tiring. His wingbeats were heavier, and he had stopped yelling, too, having more urgent use for what breath he had left. Ace was overtaking him, and my wife was shrieking recommendations that I do something, though she didn't say what. Then the gander veered from his chosen course. The garage offered dubious refuge, but no other was at hand, and a ravening dog was close behind.

Elmer squeezed through the narrow space between doorframe and the convertible's rear. Ace, closely following, solidly butted the car. I still believe the impact drove the convertible perceptibly forward. I know that the silence that followed the collision seemed endless.

Ace had sat down. His eyes, ringed with white, evidently could not focus on Elmer, who issued from the garage as though late for an appointment and paddled away to the barnyard. There was a shallow dent in the car's trunk lid, and later we found a reciprocal swelling on our dog's domed cranium.

While the stricken stillness endured, the Newfoundland slowly got his feet back under him. He rose, walked drunkenly toward my wife and lay down heavily beside her. Thereafter when gander and dog met, each pretended that the other was invisible.

Ace's assault upon Elmer was the sole injury I ever knew him to inflict upon any living creature. It is true that he frequently bit me, but only when his love otherwise would have been insupportable. At such extreme moments he bared every gleaming fang, gripped my wrist in jaws that quite easily could have crushed it and, softly growling, pressed down so tenderly that no tooth marks were apparent when he released me.

His golden heart won him many friends but between him and me there was a particularly close tie, since from infancy I had brought him up in the way he should go. Out of this intimacy the great black dog acquired an odd awareness of me—an understanding that perhaps can exist completely only between a dog and a man who own each other.

More imaginative persons than I have maintained that a dog has an uncanny sixth sense. It was not clairvoyance, but constant, close study that taught my Newfoundland to read me clearly. Early in our association Ace resolved that the proper study of dogkind was one particular man, and thereafter, all day and every day, he watched me.

Nothing I did—no least habitual movement or inflection of my voice—escaped him, and from this perpetual observation he drew logical conclusions.

If I appeared in workaday wear, he knew it was probable that he might accompany me wherever I was going. He was especially elated if I carried a cane, for it meant that he and I were to hike across the hills. He was downcast if I wore formal clothing, for that indicated that I was going somewhere and he was to be left behind; and when, in addition, I lugged a bag, his despair was absolute. I intended to vanish for a long time; I might never return.

For weeks his apparent ability to read my mind greatly puzzled me. My out-of-door clothing hangs in a hall closet. I could visit this for any other purposes without rousing Ace's least interest, but if I planned to take him walking he was beside me, puffing with excitement and bouncing on his forepaws by the time I had got into my leather jacket.

This plainly must have been thought transference. How, otherwise, could he read my purpose unerringly? It was simple enough when I understood. Ace was indifferent to all other noises in the closet, but the sound of my jacket's zipper when I fastened it set him off.

He was far more sensitive to my moods than I to his. I cannot tell how he knew when I was troubled; yet, though I gave no conscious sign of distress, I would be roused by the thrust of his majestic head into my lap or the weight of a great forepaw on my knee and, looking down, would recognize the concern in his eyes. We found great satisfaction in each other for ten years that now seem to have been dismayingly brief.

When he left us, he departed with the same unprotesting dignity that deeply had endeared him to my wife and me. We had been told that his time was short, but it was no easy thing to disentangle our lives from our gentle, kindly dog's. So, until he actually began to suffer, we withheld the crowning mercy that men grant only to the so-called lesser creatures.

I never shall be entirely certain whether my last memory of him is based on fact or founded on sheer illusion. On the night after his death, I heard—or imagined that I heard—his deep, demanding bark. I crept—or dreamed that I crept—down the stairs and opened the front door upon empty blackness. Half awake—or wholly asleep—I wondered then, as I wonder now, whether his spirit had paused at his dear home before it began its final journey, and I thought that I felt great jaws close gently upon my forearm.

THE END

"You know very well what monkey!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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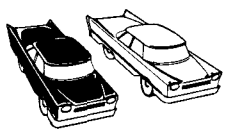

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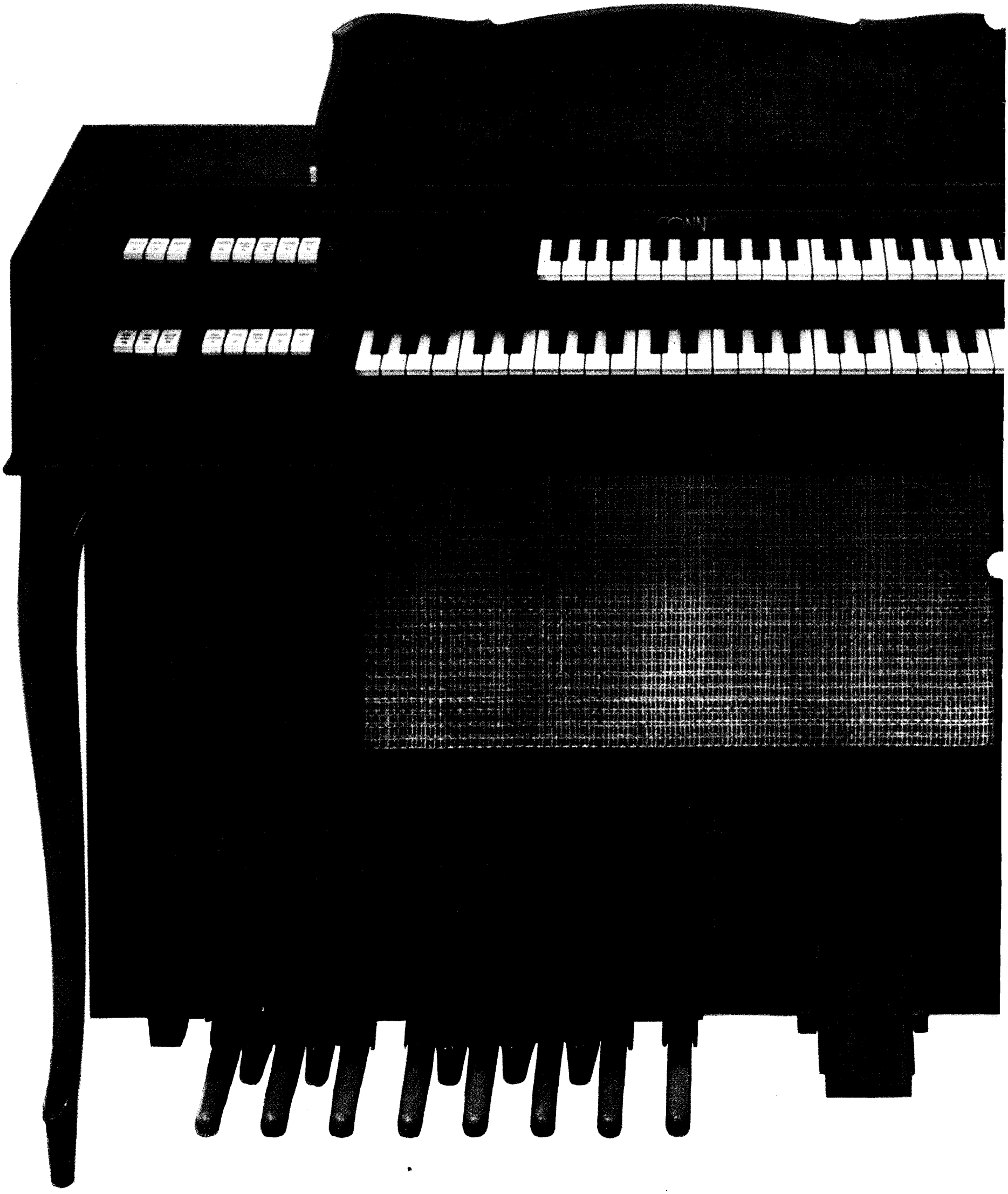

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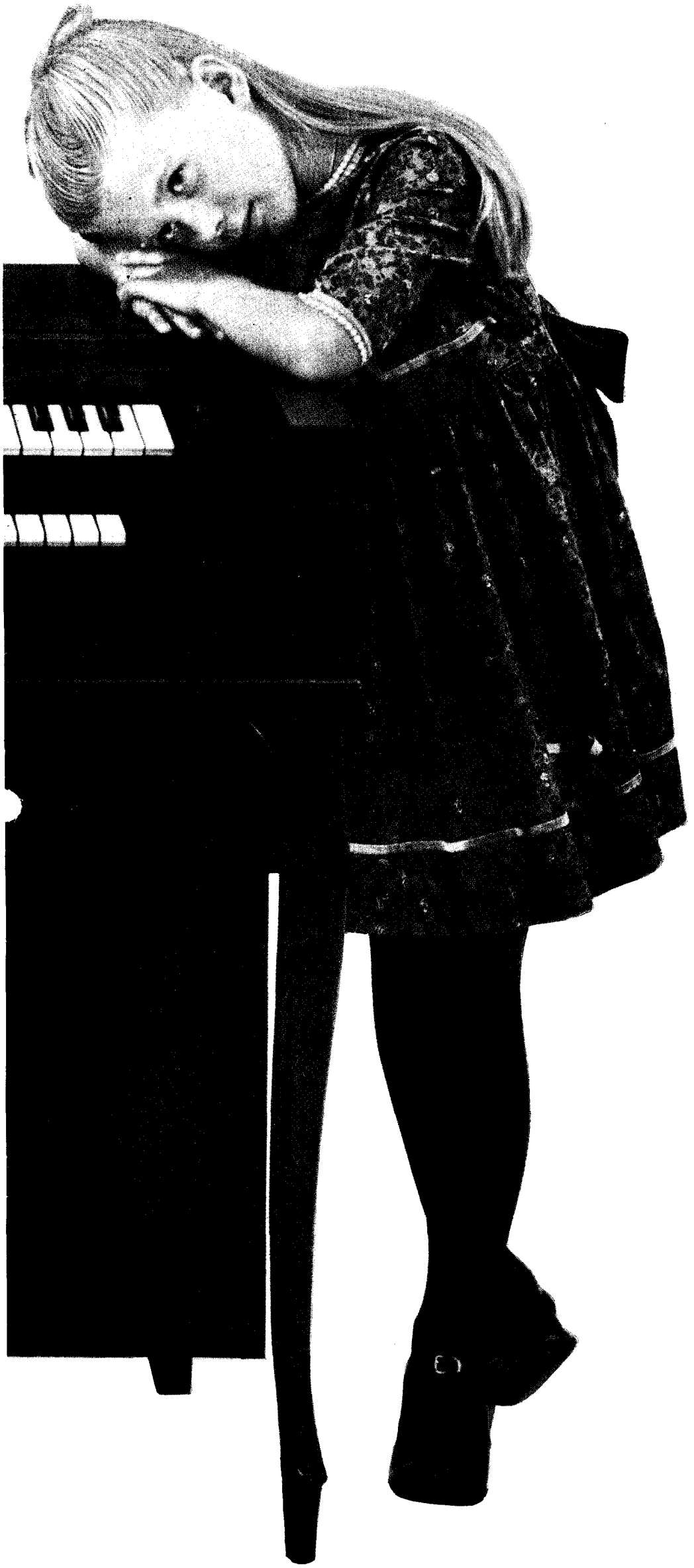

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Pool of Sand (Continued from Page 35)

Hollow, to ma, Nora, Old Man Pike, the stables, the spread, the greenness. Over Bonnie's steady hoofbeats there was the sound of a mild hurrah, the sleepy ones coming for a moment to life, to cheer young Dan Mangren on his way.

On my way. On my way.

It was the rhythm of his first thoughts, there alone with his pony, heading out of town. It became the rhythm of Bonnie's trot, as they passed the bank, the saloon, the church, the scattering of houses on the outskirts. It stayed for a pair of hours. It left no room for other thinking.

At the end of that time the excitement began. It tickled in his stomach at first, almost like being hungry, although Dan knew he had stashed away enough of ma's food to last him the day. Then it ran into his chest and began to blow up, until every breath was filtered with joy and like no breathing he had done before. He looked around him. The view had a strangeness, although he had ridden this far before. He'd been as much as a day's journey away from Bend Hollow many times. The strangeness was in his own looking—that was it. He was seeing it free. It was country passed through to reach the new, not just to ride, camp and go back to Bend Hollow.

It seemed to him that he was standing still. The trees on either side of the wagon road moved past him. Bend Hollow retreated, back and back away from him and Bonnie and the canvas-covered extra saddle. Old Man Pike and ma and Nora got smaller and smaller there behind him. The mountains, vaguely seen and looming gray across the desert flats, stayed small and retreated too. Dan Mangren and Bonnie held still between the moving two of them, large, more than life-size. Dream-size and free.

He rode all day, staring and tranced. Occasionally he patted Bonnie's neck, saying nothing, not whistling or singing, just riding steadily, in no hurry now it had begun, tiring neither himself nor the pony. By dusk he had gone farther than he had ever been before.

He dismounted and pulled the heavy tarpaulin bulk from Bonnie's rump, setting it carefully beneath a tree. He yanked her own worn saddle off, smoothed her down, led her with him to the sound of a stream. They drank, the two of them, friends for years, with relish which was mutual and understood.

Very neatly and carefully then he tied Bonnie to the tree, laid out his slicker and bedroll and built a small fire. He fed himself and gave Bonnie one of ma's carrots. Then he lay down, warm in the roll, and fell instantly asleep before he could watch for the stars as he had meant to.

The second morning was the real beginning. To cook and eat and saddle up in an unknown place, to take off from there for another unknown place, blotted Bend Hollow from his mind. The three who waved good-by to him were three in a book, unreal and imagined.

The land began to change. The greenness shifted to tan. The trees grew sparse and altered their shapes, turned bare and clutched, blown to odd, deformed shapes by many winds. Under Bonnie's hoofs the trail stayed wide, sand packed hard by unnumbered hoofs, by wagon trains, express, coaches, all of the travel into Bend Hollow which Dan had watched the full years of his growing, back there ever since his father died, working in Old Man Pike's stables.

There had been the wheels to fix and tired horses to feed and curry. There had been the strong hard-bitten men to serve and listen to. There had been the families and canvas to fasten tight on covered wagons. All of Old Man Pike's business, all work in the stable, was preparation for this trail, the last long hard haul toward the mountains, over them, the drop down into the golden land of California.

From the South and the East they came into Bend Hollow. To the North and the West they went out of Bend Hollow. They stopped only long enough to drink—too much, some of them. Pray in the little church, others of them. Eat of ma's cooking at the Holly House. Flirt with Nora at the stables. Make fun of Dan at his tooling. And go on and ahead and find the gold or the easy rich earth.

A couple of them didn't make fun of him, though. Couple of them, seeing what he was working at and how it was turning out, offered him money for the saddle. Dan wouldn't discuss it. He clutched his dream tight, went about his business and they didn't get an answer, nor a rise.

One of them tried, a big fat guy with jollity on his cheeks and meanness in his eyes. He said, "This your pony, boy?" He yanked Bonnie's scanty mane.

Dan stood up fast. "Leave her alone."

"Glad to, glad to." The man walked over to the saddle in the far corner where Dan had set up the low flat table, two pieces of wood nailed onto a pair of cut logs. He ran his hand over the rich carved leather. He laughed sharply.

"Thousand-dollar saddle on a twenty-buck horse," he snorted.

Dan looked quickly at Bonnie. She was smart. Sometimes he thought she understood talking better than most people. Better than this fat one, for instance. "Leave that alone too," he commanded.

The man squinted his eyes. "I'll give you two hundred cash for it. More money than you'll ever see, bub."

Dan shook his head. The fat man didn't know anything, except a good saddle when he saw it.

He didn't know about Bend Hollow, for one thing. The way Dan figured it, every town that size had to have somebody to make fun of. Ma was proud of him; Nora was fierce in his defense; Old Man Pike gave him a place in the stables and was gentle with him.

But most everybody else, watching him talk more to horses than to humans, seeing him brush them as lovingly as you'd brush a baby's hair, or looking at him back there in the far corner of the stable working on his saddle, got in the habit of laughing about him.

Dan didn't mind. He didn't even hear it much, tangled as he was in his dreaming. So long as Old Man Pike paid him regularly and he could give ma what was right to help out, so long as there was some left to save in the bank, safe, with a slip to prove it, he didn't mind what anybody said. You get patient with a dream.

From the far edge of the stable Dan could get the most light. Each day when everything Old Man Pike asked of him and the horses needed of him was finished, he went to the corner and pulled the tarpaulin off the saddle.

There was a way the sun walked itself proud from the high window to wash the leather with a shimmer that never failed to set his heart going. It was as if the sun spooned gold into every runnel, every fine curl, every minute lift and swirl of his tooling. The whole saddle seemed to glisten, molten and rippling.

Dan didn't have the words for it. He was a quiet boy turned to silent man. But he had the feel of it. It kept him going, late each afternoon and all day after church on Sunday.

Old Man Pike didn't care. "On your own time, lad," he said when Dan first asked the favor. "You do as you like so long as it isn't carousing. I don't take to carousing, especially with Nora around."

Dan had answered him shortly. "I got no money for that sort of thing, and no taste." It satisfied them both.

And Bend Hollow and Old Man Pike and all of them knew about the saddle. But nobody, nobody but Bonnie, knew about the dream. Until the moment of its coming true. Which was now.

His thoughts had taken him to the high of the sun. It burned down on his shoulders. Bonnie moved with a slight unsteadiness, as if she, too, felt the weight of the great gleaming ball above them, pushing on her loaded back.

Dan slipped to the ground. The sand slid loose under his boots. He took out the canteen and drank from it with care. He moistened Bonnie's mouth, then poured some of the water into the canvas bucket and held it close to her muzzle. She drank daintily and carefully.

He looked around him. The trees had turned, as if by magic, into stumps and bushes. They spread, punctuated by an occasional Joshua, as far as he could see. Beyond them the mountains, during the morning of his thinking, had opened themselves out like a full accordion, rimming the horizon, floating, shifting a little from the heat rising off the desert, fluid and graceful.

The trail marched straight ahead of him, discernible in its brighter tan. Dan scanned it. As far as he could see there was no movement, no small approaching dot of horseman or wagon or coach.

In the place where the tickle of excitement had attacked him, another sensation began to grow—loose, sagging, empty as the spot it tried to fill. Dan couldn't put a name to it, but he didn't feel larger than life-size any more, nor did Bonnie seem that way. He felt squeezed down to littleness, and alone and lonely, with nobody ahead of him on the trail.

He labeled it hunger, having no better word. He and Bonnie rested beside one of the larger bushes with its thin layer of dusty shade. He ate of ma's prepared bundle of food. It was cold fried chicken, heated to grease and warmness from the sun, but good enough. For a moment ma's twisted face and butterfly sighs rippled through his mind. Then he was up again and they were on their way. Thing to do in the desert, the hard-bitten men and the covered-wagon families always said, was to keep moving: "Slow, steady, but moving. One day, today. Another day, tomorrow. Third day, by nightfall, to the foothills on this trail. Shortest, surest, safest, quickest, boy. You can't miss the pass."

The hours of the afternoon rode steadily toward the mountains. It would do to think of Nora now, maybe. She was far enough back there, her yellow dress blended with the harsh tan of the desert, her blue eyes lost in this place where there was no blue water. It was time, maybe, to think about the picnic.

The hamper was big and hand-woven. Nora had filled it with things which proved what a good wife she could be. The minute she set out the high-piled fluted pie, Dan knew what she was about. He held the knowledge tenderly, but he backed it with stubbornness, like a wall set firm before a rose garden. All the same it was a good day.

The grass was soft as a wool blanket for their sitting. The river down the slant of the pasture spoke words they both understood. Nora's hand was in his. After a time her head was on his shoulder. After another time, as natural as breath, their close faces turned to meet. Her lips were like roses, all right. Soft and cool and fragrant.

The weakness went all through him, and the wall of his dream cracked a little to let her in. He began to talk.

Suddenly then, with the greatest of ease and no strangeness, he was a boy again. There was once more the scratch of the sprawled tree limbs outside of his bedroom window, the feeling against his lids of a pale sun struggling its way through thick dark-green leaves.

Beside his bunk bed, put there by his father, lugging it on shoulders as broad as a good fireplace log, was the new saddle. The leather smell was all through the small room, seeping into his sleep, turning his lips up to a smile and setting the dream for the first time, and deeply, into his mind.

"Someday, lad," his father said on that twelfth birthday, "someday we'll trick the saddle up, carve it worth its leather. We'll buy you a horse, a strong big Arabian from the land of California ——"

A white horse. An Arabian. Flying. With a mane like silk in the wind. Proud and white. A saddle on his back. A carved lifetime saddle on his proud back. And Dan up there high, higher than he had ever sat Bonnie, faster than he had ever ridden. A new Dan Mangren. Worth his saddle. Worth his horse. Worth his father.

It was where his father came from, California. *Did he go back there somehow*, Dan used to wonder when he set the first swirls of design into the leather, *to ride a white horse forever after he was dead?*

"So," he finished, not looking at Nora, run-down and spent from revealing the dream, "the saddle is finished. There's no more room for tooling. I have enough money, with what Bonnie will bring in California."

He stood up and walked slowly toward the river. He felt shy and naked with the dream bared to the daylight, no longer his alone.

After a while he felt her there beside him. "And when you have the Arabian? When the saddle is on the white horse and all of your savings are gone, Dan, what will you do then?"

He shook his head and was impatient with the woman of it. How could you look beyond a dream?

Nora said, "I know what it will be. You'll have the saddle and the horse to match it. Next, you'll want a girl to match, in a satin dress from a big house. You will be at (*Continued on Page 68*)

A Woman's Age

I.

When people ask how old I
am, I've
Learned to feel no rage;
I calmly answer
"Thirty-five."
I've always liked that age.

Elinor K. Rose

II.

She simply won't divulge
her age,
And that's her privilege if
she chooses.
Of course, she's never
stopped to think
That time will tell if she
refuses.

Stephen Schlitzer

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(*Continued from Page 66*) it all of your life, Dan." She sounded as if she had tears in her throat.

Dan still didn't look at her. *Don't touch my dream*, he thought; *don't touch it*. But regret ate at him that he had spoken the words.

She went away from him and packed the leftovers in the hamper. She stood for a long time after he joined her, quiet and different, as if their lips had never touched. She looked over the spread and listened to the river. Then she ran her hand up and down Bonnie's muzzle. "Poor girl," she said to Bonnie, as if they were both human and women.

When Dan was back in the stable he went directly to the saddle. He uncovered it. But it was late in the day, and no sun came to the back of the place to set gold in its leather. For a moment it looked dull and without life. He put the canvas back quickly and went early to bed.

Three days later, and two days ago, Nora's hand slipped from his, and Bend Hollow slipped from him. It seemed as if a hundred years had slipped by too.

A thing was happening, he noticed, brought back to himself and Bonnie by her slight nicker. Over the desert, as far as he could see, little puffs of dust lifted and whirled like tumbleweed. He felt no wind direct upon him, but the loose sand knew the breeze and frisked with it.

Each puff, wherever he looked, had the purple cast of early evening. The trail ahead of him seemed strangely narrower, as if it tightened itself to make a more rugged way into the foothills, ready to curl through the mountains.

Bonnie made the slight noise again, a whimper like a sigh. Then, crashing down upon them both, integrating the dust puffs, aligning them into waves of sand swirling in all directions, came the sudden wind.

Dan was immediately blinded by it. He pulled down his hat and lowered his head as Bonnie's was lowered before him. The steady stream of wind and sand pushed against them both, savagely plastering his clothes to his skin and whipping them like pennants behind his back.

What should have been a long slow desert twilight was brown midnight. What should have been a sight of mountains was fuzzed out into sheets of sand. What should have been a trail was quickly, shockingly, covered over, thick-piled as blown snow on an open town street.

Bonnie struggled and made no progress. Dan pulled out a bandanna and tied it over the lower part of his face. He reached his hand to touch the harsh hair on the pony's head. He talked to her, the words refusing to strain themselves through the bandanna. But Bonnie heard him. He felt the twitch of her wind-flattened ears.

There were no trees. If there were bushes for shelter Dan could not see them. There was nothing to do but try to move blindly forward, hoping the wind would die with the same suddenness with which it had been born.

The night was endless, black and wailing. Toward what must have been the end of it, Bonnie squealed, tripped, sprawled. Pony, saddles, gear and man were tossed on the sharp, moving sand.

Dan didn't know how long he lay there, but at last he earned strength enough to reach toward the pony. He loosened the ropes that held the tooled saddle, fingering for them from memory. He scurried his hands around in the sand, trying to pull toward him the unseen circle of the canteen which was to be tomorrow's water.

With the lightening of the load, Bonnie struggled to her feet. She stood patient and still, hunched against the wind and the stinging sand. Dan, on hands and knees now, no dream in him, only fear and a great loneliness, scratched at an ever-widening crescent, tearing his hands on hidden bits of rock, in his search for the canteen.

When it came against his fingers relief was so sweet in him that he curled—a twelve-year-old boy again—around the canteen on the sand. He fell instantly asleep in the wind and the noise, as if there were sheets above him and below.

He woke to stillness, twice as loud as yesterday. Bonnie stood over him, making shade against the midmorning sun. The first thing Dan noticed, eyes opening stickily and painfully, was the gash and the bruise on her right knee. The second thing he knew with full consciousness was that the canteen had dribbled in his arms, its cap loosened, leaving only a precious damp spot on his shirt.

Once on his feet, not allowing himself to feel anything, swallowing down all emotion, he pulled on aching muscles to make himself tall and a man again. He saw that the trail was gone, covered over in hummocks and drifts. The mountains were there, though—pink, pale purple, unbelievably high and mocking.

He dug frantically around the place of their fall. He (*Continued on Page 70*)

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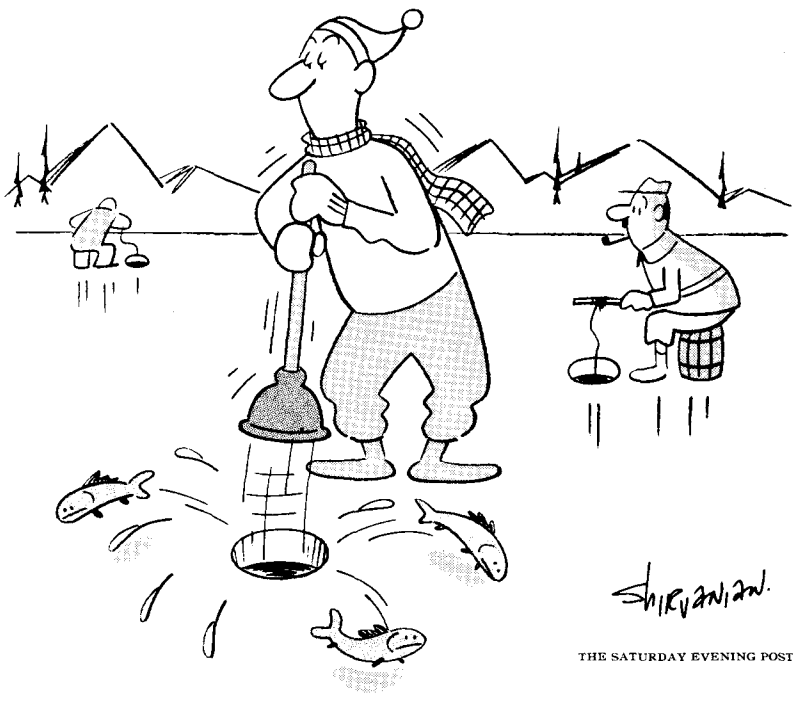

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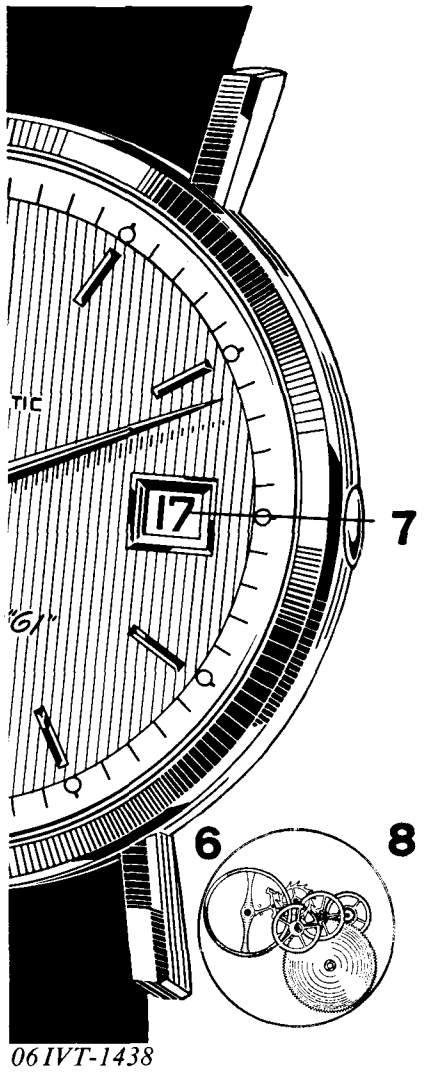

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(*Continued from Page 68*) came upon the saddle and put his arms around it for an unmeasured length of time. A little more digging turned up the wind-blown tarpaulin. He scraped clear the place, which revealed the bedroll and the slicker with its hoard of food. He pushed sand from the biscuits, gave one to Bonnie and together they munched, swallowing harshly, trying to muster saliva.

The pony nickered dryly in her throat. Dan ran his hand gently over the bruise and the gash. He took his extra shirt from the roll, shredded it and wrapped it around Bonnie's knee. With great effort he lifted the carved saddle to her rump and fastened it once again. He added the bedroll and the slicker. Then he picked up the reins and began to lead her. The weight of the extra saddle behind the shabby cinched one was all the sore knee and the caked breath of the animal could bear. Bonnie could not hold the weight of a man.

As the sun went higher and the mountains drew no nearer and the trail was gone, the dust was on them like dried salt water. Dan would have drunk salt water in great killing gulps if there had been any. But there was none. None at all. Nor had there been any water since the tinny warmed drink from his canteen sometime the afternoon before.

He put one foot before the other, pulling gently on the reins. The pony limped forward with him. Minutes had no value, hours had no life. Only the mountains were alive, there ahead of them, aloof and untouchable.

Dan began to talk to Bonnie in broken phrases. "Just a little way now, girl," he whispered. "Soon there will be that Arabian. White. Flying. A mane like silk in the wind. Cool wind. Proud and white. You, girl, out to pasture. Broad green pasture. Green and peace after the years and years of desert behind us."

The dream had no consolation and would not come real. For the first time since he was twelve, it gave him no hope. What was behind them limped beside them. It also pushed, like yesterday's wind, forcing them on over an unseen trail in a total blaze.

Then it began to pull, gentle as Dan's hands on the pony's reins. "Take my hand," the breeze seemed to say. "There now. Easy, easy. One foot, two feet. You can make it."

He followed the unheard voice and touched the unreal hand. Strange; first it was Nora's hand. Then ma's arms. Then Old Man Pike's voice. Then the silver river at the foot of the spread. It was all pain as flickering, and weariness as vague, as the weird colors which stirred around him before he fell.

Some time later he found himself riding again on Bonnie's back, his face against the stubble of her head. He heard himself say, a far tone carried in echoes through the miles of the empty place, "I'm sorry, girl. I can't walk any more. Forgive me."

Funny, funny, to speak so to a pony. It was black then and quiet, and there was a new dream. It was a dream of cool greenness and a small brown house at the top of the spread. Nora in a yellow dress came out of a door with an extravagant spilling pail of water in her hands.

Dan woke to the sound of water. The word refused to come through the split, caked crevices of his lips. It refused, even in his dried mind, to be acknowledged. He swung his head, vision blurred. Bonnie's mane scratched against his chin. Her muzzle was slanted down in front of him.

... ...

The sound he heard was the great gulping slosh of her drinking. Dan slid from her back and fell forward beside her. The water was chilled from shade and clear. He cupped a little of it and drank it slowly. He rested and drank his fill.

They were in a shelter. Scrubby trees, dried and brown, but trees, made a semicircle around them. The water hole was deep. The hills rode steep beside them, no longer far away and remote. Beyond stretched the mountains, seeming to reach the sky itself.

Dan pulled his eyes down from them and examined Bonnie's knee. Filth caked the wound, and the bruise stood out like a grapefruit beside it. Very gently, murmuring to her, he bathed it in the water and rinsed out the ripped shirt and bandaged the leg again.

The grass was sparse, but Bonnie ate of it. She lifted her head from time to time to watch Dan as he shook out the bedroll, pulled what food was left from the slicker and built a small fire, cramped by stones so that it wouldn't overrun onto the dry brush.

When it was done he tied Bonnie to a tree. Strong and young again, he walked down the thin path that led from the water hole. It didn't take him long. The mountain trail was there, untouched by dust storms, secreted and protected by the brush which grew more strongly away from the rioting sun of the desert.

He looked up the trail. It was clear-cut and not too steep, broad enough for the stage coach or the wagon or four horsemen abreast.

When Bonnie's knee was healed in a day or two, they could go on—up there toward the sky. When they reached the peak of the pass they could look down to the green below them, a stream maybe, a cool place where he could lie, tree-blanketed, and sleep until the dryness replaced itself with fluid, and his blood began to move ripely inside of his shrunken veins.

He could find the city his father had told him about, the ranch where they raised Arabians famous around the world. He could untie the money belt and count it out and reach up to place the saddle on the broad beautiful white back. He could mount, matched, complete, a thousand-dollar saddle on a thousand-dollar horse, with a man, full-grown and new, astride.

"And when you have the Arabian?" Nora seemed to ask again, "When the saddle is on the white horse and all of your savings are gone, Dan, what will you do then?"

He moved slowly away from the trail, back toward Bonnie and the small fire. The pony waited patiently, jerking her stubby muzzle in welcome. Her scrawny mane flipped awkwardly with the movement. Three of her legs took the brunt of her weight and tried to protect the injured knee.

Dan went over to her. He stroked her. The loneliness was out there, behind him and up there, ahead of him. There was nobody to break the loneliness, except Bonnie. No strange Arabian. Bonnie.

"Forgive me," he said again and this time he knew why. "How did you find the way, girl?" he asked her. "All last night and this long morning? How many times did you stumble with the weight of the extra saddle and me, heavy on your back?"

Bonnie nuzzled against him at the sound of his voice.

There were no carrots to repay her. They were back in the sand somewhere, the sand which must have bitten deeply against her sore leg as she plodded in search of water, saving them both, the pair of them, friends for the long good growing years.

Dan rubbed hard and firm against her head. He put her old blanket on her and untied the tarpaulin from the saddle. He lifted it, heavy, odorous, shining in the sunlight and sparked by the small fire, to Bonnie's back. He cinched it tight and stood away to look.

It fitted her. It suited her fine. She was suddenly hands higher, longer-limbed, flaring of nostril and flying of mane. She lifted her head in a full proud gesture and neighed out, clear and loud.

The excitement tickled against Dan's stomach and came out in a roar to match Bonnie. He knew how it would be. He would watch and wait. There would be the coach or the rider or the wagon coming down the trail. It might take a day or so, because more people went through Bend Hollow toward California than ever came from the Golden Land heading east. But one or more were bound to come.

When they did, there would be supplies he could borrow and company for him on the way back home. There would be somebody to talk to as he rode the tooled saddle on the back of the pony who had earned it.

It wouldn't matter about the old dream, left lonely in the desert. Not at all. Now there was another dream, woven in the black and the quiet and the fear. It was a cool green dream of a small brown house on a wide spread of earth, and Nora in a yellow dress. The biggest excitement of all was in him, separating the boy from the man. He felt suddenly full to the lips with words, saved and added for years back.

"I'm going back home to buy a spread," he would tell the rider or the people in the wagons or the stage driver. "I'm going to have me a spread free and clear and a pony named Bonnie, and a wife named Nora. And, oh, yes, I got me a tooled saddle."

He wasn't even surprised when he heard the sound of hoofs and wheels from the trail up above them. How else would it work out when at last you had a dream you could share?

Fox Hunt

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

The red fox parts the grasses
Scarce lighter than his fur
That tangles as he passes
With thorn and cocklebur.

A pack of hounds comes
dashing,
The blueticks and the red-
bones,
And hunters follow, crashing
Over fields and stones.

Backtracking to his burrow,
The fox lies panting, spent,
Conversant with old sorrow,
Men, dogs and devilment.

A Moral for an Age of Plenty (Continued from Page 25)

In the same way, what is important in science is not the initial act of discovery, but the continuing search for truth. Discoveries themselves are neutral because they already belong to the past. The practice of science is moral because it goes on without pause looking for what is true and rejecting what is false.

It may be thought that truth is too big a word to describe what science seeks—that "truth" can mean nothing as profound in science as in our moral judgments. Science seems to be about matters of fact and when it says that something is true, it seems to tell us no more than that the facts are so and not otherwise. But this is not really how science works. If it were, there would be no debates in it and no new theories; and we should still believe today in the physics of Newton and in the biology of Lamarck—we should have heard neither of relativity nor of evolution. In reality, science is always an arrangement of the facts; and our preference for one arrangement rather than another is a continued attempt to find the truth behind the appearances of Nature. This new truth may break with all our common-sense notions of how things happen, as quantum physics did. It may even set limits to what we conceivably can know, as the Principle of Uncertainty did. In any case, it is a profound reorientation of our outlook on Nature. The truth we are looking for in science is something at the center of things: it has to fit the facts, but it has to be much deeper, more coherent than the mere facts.

Scientists have no other value by which they judge what they do; and their success as a community derives from this acknowledgement of a single objective. We all saw in the last war how our own communities forgot their private ambitions and rivalries when threatened by a common danger. So the community of scientists has been sustained for over three hundred years now, ever since the Inquisition broke the spirit of the aged Galileo, by the common acknowledgment that nothing matters as much as the single-minded pursuit of truth.

When a community is directed to a single objective, its code of conduct becomes simpler and more severe than the easy-going code of compromises which does duty for most people. In daily life few of us are entirely rigid about white lies and tax-deductible expenses and other small evasions. We accept, even if we do not condone, such venial sins. But the professional morality of scientists allows no compromises. It tells each man that he must report what he believes to be true, exactly and without suppression or editing. Nowhere in a research journal is a scientist allowed to minimize an awkward discrepancy or to stress a comforting confirmation. Nowhere is he allowed to put what seems expedient in place of an unpalatable truth. A scientist takes it for granted that when another scientist reports a finding he can be believed absolutely—by which we mean, that we can be certain that what the man reported is exactly what he thought he saw or heard, no less and no more.

This absolute trust of each man in the word of every other man is remarkable in the society (*Continued on Page 72*)

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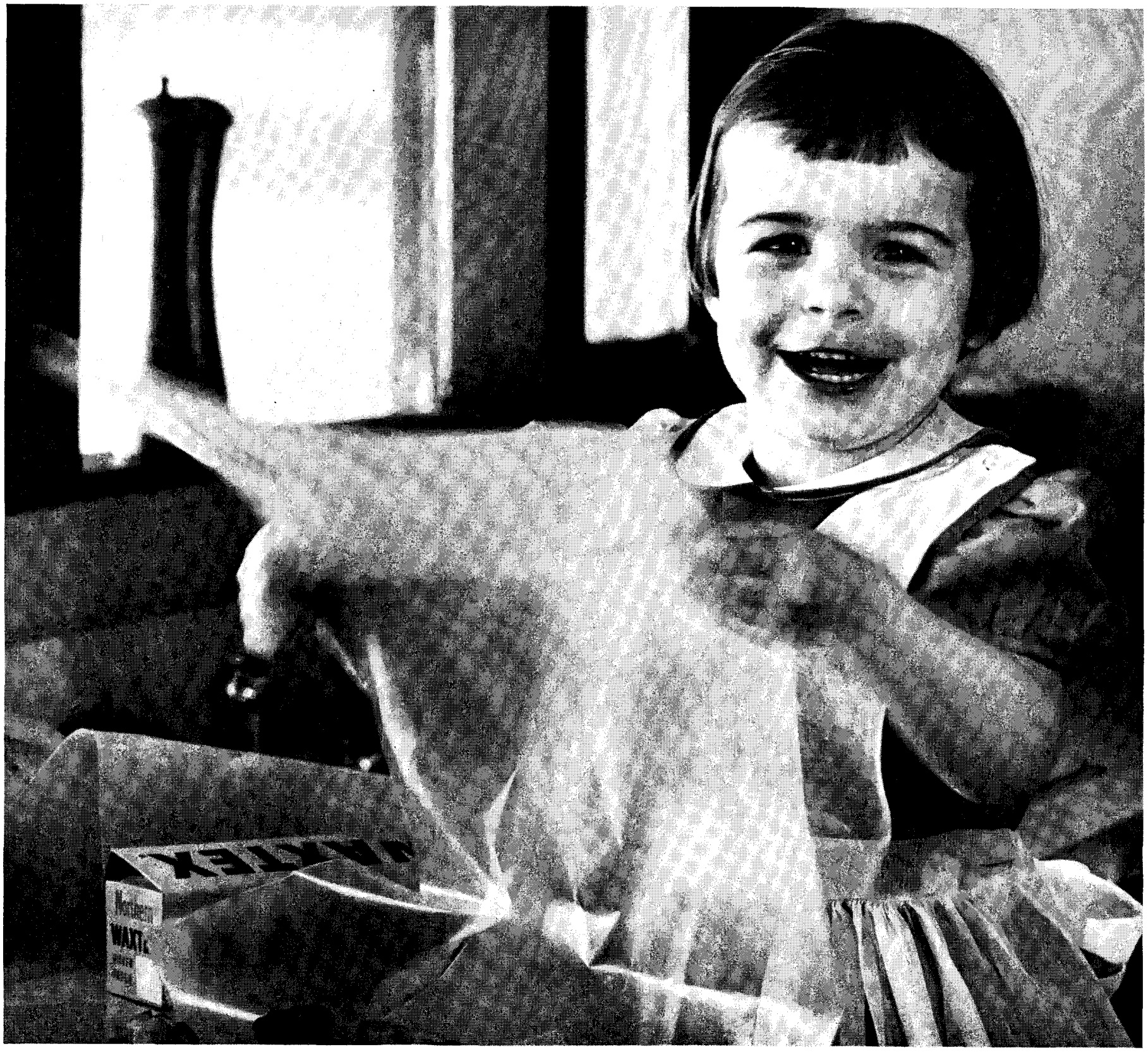

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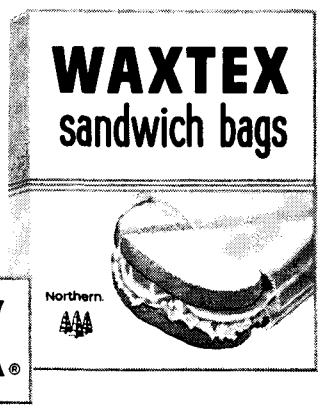

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(*Continued from Page 70*) of scientists. Yet it is not by itself the whole of scientific morality. For a morality embraces not only the individual and his trust, but a whole community, and it therefore has to provide for all the subtle relations between the members of the community. The morality of science is subtle in this way, but it has grown from a simple principle—the principle that the community of scientists shall be so organized that nothing shall stand in the way of the emergence of the truth.

Here we see how shallow is the belief that science tells us only what is the case, and morality tells us what ought to be. Of course, the facts of science, the discoveries already made, only tell us what is the case. But the search for the truth imposes a morality on those who share in it and tells them what they ought to do if they are to succeed in finding out what is the case. As soon as science sets up the overriding objective of discovering what is true, at any cost, it also imposes on those who practice science an obligation of how they ought to behave. Science tells us, quite simply, that we ought to behave in such a way that we can all find out what is true.

We ought to behave in such a way that we can all find out what is true. From this basic principle the whole organization of the scientific community flows. For it means that the body of scientists has to create a code of behavior which shall tame the prejudices, the foibles and the vanities of individuals for the sake of reaching the truth, not by dictatorial imposition, but by the agreement of free minds. It follows that science gives a special value to some forms of behavior which the everyday world finds tiresome. For example, the everyday world likes people to conform and not to find fault with the accepted beliefs of the past. But scientists assume that the beliefs of the past are not final and that they remain to be corrected by the present and the future. Therefore, science gives particular value to original thinking and to its outspoken expression. Independence of mind and reasoned dissent in speech are virtues in the world of science, though in many polite circles they would be regarded as vices.

A society which sets special store by independence of mind and freedom of expression must cultivate habits of humility. This sounds paradoxical, but it is necessary to the community, for without humility no one would give close attention to the opinions of others. Truth is not reached merely by the utterance of new ideas; it requires the study of those ideas. Therefore, scientists have cultivated a habit of listening to others and of thinking about what they say that is unusual. Science requires that each man shall respect what others tell him, whether it is a new idea or an old one. Truth is not reached by momentary flashes of individual illumination, but by the careful consideration of many minds. This is why the society of scientists is a model of democracy. It honors the new ideas of the young and it also honors the old ideas even when they have been overthrown, because it recognizes that the old ideas were not necessarily foolish, but simply lay further back along the road to the truth.

There is, therefore, inherent in the practice of science a set of values, without which it would be impossible to carry it on at all. Science could not be carried on without complete trust among all scientists. It could not be carried on if there were some other end besides the truth, and if this other end justified deception or the imposition of a belief by authority. Science could not be carried on if it did not implant in all those who practice it the faith that originality of thought, independence of mind, freedom to dissent from established opinion are to be valued, because without them it is not possible to discover new parts of the truth. At the same time, science could not be practiced if the new ideas and the old were not examined and debated with tolerance, with respect, with honor. If these values did not exist in the world, then science would have to create them before it could make a single discovery, because nothing can be found, nothing can be learned unless men prize the truth above all else.

The conditions which I have shown to be necessary to the practice of science are clearly not a set of neutral rules. On the contrary, they make up a stern morality whose undertones call to mind the Old Testament: the morality of truth, justice and integrity.

To be sure, this scientific morality is not the whole of morality. It lacks what, by contrast, I may call the New Testament values: love, kindness, family loyalty, human charity. These are the values which inform the personal relations of people and which in our civilization preoccupy most writers and artists.

Human beings need justice and they also need affection. These are two different sets of values, and neither set of values is complete without the other. We have associated the more kindly values with religion and art, and have behaved as if somehow they belong to a different life from the sterner values of science. But this is an unbearable division, and our society will perish if it persists in it.

The moral problem of our century is to make the values of science as much a part of our lives as are the values which religion and literature have long glorified. We must learn to build a complete morality, in which love no longer fights against truth in our unconscious thoughts. For our weakness is that we think that love and even goodness are threatened by truth, and that it is kinder and more comforting to be dishonest. It is this opposition between what we think of as the kindly values of family and national life on the one hand, and the stern values of science on the other, which threatens to demoralize society in the age of plenty.

The civilized world is, indeed, threatened with destruction by the physical impact of science on our lives. And it is characteristic that we are threatened as much, for example, by overpopulation as by radioactive death. For what threatens us in both cases is not the scientific discovery, but our own failure to weigh all the consequences honestly and without compromises. We are threatened by overpopulation because we refuse to face honestly—that is, to face actively—the need to control human reproduction. And we are threatened by atomic bombs because we refuse to face the necessity for a new age of trust among nations. Somehow we think it remote from morality to face the facts; somehow we think it possible to be good without being wise.

Nearly two hundred years ago the poet William Blake wrote this about the morality of the prophets in the Bible:

> Every honest man is a Prophet; he utters his opinion both of private & public matters. Thus: If you go on So, the result is So. He never says, such a thing shall happen let you do what you will.

William Blake was not a scientist, but a great religious mystic; yet he saw our problem more honestly than we do. We live in a technical age of plenty and are frightened because we try to control this abundance by a morality which shuts its eyes to the consequences of our acts. We are simply not thinking through to the end the implications of the changes that we are making in our lives and in the lives of other nations, and we hope that somehow we can make up for ignorance and compromise by an appeal to universal goodness. We are being less truthful, less tenacious in our self-analysis, than the men who made the inventions which both delight and trouble us. We want the body of science without its spirit.

There is no reason why the morality of science should not become part of our outlook, fruitfully joined to the morality of love. Foreseeing the consequences and facing the facts can help to create a complete and generous morality. Loyalty, tenderness for others, even heroism is not stifled because we are honest with facts. Let me end with one example.

On May 21, 1946, Louis Alexander Slotin was carrying out an experiment in the laboratories at Los Alamos with seven other men. Slotin was good with his hands; he liked using his head; he was bright and a little daring—in short, he was like any other man anywhere who is happy in his work.

At Los Alamos, Slotin, then aged thirty-five, was concerned with the assembly of pieces of plutonium, each of which alone is too small to be dangerous, and which will only sustain a chain reaction when they are put together. Atomic bombs are, in fact, detonated in this way, by suddenly bringing together several harmless pieces of plutonium so that they form a larger, explosive mass. Slotin himself had tested the assembly of the first experimental bomb which had been exploded in New Mexico in July, 1945.

Now, nearly a year later, Slotin was again doing an experiment of this kind. He was nudging toward one another, by tiny movements, several pieces of plutonium, in order to ensure that their total mass would be large enough to make a chain reaction; and he was doing it, as experts are tempted to do such things, with a screwdriver. The screwdriver slipped, the pieces of plutonium came a fraction too close together, and suddenly the instruments which everyone was watching registered a great upsurge of neutrons, which is the sign that a chain reaction has begun. The assembly was filling the room with radioactivity.

Slotin moved at once; he pulled the pieces of plutonium apart with his bare hands. This was virtually an act of suicide, for it exposed him to the largest dose of radioactivity. Then he calmly asked his seven co-workers to mark their precise positions at the time of the accident, in order that the degree of exposure of each one to the radioactivity could be fixed.

Having done this and alerted the medical service, Slotin apologized to his companions, and said what turned out exactly true: that he thought that he would die and that they would recover.

Slotin had saved the lives of the seven men working with him by cutting to a minimum the time during which the assembly of plutonium was giving out neutrons and radioactive rays. He himself died of radiation sickness nine days later. The setting for his act, the people involved and the disaster are scientific: but this is not the reason why I tell Slotin's story. I tell it to show that morality—shall we call it heroism in this case?—has the same anatomy the world over.

There are two things that make up morality. One is the sense that other people matter: the sense of common loyalty, of charity and tenderness, the sense of human love. The other is a clear judgment of what is at stake: a cold knowledge, without a trace of deception, of precisely what will happen to oneself and to others if one plays either the hero or the coward. This is the highest morality: to combine human love with an unflinching, a scientific judgment.

I tell the story of Louis Slotin for another reason also. He was an atomic physicist who made a different choice from mine: he was still working on bombs when he died, a year after the war ended. I do not think the less of him because he took one view of a scientist's duty and I take another. For the essence of morality is not that we should all act alike. The essence of morality is that each of us should deeply search his own conscience—and should then act steadfastly as it tells him to do. THE END

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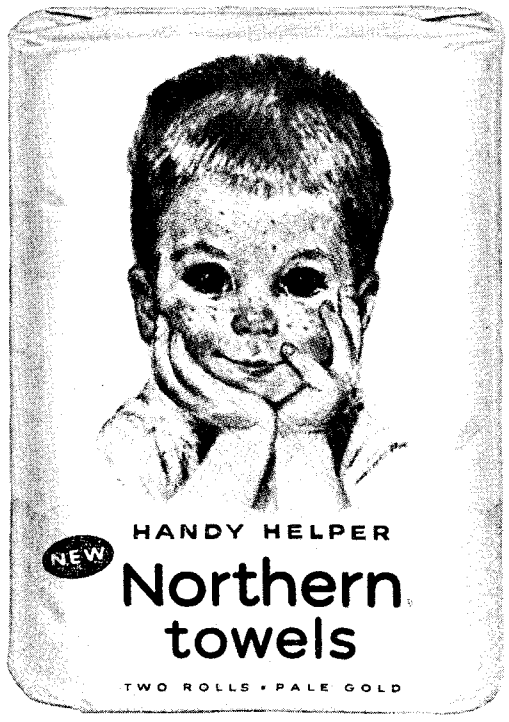

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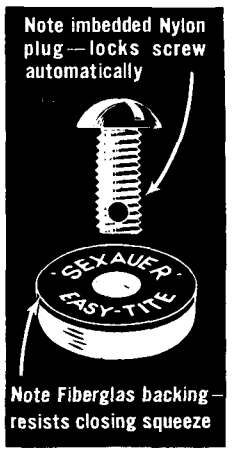
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I Call on Perry Como

(Continued from Page 21)

people in TV production who are known as 'screamers' because they blow their tops and scream at everyone who's rehearsing with them. On the contrary, I've heard that your idea of getting real mad when people goof is to reprove them by saying, 'Please, fellows!'"

He said, "I'm afraid that's a slight exaggeration. Things can get a little touchy with us, as with any other show, and there are times when a bit of sternness is helpful."

"But you don't scream," I said.

"It's not screaming," he told me. "It's more of getting things off my chest, and everybody else's chest, instead of letting people mope and sulk. I believe in getting problems out in the open. There have been occasions during our rehearsals when things got a little hot and people did begin to scream." He smiled his slow smile. "But I can put a stop to that in five seconds."

"How?" I asked.

"I just remind them who the boss is," he said. "It's that simple. We once had a producer who could scream it up pretty good, but he did it only once or twice, no more. There's bound to be tension built up when people work together on a stage, but there's nothing worse than pushing a panic button in the control room and starting to yell at everybody. That only builds more tension. I think it happens because somebody is trying to prove that he is producing. After all, we're all pros—we all know our jobs. I sing a little, the dancers dance, the band plays, and there's no need for any hollering when somebody is telling you how to take your position and how to do what you're being paid to do. If we don't know that much, we might as well call the whole thing off. When it does happen, I simply calm the guy down by telling him not to do it again. When someone starts getting loud and unpleasant, it just builds tension, which I have to break down. Sometimes I get pretty idiotic up there trying to dispel it."

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"One way is to foul everything up on purpose. For example, I'll sing in the wrong key. That breaks the tension real quick. I'm determined that we mustn't have it when we go on the air. Sometimes a number goes wrong, or a dance number is sour, or a song is bad—so what? Nobody's going to send us to the electric chair for that. Anyway, I won't stand for rudeness. We've had to let a couple of very good technicians go because of that weakness, although one of them I liked very much.

"I don't mean that to get along on our show a person has to be a namby-pamby. I want people to be firm when firmness is needed, but not as a means of demonstrating their importance. On the other hand, I don't like the kind who just amble along, not knowing who's on first and who's on second. When our show's on I like to feel there's somebody in the control room who has the reins firmly in hand and knows where he's going. But I want him to do his job quietly and without a lot of fuss.

"We have an associate producer in our office, Henry Howard, who's been with me for five years. You never hear him, you never know he's around; but if something needs to be done, you can bet your life it'll be done. Once you tell him something, you can forget it. And I don't have to go to him every day and say, 'Gee, you're swell.' He's an adult. If he wasn't handling his job, he wouldn't be here. However, I want to be fair about it. It is not always a symbol of immaturity if somebody has to be told he's good. A lot of grown-up people need it as food for their starving and undernourished egos."

"I'm afraid I'm that way," I confessed. "When I played football in high school, if the coach came up and shook me by the hand after a game, I was willing to go out there and die for him the following Saturday."

"I don't say you have to ignore such people," Como went on. "But there are ways of showing them that you appreciate them without going all flowery and drooly. I know I don't like that. If somebody comes up to me and gushes, 'Gee, you sang swell tonight,' I want to vomit. My instinctive reaction is, *What else? After all, I'm getting paid for it. I'm supposed to be singing good.* Not that I always do. Some nights when I open my mouth, nothing much comes out. But getting back to my point, I don't want people patting me on the head for doing my job.

"Mine is a family-type show," Como said, shifting the subject a bit. "I'm not ashamed of that. I'm proud of it. But it reminds me of a little story about the time when Julie London was on our show. The story also involves our costumer, a Japanese girl named Michi. A lot of girls figure cleavage is a great thing to have—if they have it. It is a part of being glamorous. So if I don't watch the well-constructed girls like a hawk, we get beefs about their low necklines from the letter-writer-inners. One of Michi's jobs is to watch our cleavage pushers."

"Where did Michi learn to be a costumer?" I interrupted.

"She's a beautiful girl," Como told me. "A really lovely creature. She was going to school in this country, and she kind of fell into dress designing and from there into the costume business. It is her job to see that the girls on our show are dressed so that we don't all get arrested. Once in a while in a rehearsal some girl will come out with too much of herself exposed for safety. When that happens, I throw my head back, open my mouth and howl, 'Michi!' The whole place breaks up, and Michi comes running and tucks lace and tulle in strategic places. One night when Julie London came on, I took one look at her and howled for Michi. Julie expressed herself very forthrightly about it, and she had every right to say what she did.

"She said, 'Why don't you hire boys to do your singing and dancing if that's the way you feel?' Julie is a gifted singer, a good performer and a good trouper, and in the end we settled it this way: 'Personally,' I said, 'I like girls, but let's not overdo it on TV; because if we do, the writer-inners are going to climb right up my back.' I wasn't kidding. They really do!"

I said, "I heard Patti Page say of you, 'No one is going to make him over.' Has anyone ever tried to make you over?"

"There are always people trying," he said. "I'll never forget one of the first times. It was when I started in this business. I walked out on the stage of the Paramount Theater in New York to play the first theater date I'd ever done as a solo, and I was scared silly.

"Every time I walked on or off, somebody told me, 'You've got to learn how to walk out there. You're supposed to be alive, not a sleepwalker. Come out showing some pep.' I was just being myself and I was no jolly boy, jumping out there before the footlights, smiling broadly. For one thing, there was nothing to smile about. So all their advice went in one ear and out the other. If I felt like walking out lazily and quietly, I did. If I felt like walking a little more happily, I did that too. It all depended on the feeling I got from the audience when I poked my nose around the corner of the proscenium arch. Sometimes I thought the people out front didn't want to hear me, so I didn't feel like singing at all."

I asked, "What did you do when that happened?"

"I'd sing a couple and walk off. I had that experience occasionally at the Copacabana. Putting a punk like me, who had always had an orchestra working behind him, into the Copa, that was pretty cruel. I died a little every show. I asked myself, *What am I doing here? They don't want me, really.*"

"You mean it was that obvious?"

"Sure it was that obvious," Como said. "They didn't know who I was. I was just an ex-band singer." He remembered something, and his eyes warmed at the thought. "Jack Entratter, who owned the joint, was very thoughtful and very helpful to me. If the crowd got too noisy, he'd get up there and say, 'Shadd-aup!' Even then, I was still scared. I was especially frightened of the dinner shows, where there'd be two guys a little drunk who wanted to talk to each other about selling washing machines or automobiles, and all my singing did was annoy them."

"How do you sing to people like that?" I asked.

"You sing through them," Como explained. "You tune up the P.A. system very loud. In my case, if that wasn't enough, I'd just sing a couple of songs and very politely go away. But in the end, although the Copa was bad at first, I stayed there thirteen weeks. I started to record a little. A couple of my records started to mean something, and I picked up a little confidence."

"Successful records mean a lot to a singer, don't they?" I said.

"Naturally," he agreed. "When I first came to New York, night-club-goers didn't know who I was. If they knew anything, they knew I had just come out of a barbershop by way of a territory band, which Ted Weems's band was."

"What territory?" I asked.

"Chicago and the Middle West," he said. "On the whole, it was a scarifying experience, and I think that that's behind my not wanting to work the clubs now. Also, if I have anything to sell, I'd like to sell to as many people as possible—and that means television. I see nothing attractive in stepping out before a hundred and fifty people who may be a little high and a little noisy. And when I played theaters, I was in them from eight o'clock in the morning (*Continued on Page 79*)

When a Boy Is Away at School

By Anne Marx

His linen is crammed
In the bulging box
Whose lid has been jammed
With assorted socks,
With shirts in a ball,
A raveled green sweater
And his love to all
In a smuggled letter.

Same box, readdressed,
Holds neatly encased
Shirts laundered and pressed;
Shorts, T shirts replaced;
Socks mended and matched;
Sweater knitted and purled ——
Her clothesline attached
To his faraway world.

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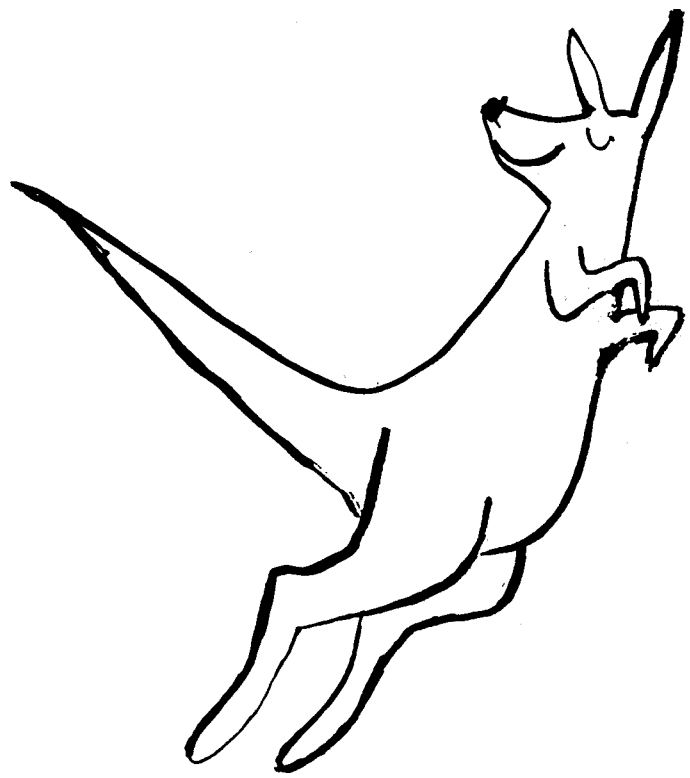

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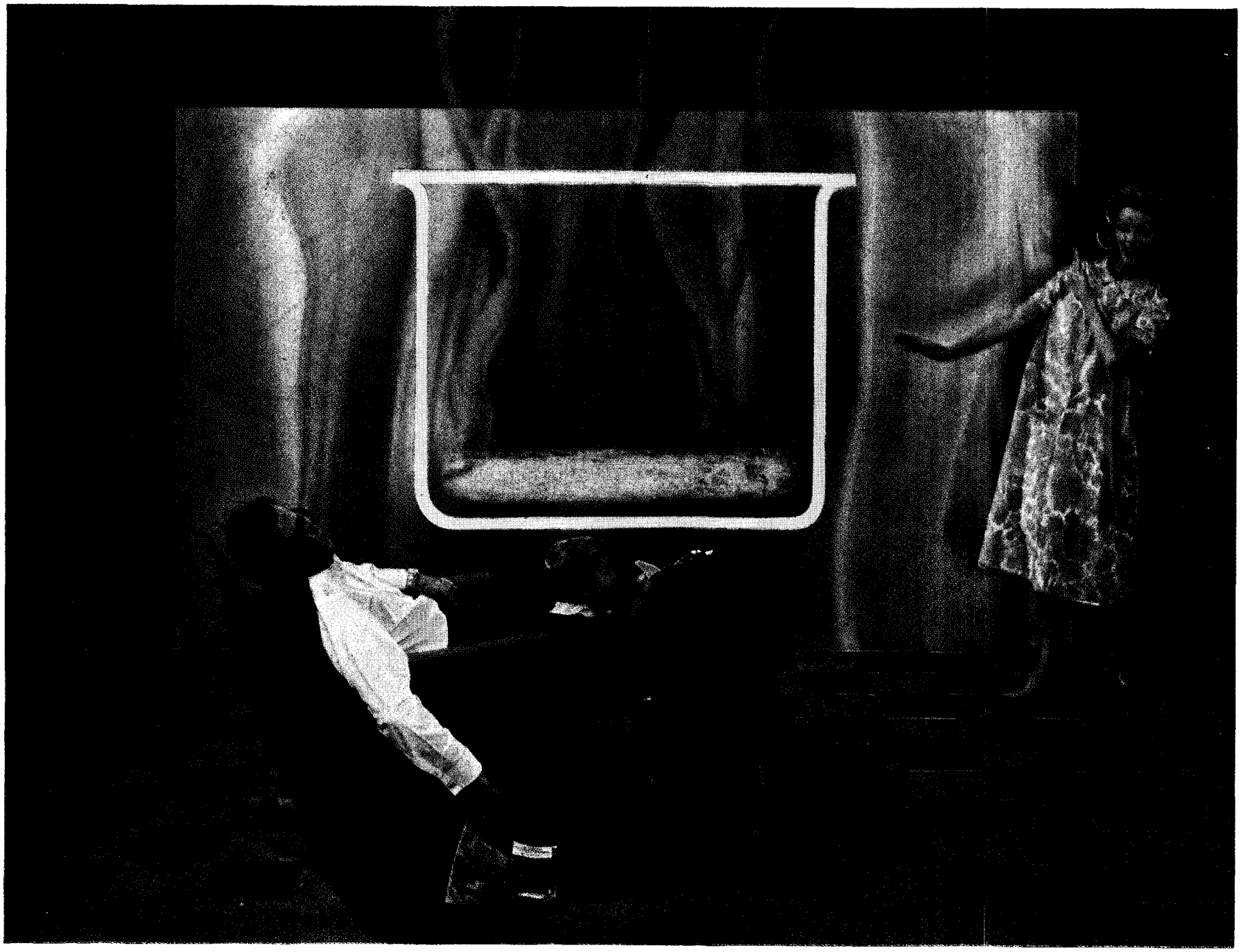

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(*Continued from Page 76*) until midnight, doing as many as seven shows a day."

I said, "I didn't know anybody ever did that many."

"You're looking at a character who did," he told me. "During my last theater tour ten years ago, I worked New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. My first show in Chicago went on at eight-fifteen in the morning. Can you imagine looking romantic at eight-fifteen A.M.?"

I didn't say so, but it occurred to me that he must have been remarkably popular for people to get up that early to hear him.

"Nevertheless, that grind had its compensations," he went on. "I was being paid on a percentage basis, and I guess there were times when I picked up twenty to twenty-five thousand a week. The only reason I didn't do eight shows a day was that the motion picture between shows was so long. It was in Chicago that I got to know a man I admire very much—Nate Platt, house manager of the Chicago Theater. Nate is one of the sweetest people I've ever known, although his tongue is as rough as a blacksmith's file. When I was getting ready to leave, he didn't say a word; he just shoved a thousand-dollar bonus into my hands. It knocked me out—for, after all, I'd taken plenty out of his till without this extra.

"I looked at this man, and all I could say was, 'I don't believe it.' He seemed embarrassed. He said, 'You dago so-and-so, you're all right.' That's the way he talked. I'll never forget the first show I did for him. I had an abscessed tooth. I had had to get up at seven so a dentist could put a drill through it. Anyway, I'm up there on the stage doing the day's first show, and my jaw is out to there. I'm in real bad shape. I hadn't been able to eat. I hadn't slept. I looked eighty years old. He walked in and stood there—I didn't know who he was—and he said, 'For heaven's sake, can't you sing a little faster?' I looked back at him and said, 'Why don't you get the hell out of here!' and I wanted to kill him.

"He said, 'I manage this theater, and we've got to get people in and out of here. We have to have a certain turnover, you know, but you sing so slow we'll never make it—never in this world.'

"That was my introduction to him. It took me two days to find out how kind he really was and how soft he was under his roughness. He'd bring me my lunch, throw it down and say, 'Eat that, you bum.' He really mothered me. Ever since then, we've been very dear friends; and every time I'm anywhere near him, I call, and we have a cup of coffee.

"Several years ago when I was in his town I went to see Nate. He didn't even say 'hello.' He just said, 'Come with me.' And he took me backstage where Billy Eckstine was singing, 'O-o-o-o-olllldddddd man riv——er!' He said, 'I wanted you to see one such and such who sings slower than you do. I could run two pictures in the time it takes him to get through one chorus!'"

I took a new tack. "What's a typical Como interview like?" I asked. "I know you've been through scores of them. What do they ask you?"

"I don't have a lot to tell the average interviewer," Como said. "So finally in desperation most of them ask, 'How long have you been singing?' Then I know it's time for us both to leave. I'm a bad interview because, aside from making records and my radio and television activities, not a lot has happened to me in the past fifteen years. I've done nothing that I call exciting. I was a barber. Since then I've been a singer. That's it."

I eyed him. He wasn't being mock modest; he meant it. I said, with what I thought was great restraint, "A lot of people would call making records and working in radio and television exciting."

"Sooner or later," he said, "all the interviewers get around to asking me, 'Are you really all that relaxed, Perry?' No matter what I tell them, they already know the answer. They have it written down at home on a piece of paper, ready to go to press. The usual line is: 'Como's personality is like warm maple syrup.' Such interviews are probably why I've got a reputation for being the laziest entertainer since Stepin Fetchit. I'd just like one of those writers to follow me around for six months. They'd start panting quick.

"Once when I was making what is called a good-will tour for my sponsor, Kraft cheese, I remember walking into a place run by an electrical-appliance dealer. The dealer was just launching a washing machine. There were twenty salesmen there, with the sales manager sitting behind the desk, clubbing them over the head with a sales pitch.

"One of my sponsor's representatives said, 'Why not go in and say hello to them?' I said, 'That's silly. What can I say to a bunch of men who sell washing machines?' But I walked in, and the first thing that I was asked was the stale question, 'Are you really that relaxed, Mr. Como?'

"'I'm as relaxed as this,' I said. 'Very few people, even mill hands, work as hard as I do.'"

He shrugged. "Do you think they believed me? I should have saved my breath. What was really going through their heads as they listened was, 'I could be as relaxed as that if I worked only one hour each week.' They don't have enough courage to come out and say it to me unless they have half a bag on, but they think so. *You work one hour a week. What's so rough about that?*"

He added thoughtfully, "Later I'll give you a play by play of my week."

"For one thing," I said, "your responsibility for the people connected with your show, and their families, must rest right on your neck."

"Actually," Como said, "that weight's on the directors and producers and all the other people who work with me, but I do have to be there."

"I had lunch with a friend of yours yesterday," I said, "a person who knows you very well. He came up with the notion that you're not so much a classic case of relaxation as of equanimity. What do you think equanimity means?"

"I was just going to ask you," Como said.

"Your friend said that you refused to be thrown by minor problems. Maybe that's what he meant."

Como told me, "I have my sleepless nights and my good moments and my bad moments just like anybody else. Take our rehearsals. Suppose I have a guest star and my guest isn't doing too well. If everybody gets shook up by that, my whole show begins to rattle like worn-out machinery. I've found that if I stay calm myself, everybody tends to get calm."

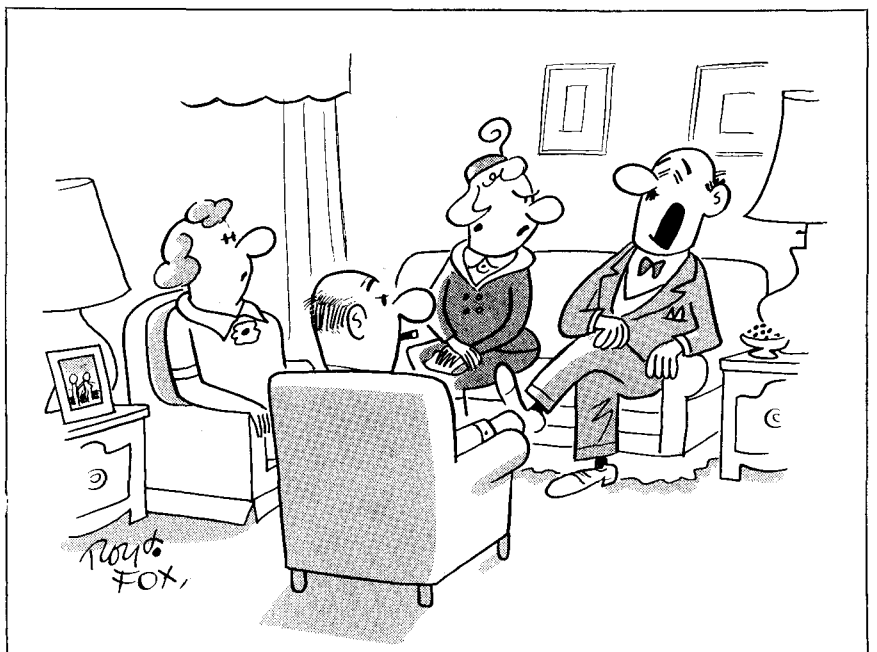
"I hope some of it rubs off on me," I said.

"If I'm calm," Como said, "I think that, as much as anything else, it has to do with maturity. After all, I've been around a hundred years. In this business you eventually reach a point where, if you're doing your show with three cameras and two of them go dead, you ask yourself, 'What can I do about it?' If you're honest with yourself, you'll tell yourself, 'Nothing.'"

"How do you know when a camera conks out?" I asked. "Are you looking at a monitor screen?"

"You can tell," he said. "All of a sudden eight or ten guys start trying to patch things together while I'm trying to sing a song and look romantic. And there are nine other guys bringing things to the first guys. But I've learned that what can be trouble sometimes turns out to be fun. I tell the viewers, 'We've got a little problem here videowise, but if you stay with us, we'll see if we can get the man who invented this thing out of bed and ask him to come down here to the studio and fix it.'

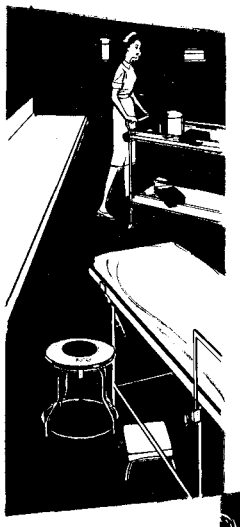
"I remember once when Guy Lombardo was on our show. He'd gone upstairs, thinking he had ten minutes to make a costume change. Nobody had told him that he had only three minutes. When he was through changing, he started down, only to get stuck in the automatic elevator. In the meantime, I was standing before our TV cameras saying, 'Now, Guy . . .' and there was no Guy. So I told our musical conductor, Mitchell Ayres, 'Mitch, you come up here and read Guy's lines.' Mitch read Guy's lines, and I called him Guy. We'd finished a few lines of script when in walked Guy, all flustered. He hurried over to me and rattled off his first line, and I had to tell him, 'We've already done that one.' He died. He didn't (*Continued on Page 81*)



"That's easy—if I could live my life over, I'd go home and go to bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REPUBLIC STAINLESS STEEL WHEREVER CLEANLINESS IS VITAL



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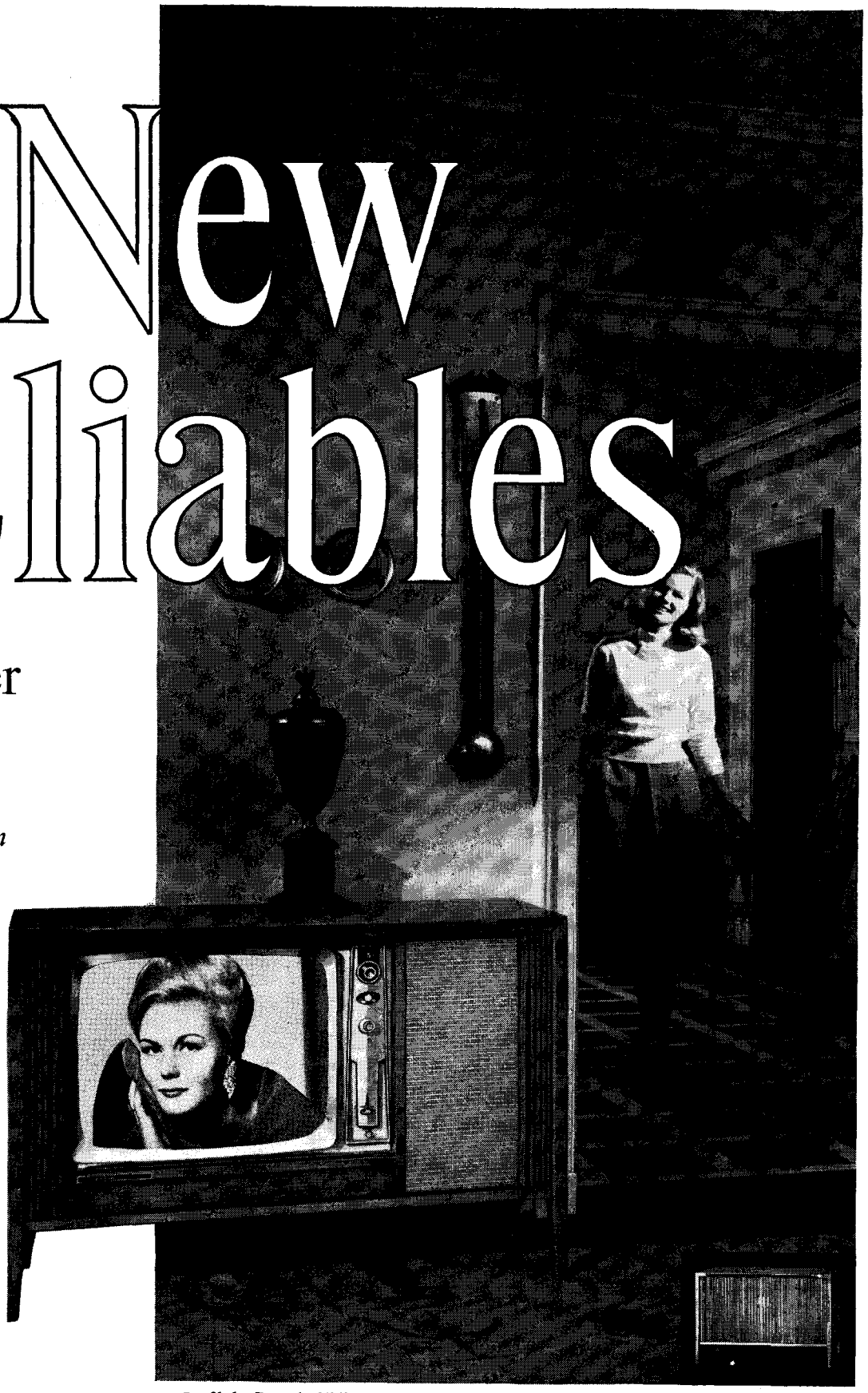
From Motorola for 1961...

The New Reliables



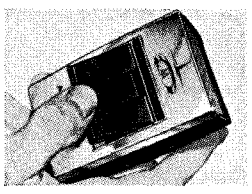
The most reliable TV ever –guaranteed in writing*

New 19" and 23" Picture Frame Tubes inspire new cabinet styles, add new dimension to your TV pleasure

No wonder choosing a Motorola makes such a wonderful difference: New 23-inch (over-all diagonal measure; 283 sq. in. viewing area) screen-filling pictures are clear and clean. Stay that way, too. New Harbinger Series (19" over-all diagonal measure; 172 sq. in. viewing area) is lithe and lean, designed to fit the room arrangement instead of making the room fit it.

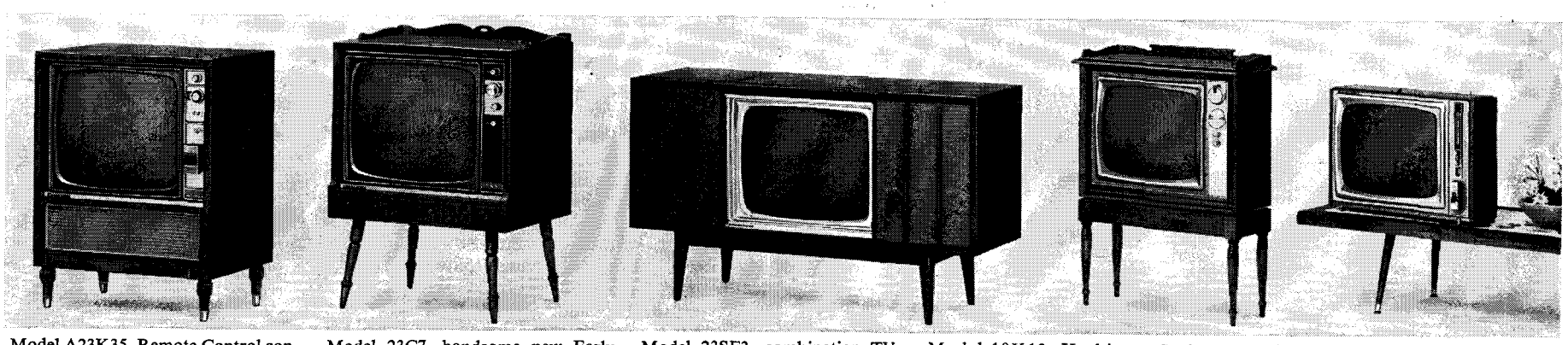
And The New Reliables have Motorola's Full Year Guarantee*: free exchange or repair of any tube or part proven defective in normal use. (Arranged by selling dealer; labor extra.)

For years of enjoyment, make your choice one of Motorola's New Reliables.



New Golden Satellite® Perfected Remote Control turns TV on or off, changes channels, adjusts volume or mutes sound—*all from where you sit.* It's wireless...has no tubes to wear out.

Profile by Drexel. Sliding tambour doors. Exposed solids and veneers are genuine Walnut.



Model A23K35, Remote Control console. Hand-wired chassis and tuner. In Mahogany or Biscayne Walnut grained finishes on hardboard.

Model 23C7, handsome new Early American consolette. Available in beautiful Cherrywood grained finish on hardboard.

Model 23SF3, combination TV-3-amplifier Stereo Hi-Fi. In Walnut or Cherrywood grained finishes on hardwood veneers.

Model 19K13, Harbinger Series. Smartly styled . . . with swivel-base. Early American model. In genuine Cherrywood veneers.

Model A19T2. Remote Control. Stylish side panels of Blond, Walnut or Cherrywood grained finishes on hardboard; top and front of Gold-color finish on metal.

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MOTOROLA

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(*Continued from Page 79*) know what was going on. But the rest of us thought it pretty funny. Fortunately our viewers did too."

"I've heard that the Hearst TV columnist, Jack O'Brian, was the one who tagged you Mr. Nice Guy," I said. "That name has stuck, hasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, smiling wryly. "Sometimes it's hard to live up to, but I'd rather be called that than a heel—which reminds me of a story somebody told me a couple of days ago about Adolf Hitler. It seems that just before the downfall of Germany, Hitler called in the heads of his air force, his navy and his army, for an accounting. First he called on the air marshal, who clicked his heels and said, '*Heil* Hitler!' Hitler said, 'Stop it with that *Heil* Hitler. What happens with the air crews?' The air-force commander said, 'My *Führer*, we have only one Messerschmitt left.' Hitler said, 'You *dummkopf*. Stand over there at attention until I need you.' Then Hitler asked the admiral for his report, and his top sea dog said, '*Heil* Hitler!' and Hitler said, 'Stop it with that *Heil* Hitler. What happens with the boats?' and the admiral said, 'My *Führer*, we have one canoe left.' Hitler said, 'Stand over there with that other dummy.' Then the *Führer* called in the guy who ran his ground forces. He said, '*Heil* Hitler!' and Hitler asked, 'What happens with the army?' The general said, 'My *Führer*, we have ten thousand soldiers on the left with bullets and no guns, and we have six thousand soldiers on the right with guns and no bullets,' and Hitler said, 'Stand over there with those other two. Now I want to tell you three stupid fools something. I'm sick and tired of being such a nice guy!'"

"I'm interested in your durability," I said. "Once you said, 'Radio and TV seem to be my mediums. If I get lucky and do what people like, I'll last. I hope I've got the right formula.' But that still doesn't explain your long years in broadcasting."

"People," he said, "go just so far with talent. After that, if you make it big on television, it's because somebody's watching over you somewhere. I'm sure somebody's watching over me, because otherwise, what I have to offer isn't great enough. After all, what do I do? I just sing a few songs."

"You sing on tune and you sing pleasingly and as easily as breathing," I said. "Let's not knock those qualities."

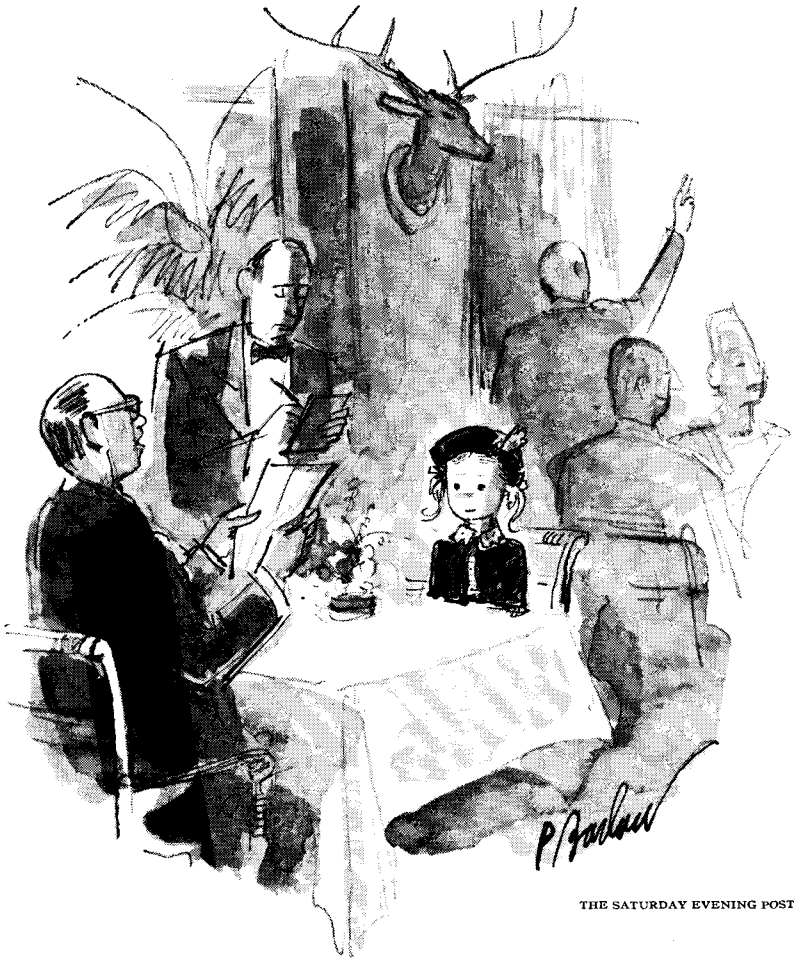
"I'm not knocking them," he said. "I'm just telling you that you must have a little something extra going for you to keep you sticking around. People—elderly people and youngsters—still go through a routine I get a kick out of. I'll be honest about it—I'm not above being excited when a kid comes up to me and stares at me and I can tell that he recognizes me. Something warm and gratifying happens inside of me, just as it does when an elderly woman sits down and writes me a grateful letter."

"The nearest I've ever come to it," I said, "was one afternoon in Brooklyn when I pulled up outside a television studio in a taxi, and a horde of youngsters bore down on me with their autograph books and pencils poised. They stopped, looked at me, then asked doubtfully, 'Are you anybody?' I said no in a small voice and ran for the studio door. It was a humbling experience."

Como chuckled at my remembered discomfort, and I said, 'Maybe your durability can be explained by the fact that people see something in you that they like. I remember that one of the many writers who have interviewed you called you a 'good man.' Does that sort of thing embarrass you?"

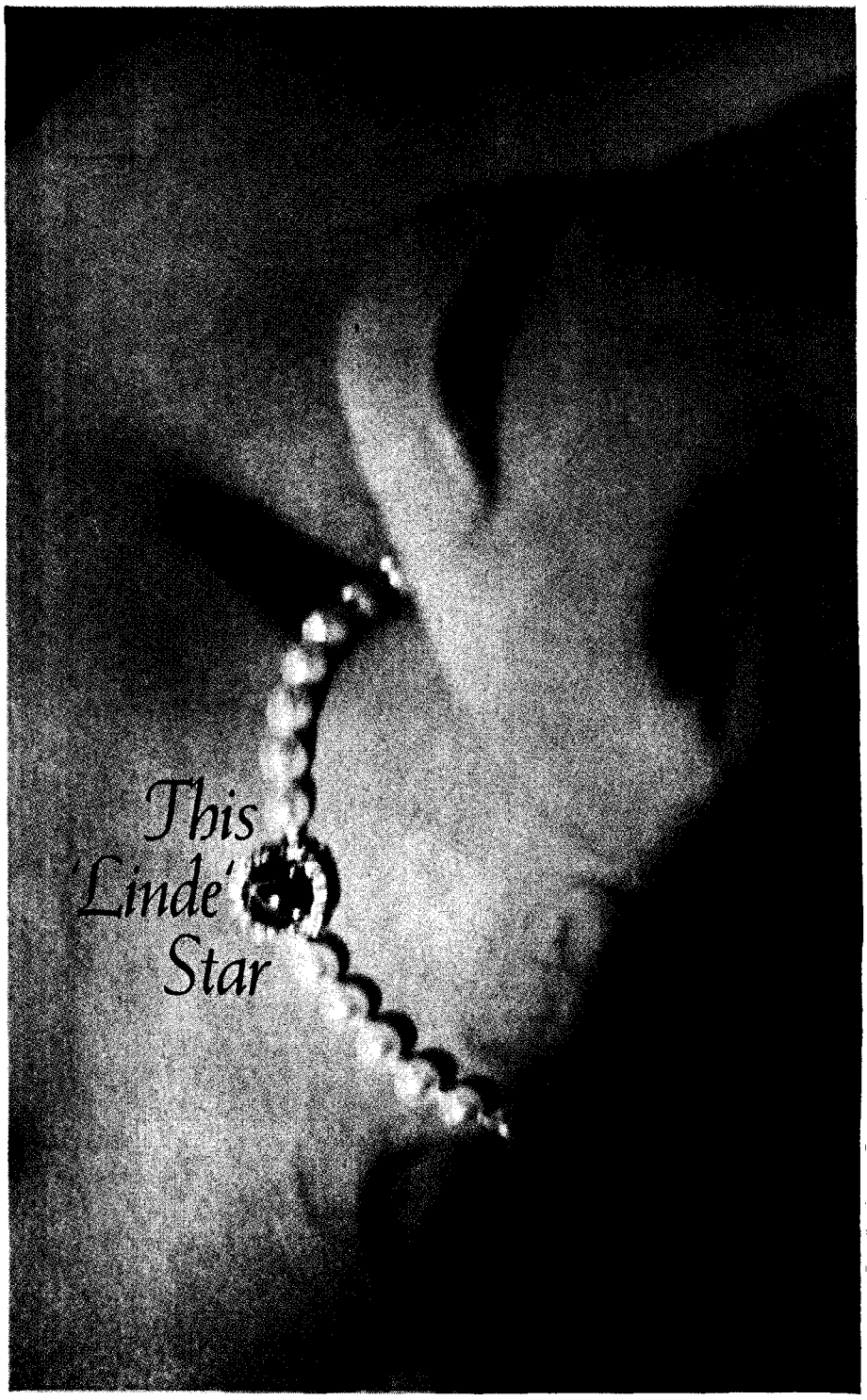
Como's brow furrowed, and he said seriously, "I don't know what that writer was talking about. Maybe he liked me because I liked him. Some people are dog lovers. I'm a people liker."

In next week's *Post* Perry talks about his private life, rock and roll and his audience with Pope Pius XII. —THE EDITORS

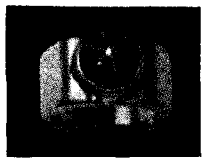


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

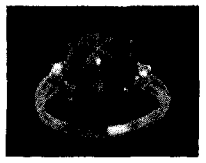
"One businessman's luncheon, and I'll have the pot roast."



is the focal point of this shimmering wreath of cultured pearls. Here is a choker any woman would covet, every woman would cherish . . . a never-ending circle of man-created beauty. For just as man helped provoke the growth of the cultured pearl, his genius has captured a sparkling star in the rich blue bed of the 'Linde' Star itself. Have you ever seen a 'Linde' Star? Your jeweler can show you a breathtaking assortment of these thrilling possessions . . . mounted in a variety of settings for women and men. Mountings, of course, are karat gold or platinum . . . for a 'Linde' Star rests only in the mountings of fine jewelry. Prices start as low as $85 . . . soar to $5,000. Your choice is endless of styles for men and women.



3 carat deep blue 'Linde' Star in heavy 14K gold mounting. Deep collar gives full view to the 'Linde' Star in this handsome ring for a man. $125.



Shimmering red 6 carat 'Linde' Star embraced by two full-faceted brilliant cut diamonds. A beautiful suggestion for an engagement ring. $250.

All prices approximate. FTI.

'Linde' Stars are available at these, and other fine jewelers throughout the country:

Constant Auger, San Francisco, Calif. • Rogers Jewelers, Columbus, Ohio • George Sloan, Tulsa, Okla. • Charles Schwartz & Son, Washington, D. C. • Maier-Berkele, Atlanta, Ga. • Wm. Lambrecht & Sons, Chicago & Wilmette, Ill. • Churchill's Jewelers, Santa Barbara, Calif. • Graubart & Sons, Schenectady, N. Y. • All Michaels, Inc., Stores in New England • Linz Bros., Dallas, Texas.

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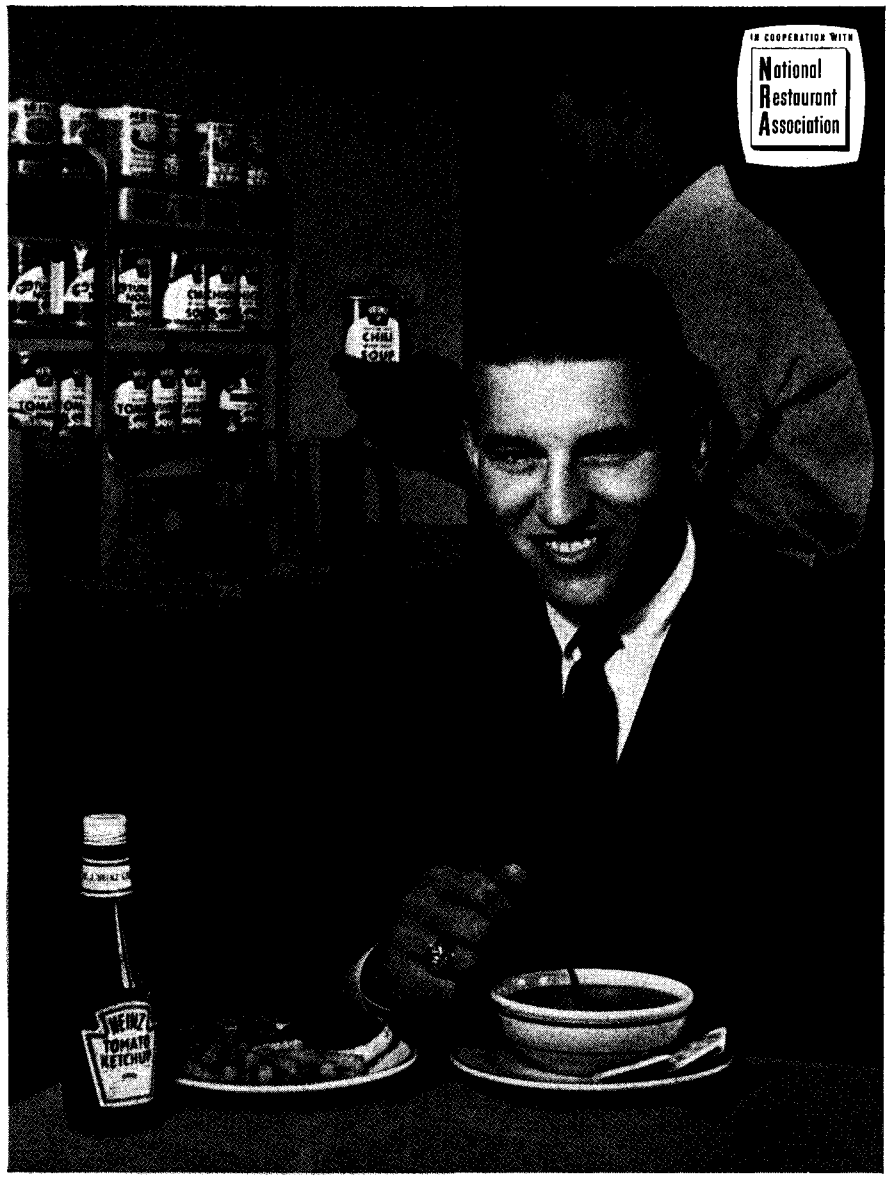


Johnny Unitas, quarterback of the champion Baltimore Colts

How **Johnny Unitas** picks good places to "eat on the run"

"When you're grabbing quick bites here and there as often as I am," says Baltimore Colts quarterback Johnny Unitas, "you get pretty experienced at picking places that serve good food in a hurry.

"I've found that a real good indication is one of these Heinz Soup Kitchens you see in so many places. When I spot one, I know I can get a bowl of swell-tasting Heinz Soup—or a Heinz Minute Meal—right away. I generally find, too, that where they serve *Heinz* foods, everything else is tops as well!"

P.S. *As you'd expect, the ready-to-serve Heinz Soups you get when you eat out have the same high quality as the Heinz Condensed Soups you serve at home. You can get piping-hot Heinz Soups and Minute Meals in vending machines in many plants and office buildings, too.*

You feel at home wherever you find 57

HEINZ QUALITY FOODS

The Girl With the Solid-Gold Kiss

(Continued from Page 26)

meadow with his friend. His formerly broad domain was now called Dreamsville, and no self-respecting fox would be caught dead or alive in any of the ranch-type, split-level houses that stretched to every horizon.

Ever since he had been six years old, Gerry had known that he would marry Margaret Whitehall. They had gone to dancing school together, they had learned to ride together, and on his holidays from school and college they had invariably gone out together. During the countless summers at the adjacent family homes on Mount Desert Island they had been endlessly together. Margaret had been a lovely child and was now a lovely woman. She thought his thoughts, spoke his language—almost before it came out of his mouth. She was an entirely agreeable person, and after another year with Harbach, Lewis, Gerry would be in a position to ask the predestined question and receive the inevitable answer. He was entirely in accord with the machinations of the fates.

Beside Margaret's car was a low, sleek red bomb which he finally identified as a Maserati. He wondered who the company was.

He went into the house, in which fifteen of the twenty-six rooms were now closed off, and called, "Hello!" to no response. He heard the click of ivory balls and walked to the billiard room. His father and Margaret were playing.

Margaret was playing a shot, and her tall, dark slenderness was stretched over the edge of the table. Gerry manfully resisted an impulse and looked at his father. The senior Madison, tall, slender and erect, was attired in exquisite riding boots, red coat and immaculate white stock. He intercepted his son's totally unsurprised glance and explained, "The Hunt always met on the fifteenth. Habit, habit."

Margaret made her difficult shot, ran two more before she missed, then emerged from her shell of concentration and said, "Hello, Gerry," in that soft voice he knew so well. She racked up four points on the tally cord overhead, and Gerry's father said, "Only person in the county who can give me a decent game." He set to work at the table and ran off three and said, "Well, Maggie, I guess that's it. Better luck next time."

"One day," Margaret said. "There will come one day, Mr. Madison, when you will regret that my father taught me to play billiards." She picked up a purse from a chair, extracted a quarter and gave it to Gerry's father. "I practically feed the Madison family. I haven't won a game since the first time I played you, years and years ago."

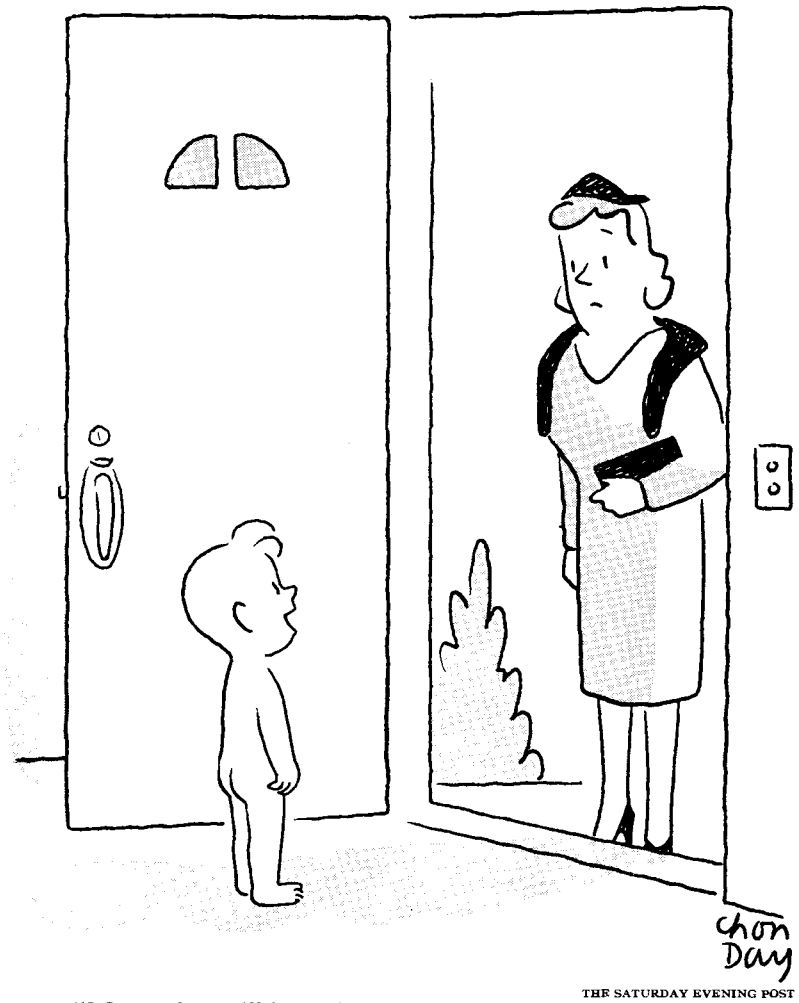
"That was just the come-on, Maggie. You have to pay to learn."

"All very entertaining," Gerry said, "and if Maggie smoked cigars the picture would be perfect. But here I am home from my toil, and where oh where are the cocktails? And where is mother? And who belongs to the Maserati?"

"Upstairs in her sitting room with a woman from some committee or other. Should be down presently. Why not make the drinks?"

Gerry mixed a pitcher of Martinis and was pouring when his mother and her visitor came into the room. Mrs. Madison was a handsome, wispy woman with an aura of very definite vagueness. She waved to Gerry and murmured, "Maggie, darling," to Margaret and said, "Hello there," to her husband, staring wide-eyed, as if she hadn't seen him in years.

The girl with her was just an inch or two over five feet, Gerry thought. She



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My mother will be right down. She's giving me a bath."

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was extremely pretty, with dark-red hair and a lovely figure, and if her chin was just a trifle aggressive, the fact was offset by the dimples that appeared as she smiled.

"This is Miss Glancy," his mother said. "We're quite good friends. Miss Glancy is on the committee for the Paradise Acres Foundling Home. My husband, my son Gerry and Miss Whitehall."

"Clancy," the girl said. "Mary Clancy."

"You mean Paradise Acres has foundlings?" Gerry asked. "Already?"

"We're getting ready, just in case," Miss Clancy said.

"Miss Clancy is also on the Committee for the Holtsbury Dog Shelter, the Green Cross, which is for the assistance of flowers, the Paradise Acres Bird Bath Club and—oh, several others. I think this is perhaps the third or fourth time she has visited me."

"Mrs. Madison is a very generous subscriber," the girl murmured.

"Clancy, Clancy," Mr. Madison said. "I seem to remember the name. Something about business."

"My father bought some land from you and built Paradise Acres," the girl said demurely. She turned to Margaret. "He also built Dreamsville. And most of the new state parkways. And just recently the Metropolis Building." The Metropolis Building was merely an engineering miracle that reached higher and more massively into the New York sky than any other structure.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Madison said pleasantly, "*that* was the Clancy," and turned absently for another drink.

"I've seen you," Gerry said, trying to remember where. "At the country club?"

The girl nodded. "And I've seen you." She smiled at him, and Gerry was aware of a very odd sensation somewhere in his chest.

Alice, the remaining maid of a Madison fleet, was in the doorway. "Mrs. Madison, there's a Mr. Powell in the living room. He said something I couldn't quite understand about Texas."

Gerry's mother frowned in concentration. "Powell. I'm sure I don't know any Mr. Powell." Then her face brightened. "Oh, of course. Amy Powell's little boy from Texas! I told her to have him visit us if he ever came to New York. Show him in, Alice, won't you?"

In a moment Amy Powell's little boy came into the billiard room—and almost filled it. Gerry, possessed of a normal stature, felt dwarfed. This man was at least six feet four inches tall and as wide as any respectable barn. He also managed to be lean, hard, blond, very close to thirty from either direction and eighteen degrees more handsome than any movie star Gerry had ever seen. He flashed amazingly white teeth in an ingratiating smile that included the entire company but whose main beams were directed at Gerry's mother.

"Mrs. Madison? Ah'm Allan Powell, ma'am. Amy Powell's son? Ah do hope Ah'm not intrudin', ma'am. Mamma told me to drop by and ask for yo' health if I happened to be up this way."

The accent, Gerry decided, was somehow Harvard-Panhandle and added to the man's unquestionable charm. He took a quick look around the room and caught his mother, Margaret Whitehall and Miss Clancy with their mouths open. His father simply looked upward in astonishment. The man had made an impact comparable to that of a locomotive running into the house. And Gerry could spot a phony when he saw one.

His mother recovered first. "Allan Powell! I never would have known you! Why, the last time I saw you—well, there were diapers involved."

The huge man blushed most disarmingly and said, "Ma'am, Ah'm honored."

Miss Clancy stared at him, then slowly shook her head in evident disbelief. "I suppose you rode up from Texas? On a horse, I mean?"

The giant's intense brown eyes enveloped her, and he grinned. "We don't use 'em too much any more, ma'am. Ah flew up."

"I don't suppose you bothered to use an airplane," the girl said.

He chuckled. "Ah guess Ah did, at that. Got my license a few years back."

Margaret Whitehall came out of her daze. "I love small planes."

The Greek god almost scuffed the rug with his toe. "Well, it really isn't so small. A Douglas Globemaster. You see, Ah like to bring a car along. Saves a lot on rentals." The handsome face was quite solemn.

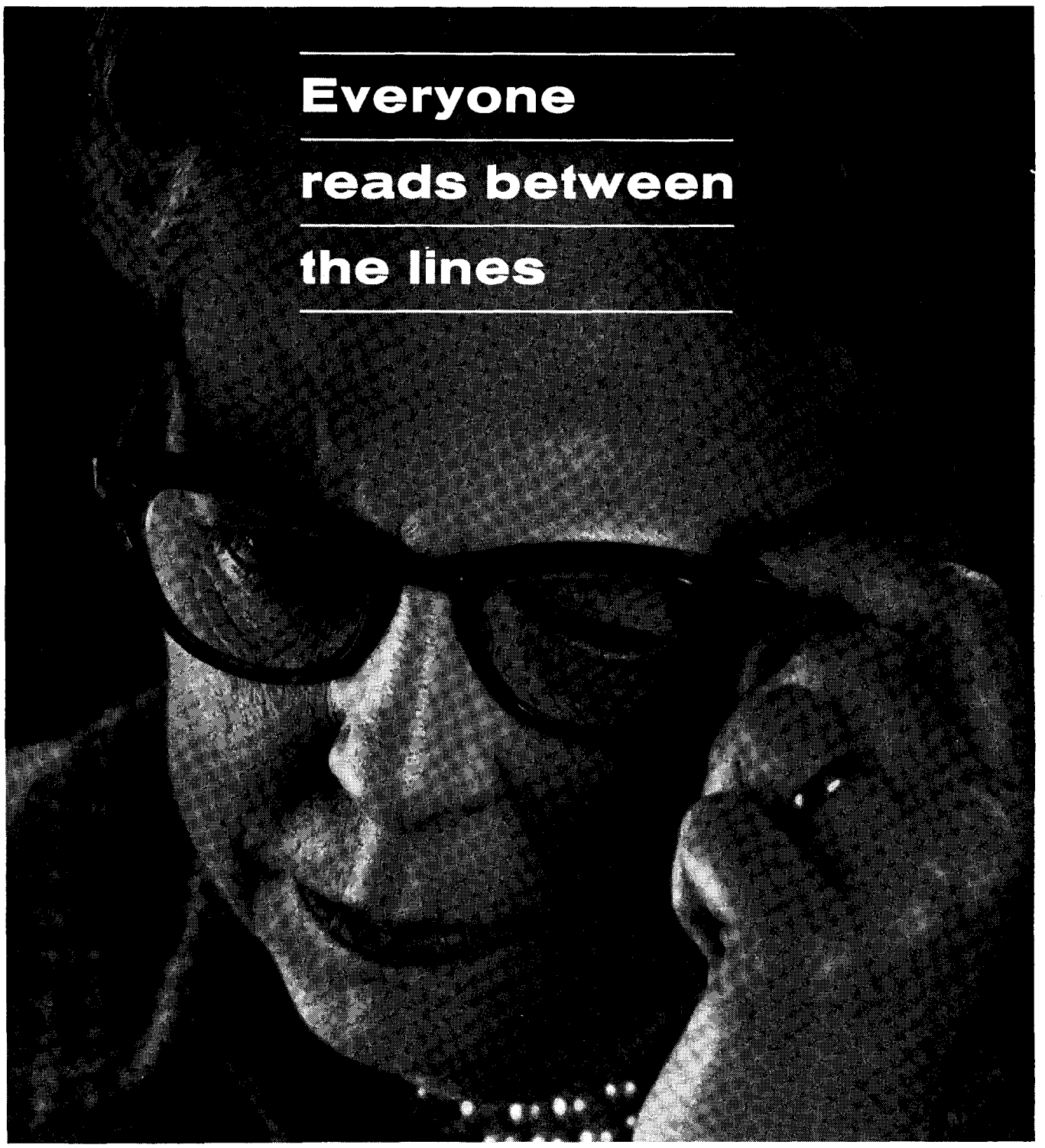
Mr. Madison nodded. "That makes sense. A sound bit of economy."

Gerry looked at his father and realized that he was just as serious as this visitor from outer space. His mother broke the spell. "Well, Allan, now that you're here, you must stay for a while. We have plenty of room."

"Ah've a place in a hotel in New York, Mrs. Madison. Ah wouldn't think of botherin' you folks."

"Amy Powell's son does not stay in some stupid room in a dingy New York hotel while I have an entire house going to waste. You will stay with us."

The big man bowed. "Ma'am, Ah'd be more than pleased to accept your gracious hospitality." Gerry's mother made the belated introductions, and the unlikely Mr. Powell said, "Now, let me



This stockholder is sizing up a company through its financial report. As she reads, she looks at more than facts and figures — *she reads between the lines*. The report will impress her more favorably if the message is presented clearly and in good taste; if the pictures are well printed; if the paper has the appearance of quality. Whenever a company shows respect for a reader through this kind of attention to detail, that company will win respect in return. *Respectful printing begins with a good printer*. See him early. Most likely he'll recommend Warren printing papers, because he'll get better results — and so will you. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad St., Boston, Mass.*

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see. Today is Friday. Ah have to be back in New Yawk bah Sunday afternoon. Meetin' a few people." He smiled, and the room lighted up. "A little pahty. An' you people must sure come along an' meet some nice folks."

Mrs. Madison beamed. "Fine, Allan. Now, about clothes. I'm sure some of Gerry's things would do you."

Gerry's things, Gerry knew, would do this man the way a cigar band would fit around a bull moose. He was relieved when the astonishing Mr. Powell said, "Ah don't think we have to worry about that, ma'am. Someone usually throws somethin' in the back of the car in case Ah'm out longer than Ah expect to be."

Mary Clancy said, "Well, this is all a little too rich for my blood. I'll stop by in a week or so, Mrs. Madison, about the Dog Sitters' Association."

Allan Powell smiled, and the house quivered slightly. "Ah just hate to lose such charmin' company, Miss Clancy. Why can't you and Miss Whitehall and ol' Gerry here an' me make up a foursome this evenin'? Must be some little ol' thing or other to do around hereabouts?"

In a moment Miss Clancy emerged from her catatonic state and said, "Gee! Gosh!" Margaret said nothing. She just stared.

Gerry thought. *All right. An evening out with this clown will reveal the inner straw. Be good for both of these girls.* He said, "Sounds fine to me. We can go over to Tony's. Always has a nice combo."

Margaret, Gerry was relieved to notice, had recovered sufficiently to say, "Yes." It made him feel a great deal better.

Gerry walked Miss Clancy out to her car. She said, "I hope you don't mind about this evening. I didn't mean to intrude." Her eyelashes flickered for a long moment.

"I think it's all a fine idea," Gerry said. "We've simply been invaded by Texas. Ride with it. You want me to pick you up, wherever you live? Ol' Tex probably wouldn't know his way around these here pahts."

The girl glanced at his barely functional bit of automotive machinery. "Perhaps I'd better stop by about nine."

Gerry said, "O.K., if that's all right." And then his head snapped up as if he were being mugged. Beside the girl's Maserati squatted a gleaming gray Grand-Prix Bugatti. "The place looks like Le Mans," he muttered. "But then you save on rentals. See you later."

The girl said, "Yes, Gerry," and took off with a soft, deep, fifteen-thousand-dollar roar.

He was on his way back to the house when Margaret came out with Powell. She said, "Allan is going to drive me home, just to get acquainted with the neighborhood. I'll leave my car here, Gerry."

He nodded understandingly. "I'll burn it while you're gone."

Powell was back in an hour, and at dinner Gerry found a few facts staring him in the face. Someone mentioned Texas, and the big man said, "Only have a small spread, really. Five or six thousand acres, I guess."

"I've always been interested in cattle," Gerry remarked, and what he meant was steak.

Powell looked at him. "Cattle? Why, I don't know much about critters, Gerry. Ah was talkin' about oil."

"Oil," Gerry said. "Of course. I've been watching too many TV programs."

Conversation turned up the fact that Powell had gone to Harvard, and Gerry remembered that a Harvard halfback strangely named Powell had been All-American two years running, about eight or nine years ago. The bronzed giant spoke briefly but knowingly of bridge, Kafka and the next summit meeting. In answer to Mr. Madison's query he rather shamefacedly admitted to being an eight-goal polo player and allowed as how he now and then puttered with golf.

And Gerry knew how to trap this impossible paragon. He had a very sound game himself. "We can play tomorrow at the country club. I can get you a set of clubs."

"That sure would be fine, Gerry. But Ah don't think you need bother about the clubs. They're nearly always in the cah. Ah'll look later to make sure."

And after dinner he brought to the big room next to Gerry's an outsized bit of luggage and grinned, "Clubs in the cah, all right. That little ol' Suki doesn't forget a thing." Then he frowned. "Gerry, Ah hope Ah'm not cuttin' no fences, but Ah guess Ah told that little ol' Margaret Ah'd pick her up and bring her over here this evenin'. Is that all right with you? Ah simply don't know the score aroun' here."

Gerry thought of his car, and of Margaret's car, and out of mercy he said, "That'll be O.K. easy ridin' with me, pardner."

At eight-thirty Allan Powell took off. Gerry told him, "Don't bother coming back here. The other Mille Miglia driver is picking me up, and we might just as well meet at Tony's. Margaret knows the way."

The Maserati was certainly chummy, Gerry had to admit, and the girl drove beautifully through the lovely evening. When she disposed of her mink stole at Tony's, Gerry had an opportunity to appreciate fully how a pink dress complimented red hair and faultless figure. The girl grinned at him and said, "Please, Mr. Madison. Stop staring. People will talk."

Margaret and tall Texas were already in attendance. Margaret looked lovely in something white and cottony, and Gerry thought, *This is my girl, and she's really something.*

He asked her to dance, and she was a feather in his arms, as usual. He tried hard to bring things back to normal. "Had a nice day at the office. Harbach, the big wheel, almost patted me on the shoulder."

"How nice," the girl said in a removed sort of voice.

Gerry felt an icy hand at his throat. Never since they had been children had there been such a distance between them. He said, "Maggie, you haven't gone overboard for this guns-and-saddle business?"

Margaret raised her face and said, "Why, Gerry! What do you-all mean?"

His heart broke into small pieces and he tried ineffectually to put it back together again with the adhesive tape of hope. "Don't do anything rash," he said. "In three or four years I'll get a raise and we'll get married."

Margaret said, "You know I'll wait fo' evah fo' you-all," and relaxed to the music.

Back at the table, Powell said, "The Giants are playin' in San Francisco tomorrow afternoon. Now, if we-all start in the mornin', Ah can fly us there in time, an' ——"

"We're going to play golf," Gerry said. "Remember?"

The big man snapped his fingers. "Ah done forgot, Gerry. We'll have to put the ball game back to another time."

"Why don't you just bring the Giants back to New York?" Gerry asked. "It would save a lot of trouble."

"Been thinkin' of it real serious," Powell said.

The combo hit a *rumba* beat, and Powell danced with Margaret. Gerry witnessed the big man's adroitness and wished that he, too, had been born and reared somewhere in the tropics. When the rhythm changed to a more domestic measure, he asked Mary Clancy to dance. She said, "Delighted, I'm sure."

On the small floor he discovered that this was not like dancing with a feather. It was like dancing with a woman. The thought disturbed him all through the evening.

When the night ended, Powell said, "Shame we have jus' those little ol' two-seaters. Want I should drive Miss Clancy home, Gerry boy?"

Before Gerry could say, "I certainly do," Miss Clancy said, "I always leave with the guy what brung me. I will drive Mr. Madison to his residence."

She did, adroitly and with small talk from which Gerry learned that she was twenty-two years old and had spent four years at Smith and two years in Europe, that her father was a boisterous, efficient saint, that her mother humorously but completely controlled her father, and that she herself intended in proper time to have seven children. A lucky number, she said.

She stopped the car in front of the Madison house, and Gerry turned and said, "I thank you. It was a very nice evening. It was swell of you to drive me."

He found himself looking into intense blue eyes and at a beautiful, generous mouth. Then he was somehow kissing that mouth. He was not a complete stranger to pretty girls, and through the years there had been quite a few occasions that had called for kissing Margaret. But this was like being shot out of a cannon. When he had recovered slightly, he said, "Well!"

The girl took a deep breath and moved her head like a fighter shaking off a punch. Gerry thought he heard her mutter, "I sort of thought it would be like this," and then she said distinctly, "Tomorrow night, then? At the country-club dance? You can call for me. Bring friends if necessary." Then he was standing in the driveway, dimly aware of the huff of the departing car. He went to bed in a slight daze.

The next day he played golf with Powell. The improbable gentleman said, in the morning, "That lil ol' Miss Whitehall said somethin' about a dance tonight? A usual Saturday-night thing?"

Gerry nodded. "We have to keep our spirits up somehow. In spite of the natives. Let's play some golf."

He put his heart into it and fashioned himself a fine game. He came in with a seventy-nine. Powell hacked around the course for a seventy-one and said, "Jus' lucky, is all." Gerry had never seen a smoother swing aside from Snead's.

The amazing thing was that he liked this impossible man. Powell's conversation verged upon being brilliant, his observations were acute, his attitude gentle, his humor kindly. You could almost believe he was real. Gerry paid all three ways of the ten-dollar Nassau practically without reluctance.

When they got back to the house, Gerry was forced to notice that the Maserati was again in attendance and wondered what committee his mother and the astonishing Miss Clancy were forming now. Once inside, he heard sounds of life from the billiard room and walked in with Powell.

Miss Clancy was bent over the table making a shot, and unconsciously Gerry managed a comparison of her posture with that of Margaret. Margaret impossibly came out on the losing side. His father stood in attendance, and Gerry watched the play.

It was a three-cushion affair, and the girl ran off three, marked them up and said, "Well, Mr. Madison, where's that quarter?"

Gerry's father paid in cash and said, "Most remarkable. First time I've been beaten at this table in fifteen years. Do come again."

Miss Clancy said, "I undoubtedly will," nodded with a smile to Gerry and Powell and left.

That evening Gerry looked up the Clancy (*Continued on Page 86*)

The Perfect Squelch

To build up business with growing families, a store specializing in babies' and children's items solicited trade by telephone from new mothers. The telephone salesmen used a particularly vague and sugary approach.

One harassed mother, interrupted by the phone while struggling to diaper her four-week-old daughter, tried in vain to make her caller come to the point. He persisted in his set patter.

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"Much too young," the mother replied, "to accept gifts from strange men."

Sarah Eoyang

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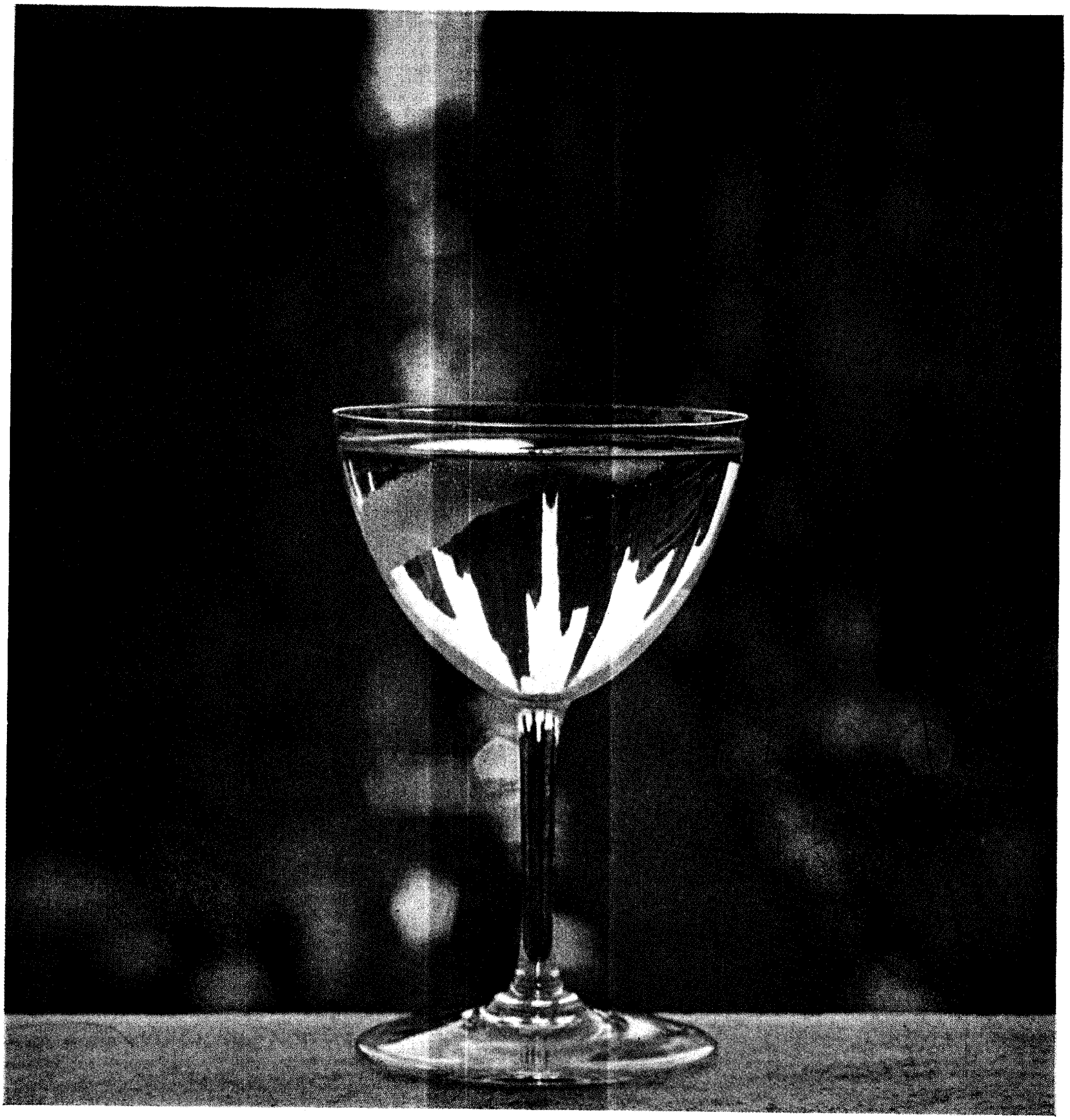

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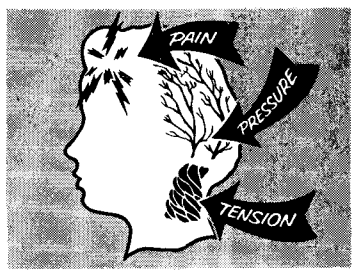

Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves. Anacin contains *special* medication (*not* found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) that relaxes tension, releases pressure and relieves pain fast. That's why Anacin gives more complete pain-relief.

FOR FAST, FAST, *FAST* RELIEF!

(*Continued from Page 84*)

address and arrived at nine in his modified wreck. Nothing less than gorgeous in green, the girl got into the car and snuggled down. "So sort of old-homey," she said.

The country-club dance was practically a standing ovation for the delegate from the Southwest. Looking like Rock Grable in an Italian-silk dinner jacket, Powell was as thoroughly besieged as his ancestors had been at the Alamo, but in a more kindly fashion. The female populace of Holtsbury and its environs were simply a little too stricken to ask for autographs.

Gerry danced with Margaret, and she said, "Ah understand you-all played golf with Ahllan today."

"I-all lost thirty bucks to that renegade white," Gerry told her. His heart had not quite reached his heels, but he sensed that the fort was lost. He tried to rally the troops. "This party at Powell's hotel tomorrow. I'll drive you down, of course."

"Ah'm so sorry," Margaret Whitehall said. "Ahllan's done asked me already."

"Well," Gerry said, "as long as you're going by riverboat."

He danced with Mary Clancy, and the effect was electric. He reminded himself that he had from the cradle been espoused to Margaret Whitehall. The effect was still electric.

Miss Clancy said, "You-all are awfully quiet. Something botherin' you-all?"

"Jes' lil ol' you-all. This party at Powell's hotel room tomorrow. Want to ride with me and pop and mom? They have a better car than mine."

"I certainly hope so," Miss Clancy said. "I'd be happy to."

The long past fell apart again, and once more Allan Powell took Margaret home. Gerry drove Mary Clancy to her luxurious door and discovered that kissing her was a reprehensible habit he enjoyed greatly. "Tomorrow at noon," he managed to say on leaving.

"Yes, Gerry," the girl said.

After breakfast in the morning Allan Powell said, "Well, Ah'd better be leavin'. Can't possibly thank you-all enough. Mamma'll be maughty pleased to hear you're well. You will be down to the city later? Fo' mah little pahty?"

"Yes," Gerry's mother said. "But where?"

Powell slapped his great hand gently on the table. "Fo'got that, didn't I? Got a place at the Waldorf. Know whereabouts it is?"

"We'll somehow manage to find it," Mr. Madison said.

A few hours later Gerry befuddledly drove his parents to the Clancy home, and Mary was ready. It was all a very confused episode. An hour ago he had received an unprecedented phone call from Mr. Harbach. Mr. Harbach had said, "Just reread that brief, Masterson. Excellent, excellent." And he had hung up. Gerry felt like a man firmly clamped into the nose cone of some ballistic missile.

At the Waldorf they approached the desk and Gerry told the State Department man in charge, "I think a Mr. Powell is expecting us."

"Mr. Powell," the dignitary answered. "Of course. The Towers, twenty-second floor."

"Fine. What room number?"

The man looked at him as if he had in some outrageous fashion defiled an ancient temple. "Room number? Mr. Powell has had the entire twenty-second floor for several years!"

Gerry surrendered to absurdity, and someone led him to a distant elevator.

The twenty-second floor was a benign madhouse peopled by practically every celebrity Gerry had ever read about, its tone dictated by the low, soft beat of some truly great combo. In fifteen minutes they met two Pulitzer prize winners, ten movie stars, the gorgeous Liza Dane and most of the cast from her two-year-running musical, *Hey, You!*

Powell had greeted them warmly and introduced them all around. "Sunday's a day off for show folks," he explained. "Wanted to give these kids a little ball. Jes' happens I backed the show." Then he said, "Wrote the ol' music too."

Gerry saw Margaret at a distance, almost lost in a forest of heads. He danced with Mary Clancy, and a small question bubbled to the surface of his mind. "The billiards thing yesterday afternoon. No one beats my father."

"Two years ago I learned that your father likes billiards," the young lady said. "Since then I've paid Joe, the house hustler down at Barbour's poolroom, fifty bucks a week to teach me the nuances of the cue."

"You seem a mite designing," Gerry told her.

The girl was forthright. "Since I spotted you two years ago, I've been in there giving it the old college try."

It came as practically no surprise to Gerry when, at a flourish of the drums, a comparative silence was somehow commanded and Allan Powell addressed the momentarily ruly mob. "On this happy occasion," he said, "it is my fervent pleasure to be privileged to tell you-all that Miss Margaret Whitehall has given me her solemn consent to be mah bride in the very near future."

> The only thing more disturbing than a neighbor with a noisy old car is one with a quiet new one.
>
> PEP MEALIFFE

Margaret was standing beside Powell, and her eyes sought Gerry's and asked forgiveness. He gave it with silent reluctance.

He turned and said to his mother, "She has cast me aside. Discarded me like a worn-out shoe."

His mother looked at him with a measured compassion. "Do you think the girl is an utter fool?"

Gerry felt a surge of smitten pride. He walked across the room to Powell and said, "You know what I ought to do? I ought to punch you right on the nose."

The giant's face was very contrite. "Ol' Gerry, Ah don't blame you-all one bit. Ah guess Ah've been maverickin'. You go right ahead."

Gerry measured the distance and decided against violence. He said in a tone he hoped was surly, "Well, congratulations," and walked away.

He stood beside Mary Clancy and strangely felt relieved of a weightless burden he'd borne for years. He said, "From a phone call I got today, I think I might get a raise in a couple of months. We can get married in about three years."

The girl said, "Don't be silly. Three years! I'm so rich I can start tomorrow to give you-all a life you used to be accustomed to."

"Get rid of that drawl," Gerry told her.

The beautiful girl looked at him. She said, "Yes, sir," and the rich voice was filled with respect.

Gerry looked at her, and the wonderful electric current passed between them again. He surrendered himself to what looked like a lifetime of happiness.

THE END

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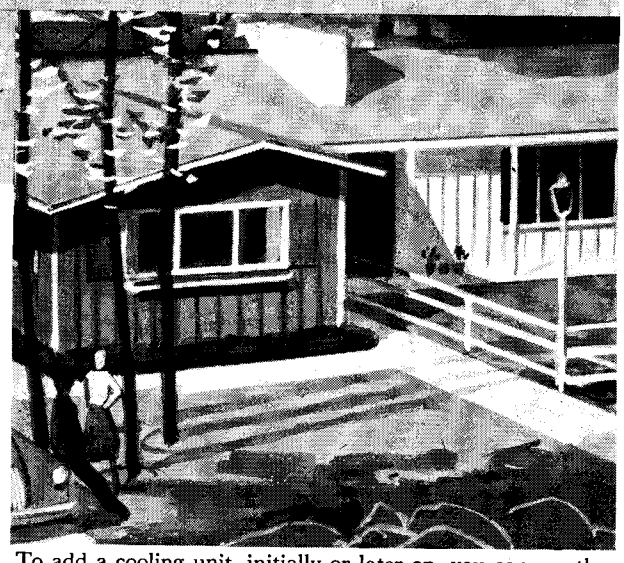

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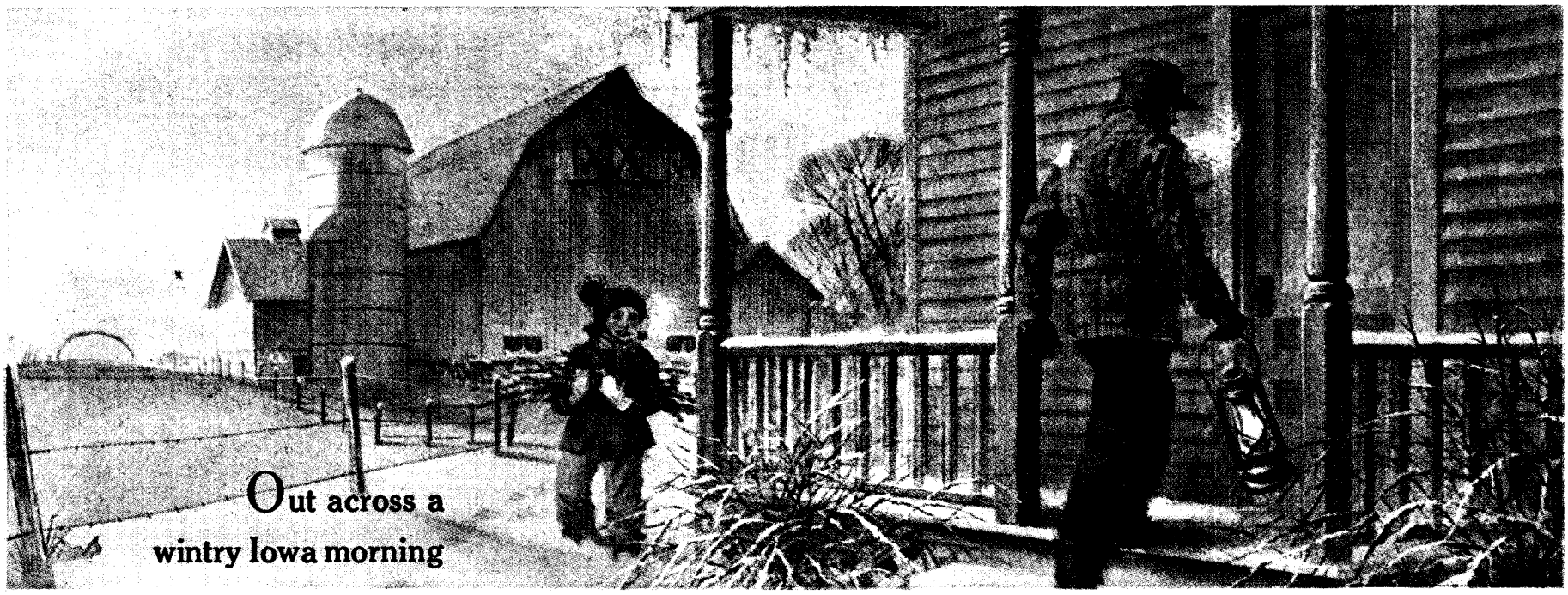

Out across a
wintry Iowa morning

comes the fragrant welcome of Rath Black Hawk Bacon on the cook stove. No power on earth could keep a man out of this kitchen. Or out of yours . . . when you cook up this hickory-smoked bacon, corn-fed in the heart of Iowa. It's always been a little leaner, a little sweeter, harder to get enough of.

Rath
BLACK HAWK BACON

Finer Flavor From The Land O'Corn

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The Noble and Durable Lords

(Continued from Page 32)

endless pitfalls and temptations. The world—and that means us—redoubles the force of their temptations and digs pits deliberately for them to fall into."

Newspaper editors of Fleet Street, who had often made the archbishop their critical target, had not exactly been expecting such a benediction from his grace. But it is part of the usefulness and effectiveness of the House of Lords that unexpected people are always bobbing up in the place and saying unusual things.

Its membership covers the widest possible range of professions and abilities. There are not only archbishops and bishops of the Church of England sitting in the House of Lords, but also doctors, scientists, publishers, admirals, field marshals, lawyers, educators, engineers, dog breeders, authors, poets, farmers, sailors, Greek scholars, explorers, shipbuilders, archaeologists, coal miners, bankers, politicians and just plain dilettantes.

The total current membership is 908, of whom eleven are minors, including the young Prince Charles, prince of Wales and heir to England's throne. He is one of four peers of royal blood, the others being the dukes of Windsor, Gloucester and Kent. Prince Philip, duke of Edinburgh, husband of Queen Elizabeth II, is not of royal blood. But he is listed among the twenty-two dukes in the chamber.

After that come twenty-six marquesses, 132 earls, 111 viscounts, 564 barons, six baronesses, sixteen peers elected from the peerage of Scotland, one similarly elected from Ireland, and finally the lords spiritual—the archbishops of Canterbury and York and twenty-four bishops of the Church of England.

Of this vast membership, probably no more than 300 have ever taken part in debate. The average attendance at a House of Lords sitting is about 120. For attending a session, a peer is entitled to a tax-free expense payment of three guineas, or about $8.80. A guinea is one pound and one shilling, and although it no longer exists as an actual coin, it is something of a mark of snobbism in Britain to reckon accounts in guineas instead of merely in pounds and shillings. So naturally the House of Lords is paid by the guinea while the House of Commons is paid by the pound. Some of the wealthiest men in England are not above accepting this daily stipend. The clerks of the House of Lords quietly look over the chamber and check off on a membership list those who are present at the session—but woe betide them if they miss a strange face

This expense arrangement was introduced to encourage attendance in the House of Lords amid some signs of embarrassment back in 1957. It was part of a reform act which was the first in a long series of bills designed to do something positive to preserve the upper chamber instead of whittling it away still further.

Logically the House of Lords probably ought to have been reformed out of business years ago. It has lost almost all of its practical power. Even its own members from time to time have tried in vain to get themselves disinherited from titles and rights which they regard as an encumbering bore and stay out of the place. But the fact remains that this withered constitutional appendage of British democracy does indeed have its place and fulfills a function.

First of all, in the legislative field the House of Lords spends a great deal of time amending, improving and tidying up legislation it receives from the House of Commons. It is not allowed to touch any bills having anything to do with taxation or appropriation or money. But on other legislation it can act. It can veto only for one year, however, so that a bill coming back from the House of Commons a second time must be accepted. But, since the legal and technical prowess of the House of Lords is considerable, very few bills become law in England without their lordships' amending touch.

"Government defeat in the House of Lords" makes a headline occasionally in the British press, but it is usually pretty meaningless. Even when the Labor Party was in power, and the number of Conservative peers was overwhelming, the Conservatives only rarely voted against the wishes of the Government and the House of Commons.

The last important defeat for Commons-approved legislation in the House of Lords was in 1955, when the lords rejected a bill to abolish the death penalty. An impassioned speech by the lord chief justice of England of that day, Lord Goddard, was decisive in rallying the lords to do what they are never supposed to do—vote against the House of Commons. Then the Conservative Government produced a compromise measure which established "degrees of murder" and retained the hanging penalty for murder in the course of another crime or the killing of a policeman. This did not exactly please Lord Goddard, but it was accepted.

Thus it is only because of the House of Lords that the death penalty still exists in England today. Shorn of most of its actual powers, it remains, therefore, a place of ultimate influence and importance in the shaping of public policy. Perhaps its greatest function is in the elusive realm of testing or reflecting public opinion. Recently, for example, the Conservative Government was somewhat gingerly approaching the problem of a reform in Britain's archaic gambling, betting and drinking laws, to liberalize and rationalize them. It was a touchy question. But then the House of Lords arranged a debate on the problem which showed, among other things, that the Church, as represented by the archbishops and bishops, and the Law as represented by the lords justices, and the politicians, as represented by various party leaders, were open-minded or favorable. So the Government went ahead and introduced its bill in the House of Commons, encouraged that public opinion was ready for it, and it became law.

Apart from its legislative and opinion-forming functions, the House of Lords is also the supreme court of England. "Leave to appeal to the House of Lords" is the final legal action which can be taken in England, and a panel of "law lords" sits regularly, hearing appeals on everything from fraud cases to treason verdicts.

The Reform Act of 1957 was a turning point in the modern history of the House of Lords because it admitted women to the chamber for the first time and created a new class of "life peers" whose titles cannot be passed on to eldest sons.

The truth is that a great many English sons are not at all fascinated by the prospect of becoming Lord So-and-So when father dies and, conversely, a great many fathers are for that reason reluctant to take peerages. Because the problem of inheritance does not arise with a life peerage, a number of very useful men have accepted them and entered the Lords, which they never would have done if it had meant forcing their sons to enter after them. Among the twenty-seven "life barons" who have been created so far are such strong figures of the Labor Party as Hugh Dalton and Herbert Morrison—now Lord Morrison of Lambeth, who ten years ago, in the days of the Labor Government, was regarded as the worst enemy of the House of Lords in England.

One of those who made no bones about his lack of enthusiasm at having to succeed to his father's title is the present Conservative Government leader of the lords, Viscount Hailsham. As a young man named Quintin Hogg, unencumbered by peerage, he won a seat in the House of Commons and was making a fine, fighting name for himself in Conservative politics. Then, with a reluctance bordering on repugnance, he succeeded to his father's title in 1950 and moved from the Commons to the Lords. Today, as leader of the House, where he would just as soon not have had to sit, he is of course more mellow and philosophical about his inheritance.

"The House of Lords is really more like the House of Commons than it is like any other place," he said recently. "Of course, nobody is threatened by elections, and there is not nearly the sharpness of cut and thrust and political infighting. It's rather like being on a ship for the rest of your life with the same passengers and knowing you've got to get along together. You, of course, temper your manners accordingly. But otherwise it's much the same as the Commons. Men don't change their opinions or personalities or principles, you know, just because they move from the Commons to the Lords."

Forensic knowledge was one of the things which Hailsham took along from Commons to the Lords. From Oxford he embarked on a successful legal career before going into politics. During the U-2 spy-plane affair, he was asked in the House of Lords a question by a Labor peer, Viscount Stansgate, about the legality of aerial survey over air space of the Soviet Union in the light of the Chicago Convention on Civil Aviation to which Britain and the United States adhere.

Lord Hailsham replied in classic House of Lords style, "My lords, when I was a student I was told that the common-law rule was *ab inferis usque ad caelum*, which presupposes, I think, a Ptolemaic astronomy and a geocentric universe. The application of those principles has not always proved easy, and so in the Chicago Convention a step forward was made by recognizing that the earth is approximately a sphere; and the lateral sides of the earth's face, and its bottom, if it has one, were fixed with reference to the center of the earth. As regards the Chicago Convention, it recognizes that every state has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory, including its territorial waters. But 'air space' as such is not defined in the Convention."

To which Lord Stansgate gravely responded: "My lords, I am grateful to the noble viscount for what I think is a very reassuring reply." Lord Hailsham subsequently mused that it is sometimes safer to take refuge in education rather than ignorance.

Lord Stansgate's son and heir, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, has also fought hard to avoid eventually inheriting his father's title. He is a prominent Labor Party member of the House of Commons, and he went to the extreme of preparing a petition to Parliament to obtain the right to divest himself of his future title. Sir Winston Churchill wrote him a letter of support, but Benn was advised to start proceedings in the House of Lords itself, and there his petition was defeated by a 52-to-24 vote, after debate. So one day Anthony Wedgwood Benn will become Lord Stansgate and join his old House of Commons colleague, Quintin Hogg, in the House of Lords.

The most novel solution to the unwanted-title problem has come from a well-known British writer named Wayland Young, whose father, Lord Kennet, died recently. He simply asked everybody to go on calling him Mr. Young.

"I would sooner be a writer called Wayland Young, who happens also to be a peer called Lord Kennet, than a peer called Lord Kennet, who happens also to be a writer called Wayland Young," he said. He added that he will probably go ahead and take his place in the House of Lords since he would not want to forgo the opportunity it offered to influence society in one way or another.

"If Troy asks the horse in, it will go, but it's damned if it will paint itself in Trojan colors," he grumbled.

As for the ladies who have entered the House of Lords under the Life Peers Act, there are six of them so far. This has entailed, among other things, the installation of a powder room in those intensely masculine precincts which resemble nothing so much as a ducal library on a vast country estate, or the inner sanctum of a London club. But the ladies have brought more than just a whiff of perfume into their lordships' somewhat stuffy chamber. One of them, Lady Wootton, is a prominent economist, and others are experienced social workers.

"It's a delicious place," murmured Lady Swanborough shortly after she received

"This is the third time this season. You'd think he'd repair that zipper."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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her new title and entered the Lords. As the Marchioness of Reading, she founded and ran the Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defense during World War II, and then was given a life peerage title in her own right.

"I've not been to such an interesting school in my life," Lady Swanborough said. "People move so slowly. Nobody runs down passages. Nobody does anything for himself if he can ask a gentleman with a gold chain to do it for him."

"It is great fun. Their lordships are extremely kind to us," added Lady Elliot of Harwood, whose wide experience as a social worker, plus loyal service to the Conservative Party, was rewarded with one of the first life peerages for ladies.

"I wonder what my father, Lord Curzon, would say," said Lady Ravensdale of Kedleston. "He was violently against the suffrage movement, you know."

The admission of the ladies, expense money for attendance, and fresh blood in the form of life peers all have had the effect of putting an enlivened House of Lords back in the public eye. Attendance is about one third higher today than it was three years ago. Now the chamber has received an additional shot in the arm through Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's decision to appoint a peer, the fourteenth Earl of Home, to be British foreign secretary. The appointment produced a storm of opposition from the House of Commons. The last foreign secretary to sit in the Lords was the Earl of Halifax, during the Chamberlain era before the outbreak of World War II. The only other one in this century was Lord Curzon in 1923. But Mr. Macmillan is adamant in his belief that the House of Lords, free from so much political infighting, is the best place for a foreign secretary to be sitting.

The House of Lords came into existence in the year 1322 when King Edward II, having the usual kingly troubles extracting subsidies from the feudal barons of that day, decreed that "matters to be established for the estate of the king and of his heirs should be treated, accorded and established in parliament, by the king, and by the assent of the prelates, earls and barons and the commonalty of the realm." The Magna Charta was already more than a century old then, and this was the beginning of the English Parliament. The king ceded to Parliament the right to appropriate and levy for his upkeep.

Twenty-two years later, in the reign of King Edward III, in 1344, a House of Commons was created, separate from the House of Lords. But until the great reform period of English history which began with the Reform Act of 1832, the Lords were unquestioningly not only the upper house of Parliament but also the dominant house—by virtue of their complete veto power over acts of the Commons. This they exercised with increasing restraint after the Reform Bill fight of 1832. But at the end of the Victorian era the House of Lords miscalculated badly.

Twice, in 1909 and 1910, the Lords rejected basic budget legislation approved by the House of Commons under the Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, David Lloyd George, and twice the Government went to the polls in general elections to prove that the people were on his side.

Before the second election victory, the Government approached King George V and obtained from him consent to the creation of sufficient new Liberal peers who would support the Government and swamp the House of Lords if its Conservative majority did not agree to accept major reform. The Conservatives were obliged to accept this "packing" of the Lords. Fom then on, the Lords lost their power to reject or amend any House of Commons bills involving money, and also their power to hold up any other Commons-approved legislation for more than three sessions. Then, when the Labor Government came to power in 1945, Herbert Morrison led the battle to reduce this veto power from two years to one year. Although it took three sessions to get the act finally through, with the Lords fighting every step of the way, Morrison finally won his fight.

Sir Winston Churchill, in those days a Liberal, was one of Lloyd George's strong supporters in the reform fight of 1909 and 1910. In a pamphlet titled *Peers or People*, which he published in 1909, Churchill, then a dashing young politician of thirty-five, wrote scathingly:

"The House of Lords is representative of nobody. Most of its members are there because of the accident of birth—a few have more recent and some more questionable titles. They are representative of nobody, they are inaccessible to argument, the vast majority never attend to their duty at all."

But after World War II Churchill had changed his views about further House of Lords reform, and led the Conservative Party fight to prevent Labor from reducing the Lords' veto power to one year.

Thus the House of Lords has reached the second half of the twentieth century in a state which once led one of its wisest members and greatest minds, the venerable Liberal politician and philosopher, Viscount Samuel, who is now ninety years of age, to remark in debate, "We are in this house a strange anomaly. We have become impotent through the possession of too much power."

But if the House of Lords is no longer possessed of much power, at least it is possessed of the right to speak its mind. And it has one great advantage over the House of Commons in debate. Where the business of the Commons is almost entirely controlled by the Government and confined to the legislative program and major issues of state, the Lords are free to wander in all sorts of unusual directions in their debates.

Thus, the Lords are able to throw the spotlight on all sorts of problems and situations which otherwise would remain buried or undiscussed by ministers or Government departments. In recent months there have been House of Lords debates not only on the usual subjects of defense and foreign affairs but also on noise abatement, control and licensing of dogs, Sunday entertainment laws, Tibet, subsidies for the herring industry, gambling and betting, the question of the Krupp assets, fog dispersal at airports, crime, Britain's relations with Europe and slavery in Africa and Arabia.

In the slavery debate, on a motion asking the Government "what steps it proposes to take to ensure the implementation of international conventions to bring this practice to an end," the Lords and the British public were somewhat startled to hear Viscount Maugham, a nephew of Somerset Maugham, tell how he himself became a slave owner in the interest of research on the matter.

"I traveled in 1959 from Gambia through Senegal and Mauritania into what was then the French Sudan," he related. "In the legendary city of Timbuktu I lived for a month making various inquiries into the slave trade. I then moved out into the Sahara. And there I bought a slave from his Tuareg master like one buys a piece of meat.

"The Tuareg are nomadic tribesmen, fair-skinned, who have a slave caste known as the Bella. I paid for this slave 25,000 francs in local currency, which was the equivalent of thirty-seven pounds, ten shillings (just over $100). His name was Ibrahim. He was twenty years old. I gave him his freedom, and now he works as a free man in Timbuktu. My lords, I bought this man and photographed the money changing hands with the master and took the number of the notes, and so forth, entirely in order to come back with the proof that slavery exists in the Sahara."

Not many legislative bodies in the world can produce such unusual firsthand research by a member. Then there was the exceptional stand taken in a House of Lords debate by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in careful support of a proposal that homosexual practices between consenting male adults no longer be judged a crime in Britain.

"In a civilized society all crimes are likely to be sins, but most sins are not and ought not to be treated as crimes," the archbishop said to the House. "Whatever criminal law may say, homosexual offenses are sins. Man's ultimate responsibility is to God alone. There is a sacred realm of privacy for every man and woman where he makes his choices and decisions—a realm of his own essential rights and liberties into which the law, generally speaking, must not intrude."

Humor in the House of Lords is seldom of the slam-bang explosive sort of riposte which frequently rocks the House of Commons. Their Lordships prefer smiles and chuckles, gentle digs, understatement and literary allusion. One day, when it was announced that the Ministry of Works intended to install horse jumps in Hyde Park for riders, Earl Winterton had a suggestion for the opening ceremony:

"Would it not be a good thing to have a ceremonial and symbolic opening of these jumps and send a minister around on a safe police horse. And if the minister could be the secretary of state for the colonies and the jumps could be labeled 'Nyasaland,' 'Kenya' and 'Northern Rhodesia,' would it not have a valuable effect in Africa, where they like portents and omens?"

There is almost a complete absence of parliamentary rules governing House of Lords debates. Subjects are chosen in advance, and members indicate to the clerk before the debate begins if they plan to speak. Then they simply rise and start talking. The lord chancellor is the presiding officer of the House, but he does not actually call on members to speak. If two should rise at the same time, one or the other politely gives way. But if, in the almost unheard-of circumstance that both refused to give way, then it would be up to the whole House to decide by a vote which one it will hear.

Once he has started talking, the only way a member of the House of Lords can be silenced is for somebody to move "that the noble lord be no longer heard." This is all but unthinkable. It was last done by Lord Hailsham in a sharp exchange with his old opponent Lord Stansgate, on May 12, 1960, and it was front-page news all over England. The last time it had been done before that was during World War II, when somebody got fed up with the then Duke of Bedford, a notorious pacifist and defeatist, and moved to shut him up. The way things are going it might not happen again for another decade.

All of this invests the House of Lords with an atmosphere of politeness and dignity and gentility, an above-the-hurly-burly quality which in many ways is unexciting and dull. But it is also something else. It is an atmosphere in which the free play of ideas and the mind can emerge, as in dinner-party conversation over cigars and brandy.

In the general election in England in 1959, for the first time in this century, there was no demand from either major political party for a reform of the House of Lords. Once the bitter symbol of class hatred and class struggle, it now holds a place of mild public affection and growing respect. If it is true that there will always be an England, then it seems likely that the House of Lords will similarly endure. THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Although only a lieutenant, the newly assigned platoon leader at infantry training school strutted like a senior officer. One day at target practice he committed the dangerous and unforgivable sin of stepping in front of the firing line.

"Get the h —— back!" the instructing sergeant roared, unaware of the offender's rank and identity.

Turning on the sergeant, the lieutenant pointed to the silver bar on his collar and said sternly, "I'm a first lieutenant."

"If you don't stay behind that line, sir," the sergeant replied, "you'll be the last lieutenant."

Harold Coffin

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The first night in a new home is a lonely one

How long will they be "strangers" in town?

It's a lonely feeling for everybody, that first night in a strange new town. Right now the few familiar things seem especially dear. Tomorrow, of course, the family will start making new friends around the neighborhood.

For you, the man of the house, there's a way to hasten the "getting acquainted" process—to quickly reestablish your reputation for dependability and character. You do it through your full-service commercial Bank.

All during the time you live in a community and deal with your full-service Bank, you build a name—you build a "standing." And this character, this good reputation you've made goes right along with you to your new home. Just imagine how good you will feel when you drop into your new neighborhood Bank, introduce yourself and ask them to refer back to where you used to do your banking. Suddenly you're no longer a stranger.

The name you build at a local full-service Bank says who you are . . . says it well. It says right away that you have integrity, responsibility. It's undeniable proof of your good standing in your community.

As such, it's a pretty wonderful thing to have. Can you think of anything more important to bring with you into a new town?

WHAT IS A FULL-SERVICE BANK? It's simply a complete Bank, a *commercial* Bank. For unlike many financial institutions that offer only limited services, a full-service commercial Bank handles *all* your money needs. These services include • Savings Accounts • Checking Accounts • Personal Loans • Car Loans • Home Loans • Business and Farm Loans. By using these services you build your Personal Standing in your community. Look for a full-service commercial Bank in your neighborhood.

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I'm Still Scared (Continued from Page 36)

stabbed forty-seven times by a man she knew while she stood at a bus stop. It didn't make any sense to me.

Later on, when I was in high school, I had two scares with the police. The first time they picked me up I had broken into a building with some other kids. The second time I was innocent, but they locked me up overnight anyway. "Nigger," a policeman told me, "you're lucky you're still underage."

My fears didn't thin down any after I started out in pro football with the Los Angeles Rams in 1953. I had my troubles on the field and away from it. I was penalized so often for roughhouse football that they called me "Fifteen-Yard Daddy." I didn't really want to play mean. I just thought if I hurt an opponent enough to get him out of the game it would make my teammates like me. But it didn't help. They kept right on razzing me and laughing at me.

It wasn't until I came to Baltimore in 1956 and decided one dark night to change my way of living that things began going my way. Now I can stand up against any player in the game. They don't fool Daddy like they used to. Coach Weeb Ewbank says I reach right out and grab an armful of players from the other team then peel them off until I find the one with the ball.

I may be big and heavy, but my Size 14 feet are faster than they look. In a game with Detroit I caught halfback Hopalong Cassady from behind after chasing him fifty-seven yards. I wasn't as surprised as he was.

The Associated Press and the United Press International named me to their All-Pro teams the last two years. At the Touchdown Club in Columbus, Ohio, they got me up at the speakers' table and gave me a plaque for being the best defensive lineman in the game. I won't say I'm the best. But on my really good days I honestly can't think of anyone much better.

One reason I'm playing good football now is that I don't stop trying. I keep clawing away. A sports-writer friend of mine says I try hardest when the other team lines up to kick. Maybe I do, without even realizing it. If that's so, it goes back to a talk with Coach Ewbank some time ago.

"Anytime you block an extra point or a field goal, I'll buy you a new hat," Weeb told me.

"Coach, you just made me the best-dressed tackle in the game," I said.

As things turned out, I wasn't exaggerating much. I had the good luck to win seven hats that first season. In a game against San Francisco I blocked punts on two consecutive plays. (They'd recovered the first one, which came on third down.)

Other players around the league didn't used to respect me worth a dime. But now they see me helping the ball carrier up and saying something nice to him. They tell me right out I'm a changed man. They tell me I'm not the same Daddy they remember piling on, using my elbows and bawling mad.

One of the nicest things that's happened to me in Baltimore is getting a best friend named Buddy Young. I never had a best friend before. As football fans know, Buddy is a smart little Negro radio announcer and businessman from the University of Illinois who played halfback for Baltimore and a couple of other pro teams like nobody else. Whenever I get to feeling low, or need some serious advice, or if I wonder which fork to use at a big banquet, Buddy is right there to help me.

Now that the hardest times are over, I often get to thinking it would be nice if my mother was alive, or the father I never knew—he died in a Civilian Conservation Corps camp—still lived, or if I had a brother or a sister, or if one of my three marriages had worked out. As it is, there's no family around to enjoy the nice things I have. I have to appreciate them by myself. But that's nothing new. In my twenty-nine years I've traveled a long road. The worst of it was that I had to travel that road mostly by myself.

As a boy growing up in Detroit, I had to work even before my mother was killed. I sold papers and set pins in a bowling alley. After she was killed, work was a matter of survival for me. I had to buy my own clothes and pay room and board to my grandfather. I washed dishes in a café, loaded trucks for a construction gang and helped around a junk yard. One year I ran a lift in a steel mill from midnight until seven in the morning. Then I changed clothes and went to school.

In school the other kids my age razzed me all the time. It wasn't only because I was so much bigger than anyone else. It was also because I was more interested in sports and mathematics than spelling and reading. If I didn't know how to spell some easy word like "cat" or "apple," everyone in class would start staring at me and giggling. As with other big, overgrown kids, it seemed like the only names they ever called me were Big Stupe, Big Dumbo and Dummy.

Sometimes the teasing got so bad I didn't know what to do. With my mother gone, there wasn't anyone I could run to. My grandfather loved me all right, and he did the best he knew how. But for some reason it was always hard for us to talk together. Instead of telling me what I was doing wrong and how to correct it, my grandfather would holler and whip me.

The worst whipping he ever gave me was after he caught me taking some of his booze. "Boy, I'm going to teach you a lesson," he said. "I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't ever forget." My grandfather stripped off my pants, tied me down to a bed and gave me a terrible whipping. I must admit I haven't stolen a drop of whisky since.

When I was in high school, I found some friends on the outside who didn't make fun of me. They were older fellows of twenty-three, twenty-four and twenty-five, who didn't do much of anything for a living. My grandfather told me they were no good. Maybe so, but with them I had my first drinks, played my first cards and shot my first pool. The important thing, though, was that they didn't tease me.

In school I played basketball and football. My football coach gave me the guts to play. When I started, I didn't have the guts. I was scared of the body contact.

I dropped out of Miller High after my junior year because a rival coach caught me playing softball for money that summer. I'd played a lot of semiprofessional softball and basketball under other names for as much as twenty and twenty-five dollars a game. After they caught me I couldn't compete for Miller any more, of course, so I just quit school. In May of this year they finally gave me a diploma. They had a big program for me, with speeches by school officials and some football players.

Within a few months of the time I left the school I married a girl named Ophelia. I was eighteen, and Ophelia was twenty-five. A friend of mine who studied psychology tells me I was trying to find another mother. I suppose I was. Ophelia and I had the first of many quarrels on Thanksgiving Day. I remember the day because my holiday dinner consisted of three hot dogs and a large root beer.

With all the bad news from the Korean War that was in the papers then, I wanted to avoid going into service, at least for a while. I was afraid I'd get hurt or maybe even killed. The first time they called me up for a physical examination I did what some of my hustler friends suggested. I lied. I told the psychiatrist I was sort of crazy. He marked me 4-F. Within a few weeks I realized this was a serious mistake. The next time they called me up, I was anxious to go. I passed the exam and chose the Marine Corps.

Everyone laughs about those signs that say join the service and learn a trade. Well, I learned my trade in the marines. At Camp Pendleton I learned how to play high-powered football. I played well enough to win a spot on the all-service team. By the time my stretch was ending in 1953, scouts from three different teams in the National League were sniffing around after me.

The Los Angeles Rams offered me $4500 a season. It didn't sound like much. I'd made a little more money working in the steel mill back in Detroit. After quibbling back and forth some, they signed me for $4800 and a beefsteak breakfast.

I joined the Rams in time for the last two games that year. They gave me a locker, a uniform and some bewildering defensive assignments. After two days of practice, Coach Hamp Pool called me off the bench during the Baltimore game.

"You're a professional now," Pool said. "Get in there and play like one."

As I lined up for my first play, I had the feeling every eye was focused directly on me. The play swung right at me. First a halfback knocked me down, then a guard and finally what felt like the whole Baltimore team came riding over me. I picked myself up and brushed off my pants. Now I was a professional.

Within a few days I had the first of many troubles with the Rams. I expected a check of $300, minus taxes, for the Baltimore game. They gave me a check for $2000 by mistake. When I saw all those naughts behind the number 2, I said h'm. I bought myself a used car, put some money in the bank and hid the rest in my apartment.

"At that game salary you'd be earning more than Bob Waterfield used to get," the general manager angrily told me after they found out. "Didn't you know it was a mistake?"

NEXT WEEK

AMERICA MUST GROW
By Walter Lippmann

I CALL ON PERRY COMO
By Pete Martin

SPECIAL COLOR FEATURE:

NORTH CAROLINA'S OUTER BANKS
By John Bird

TWILIGHT OF AFRICA'S GREAT BEASTS
By Smith Hempstone

A VISIT WITH ROBERT FROST
By Roger Kahn

DALE MESSICK,
CREATOR OF BRENDA STARR:

FIRST LADY OF THE FUNNIES
By Norma Lee Browning

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"I couldn't be sure," I said. "I thought maybe it was a bonus for playing a good game."

They finally got the money back by deducting it from my salary in 1954. In training camp that year my old fears came sizzling up again. It didn't look as if I'd make the squad. More than sixty players from colleges all over the country were banging heads to win the thirty-three available jobs. Every few days the coach would post a list of the names of players who hadn't made it.

The strain of waiting for the latest list put an edge on my temper. In one rough, tough scrimmage a big rookie tackle from Texas kept shoving me after the play was over. I didn't like him much anyway—he had made remarks about my complexion to some of the other fellows—and it took two coaches to pull me off him.

I can't remember how many other fights I had in training camp and during the season. I fought with teammates, I fought with players on the other clubs and I even started to go after an official in one game. Whether those people knew it or not, I was trying to hide my fears in fists.

My teammates gave me the name Big Daddy that year, but they didn't give me much of anything else. Most of them refused to accept me. In those days I was a big, inexperienced kid without any real education and without the ability to express myself the way they did. Sometimes I tried to remember the big words they used. One day I copied down the names of the books I saw in a defensive halfback's room. I went to a library, got a card and checked out the books to read.

Even with my size and lateral speed I wasn't a good football player then. Guards mousetrapped me when I went blowing in without looking to the inside. Guards and tackles working together double-teamed me on straight power plays. Instead of helping me, some of my teammates stood there abusing me and laughing when I got knocked off my feet in practice.

Partly because I thought the players might respect me and partly because I didn't have the ability and the guts to play good football, I played lots of mean ball while I was with Los Angeles. In a game against San Francisco, halfback John Henry Johnson came whooshing through my hole so fast I thought I caught a cold. I didn't want that to happen again. The next time he came my way I threw him down, fell on top of him and bit him hard on the leg. To this day John and I still laugh about that when we get together.

In another game with the Baltimore Colts I pitched a halfback across the sideline. My present coach and good friend, Weeb Ewbank, bawled something at me from the bench. I squared right off in the old stance.

"Come out here if you want some of this," I yelled, knuckling up my fists.

It wasn't long before I was out looking for some friends who would accept me in the cafés along Central Avenue. I found them, lots of them, the same sort of crowd I'd spent so much time with back in Detroit. It wouldn't have surprised me to learn that a few of them weren't exactly strangers down around police headquarters.

Now that I look back on it, I guess I really didn't have much in common with those friends. We had a taste for late hours and the bright lights. At the time that seemed to be enough. And in a strange way those fellows had respect for me. I never earned more than $6800 a season playing for the Rams, and I warmed my hind parts on the bench a lot. Still, I was sort of a celebrity to them because I was a professional football player.

Come to think of it, we did share another interest. Whether it was poker, blackjack or shooting dice, we all liked to take an occasional chance. And if those sports didn't always deal every card off the top or roll United States Government-inspected dice—well, I knew a trick or two myself. I ran a small stake up to $1100 one night, and up over $500 several other times. Once in a while I got so interested in a card game I wouldn't go to bed at all. I'd occasionally play cards all night, then change into some other clothes and hurry out to the park in time for practice.

One night in a car a friend started fussing around with a girl I happened to like. The only thing wrong with the punch I took at him was my sense of direction. My fist smashed clear through the car window. I cut an artery. A doctor patched me up and tried to cover up for me, but some players learned how it happened, and so did Hamp Pool. He gave me a blistering warning to straighten out.

After the Rams signed Sid Gillman as coach in 1955, things got even worse for me. In a key game against a top team one of their guards put a "cobra clutch" on me. To me the game movies later showed that he was holding me illegally, but the referee stepped fifteen yards off against us. Gillman jerked me right out of the game.

"You big clown, we're trying to win a championship," he said.

"Hell, I want to win it myself," I hollered back. They tell me my voice reached fans in the first few rows. "What do you think I'm out here for?"

I don't think Gillman ever forgot that. I don't think he ever forgot a few other incidents either. In the play-off game with Cleveland he didn't work me more than two minutes.

What little home life I had in Los Angeles didn't amount to much. I divorced my first wife, married another girl and divorced her. I didn't mind losing the second wife as much as losing the 1956 Mercury to her. I loved that car. It was the first decent car I ever owned. After she took possession I poured a box of sugar down the gas tank. When she told me she had to buy a new gas line and engine

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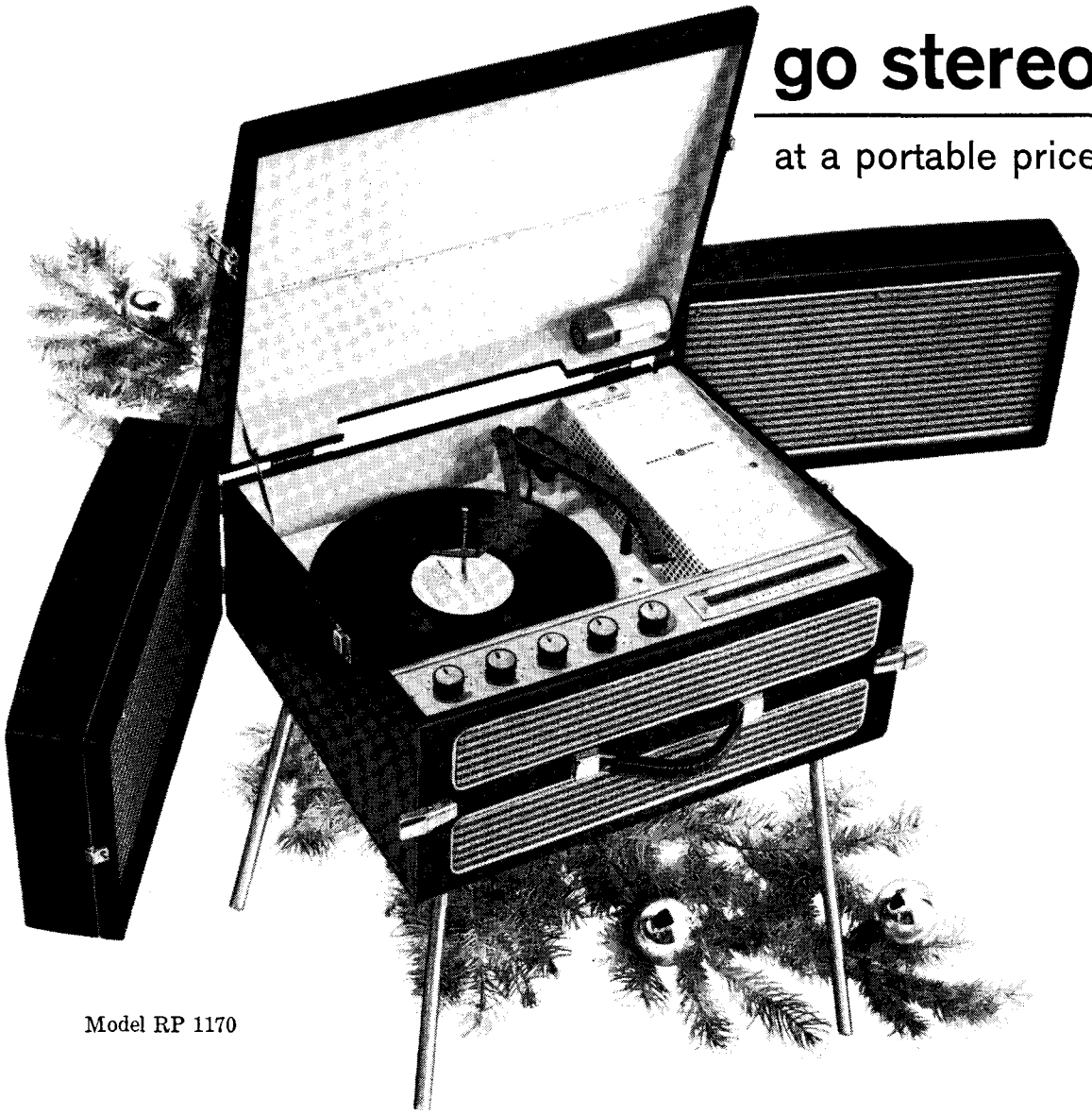
Arise, My Love

By Suzanne Douglass

The toast is burnt, the
coffee's weak;
It's amber in the cup.
There's no hot water either,
The children used it up.

The morning paper's on the
roof;
That newsboy's such a
clown.
You'll have to get a ladder
If you want to get it down.

The car won't start; I tried it,
But I think the battery's
dead.
Arise, my love, and greet the
dawn;
I'm going back to bed.



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Model RP 1170

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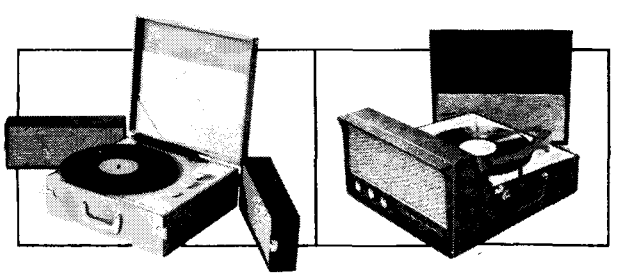
It's true stereo—and it's BIG sound! Wing speakers may be detached to give you wide sound that comes from everywhere.

The model at left (RP1170) has four 6½" General Electric Dynapower speakers, (two in the main cabinet, one in each wing). "Expanded Stereo" control gives even wider sound. 12-watt music power stereo amplifier. Diamond stylus. Exclusive "Record Saver" lets you remove records from jackets without smudging the sound. Removable legs make it a consolette.

See the full line of General Electric Stereo Compacts at your dealer's now. General Electric Company, Audio Products Section, Decatur, Ill.



RP 1100. Two 4" speakers. Sapphire styli, four speeds.

RP 1128. Two 5¼" speakers. Sapphire styli, four speeds.

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afterward, I just cluck-clucked sympathetically and acted like I knew nothing about it.

In 1956 I wasn't sure just where I stood with Los Angeles. They didn't work me much in the preseason games until the final one against the Chicago Cardinals, but I played the whole game on defense that night. While I was peeling down for a shower, feeling fairly happy, Gillman came over. I thought he was going to congratulate me on a bruising game. He wasn't. He told me the Rams had waived me to Baltimore earlier that day.

I thought Gillman gave me a raw deal, especially in making me work the full game knowing I wasn't Los Angeles property any more. I still think so.

On the flight to Baltimore I considered my prospects. At the age of twenty-five, there I was, going to a strange new town to join a strange new team and try to win myself a job all over again. By the time we landed I wasn't hopeful.

But Buddy Young met me at the Colt office and screwed my courage up some right away. Buddy had retired a few days before. On the way out to an apartment he'd arranged for me, he told me, "Baltimore is the land of opportunity for you, Daddy. You can have almost anything you want here with the Colts. All you have to do is play winning football and behave yourself. I know you have the ability to play winning football. I hope you've grown up enough to behave yourself."

The next morning I set out to win a starting job. Everything went well for me until our first game with Detroit. We lost, mostly because I played a terrible game. The Lions rode right through me with the same old traps and double-team blocks. Afterward I walked through the night to a café, where I started drinking beer.

As I was tipping up my fourth beer, talking with fans, the door opened. In walked Buddy Young. Since I was feeling so low about losing the game for us, it was good to see my friend coming toward me.

"I was ashamed of you tonight," Buddy said in a loud voice. "They should have made you buy a ticket to see the game."

I couldn't believe my ears. I couldn't believe the closest friend I had was turning against me in front of everyone.

"You may be big and strong, but you're nothing as a football player—absolutely nothing," he went on. His words echoed through the café.

Slowly I climbed up off my stool. If Buddy had been six inches taller or fifty pounds heavier, I would have knocked him across the room. I started hollering at him instead. Even now I remember the last thing I hollered before I walked out by myself. "I'm going to be better than you ever thought you were," I yelled.

Whether Buddy said those things because he wanted to jar me some, as he says, or because they happened to be the truth, as they were, that bad night changed my life. As I lay on my bed crying, I resolved that what I'd hollered at Buddy back in the café wasn't just some more of my talk. I swore to myself that I'd make myself as good a player as Buddy had been—and someday they'd retire my jersey number, 76, just like the Colts had his.

I ran down a list in my head, swearing off the bad things forever. I swore off gambling, and rambling around late at night during the season, fighting and playing mean. Before I fell asleep I'd sworn off practically all my old habits.

Several nights at practice that week I stayed out late to work on a lower charge and greater impact. Art Donovan helped me, and Gino Marchetti, and our line coach, Frank Lauterbur, and some of the other Colts. For the first time in my life my teammates took an interest in me.

After a while my defensive charge had a real kick to it. I learned how to crash across the line, hold my body low, jar one blocker with a shoulder and handfight another, look to the inside for trap blockers and follow the angle of play. It wasn't long before I was sometimes pulling the quarterback off his feet before he had time to unload the pass.

Gradually I improved. The more I worked at football, the less I missed my old way of life. Since then I haven't ever lost faith with my pledges. I haven't gambled or stayed out all night. I haven't fought and played roughneck football either, except for one time when I was provoked during a game against the Detroit Lions.

On a kickoff play late in the game my assignment was to block the Detroit kicker, Jim Martin. I took him out with a good clean block. Martin got to his feet, turned and ran down the field. I peeled back and knocked him down again. He got up bawling mad. I heard him yell, "You shouldn't be trying to play football. You should be down on Hastings Street with the other niggers."

All the old taunts of "nigger" came boiling up in my head. In full view of the officials, my grandfather, some of my high-school friends and the other fans in Briggs Stadium, I slugged Martin right in the face. It was one of the best punches I ever threw. The referee penalized us fifteen yards and waved me out of the game.

By the grades Weeb Ewbank gives us after running films of the games, I had a fine season in 1957. Nobody else made 135 tackles, like I did. We missed winning our division title in the last two games, which was a jolt to everyone, and I didn't make the Pro Bowl squad, which was a jolt to me. But I knew beyond any doubt that both Baltimore and Daddy were on the way.

Football fans will remember how we made it the following year. With Johnny Unitas throwing strikes to Lennie Moore, Raymond Berry and Jim Mutscheller, and fullback Alan Ameche driving holes in the enemy line, we won our division without much trouble. If it took us a historic overtime period to beat the Giants in the championship game, that just made the victory all the sweeter.

To read the newspapers afterward, I was more than another defensive lineman with the champs. I finally had come of age. The sports writers kindly described me as the best tackle in the game. Even Buddy Young admitted that he was satisfied with my play, although he had a reservation.

"There's only one tackle any better than you," he told me. "And that's you yourself. With your size, speed and strength you can improve to a point where you'll be the greatest tackle who ever played pro ball."

Last year we won our second-straight championship, beating the Giants in a play-off again.

Abe Gibron of the Chicago Bears, who's been playing against me for a long time, pulled me aside after one game. "Daddy, you've grown up," he said. "You rack us up a lot, but it's a pleasure to bump heads with a real man."

One reason why the Colts and Daddy have done so well is because of our high-balling team spirit. We don't have dissension on the Colts, or envy, or the sort of backbiting I used to see in Los Angeles. Much of the credit is due to Carroll Rosenbloom, who owns the team. He's one of the greatest fellows in the world, and it's a privilege to play for him. He cares about something besides our blocks and tackles. Carroll keeps telling us to get into some business for ourselves, preferably right in Baltimore, where we're making our reputations, and he reminds us that pro football is a short life. When I was having the sort of alimony miseries I'd rather forget, it was Carroll who helped me out.

Unfortunately, I tried marriage again after I moved to Baltimore. But my third one wasn't any more successful than the others. Either I'm not the marrying kind, or else I never seem to find the right girl. I wish I knew which it was.

One thing that bothered me for a long time was the banquets and big dinners I'm often invited to. The men were always nice enough, of course, and they seemed to be interested in what I had to say about football. But they kept talking to one another about serious subjects I didn't know much about. So I started reading magazines, some books and the newspapers. I taught myself to read the front pages and the business sections, instead of just sports and the comics.

Even then I still didn't feel comfortable around other people. Sometimes there were so many forks next to my plate I didn't know which one to use. Occasionally everyone else would still be eating when I was already finished. Finally I asked Buddy Young if he and his wife Geraldine would help me. I asked if they would spend some evenings training me like they did their four children.

They said they'd be happy to do it. We made a sort of game of it. While Buddy and the children sat around to correct me, Geraldine would walk into the dining room. I'd stand up, hold her chair out for her and help her off with her wrap. If she took a cigarette at the table, I'd light it for her. At dinner I'd pass rolls and butter and food to her before I served myself, and I'd help her up at the end of the meal.

On a tape recorder Buddy brought home from the radio station, the family helped me learn the proper things to say. "How do you do," I'd say into the microphone, or "It's nice to meet you," or "I hope to see you again." Then I'd listen to the tape to see whether I was doing all right. I'm still no social butterfly, but after three months of training with Buddy and his family I'm sure of myself around other people.

Nowadays I have lots of nice friends in Baltimore. They're in respectable businesses—real estate, restaurant, radio, medicine and even a couple of college professors. They treat me like anyone else in the crowd. On the street, men, women and children I haven't met before stop and say hello to me.

Between seasons I wrestle in cities all over the country. I earn as much as $1000 in one night. Wrestling amounts to almost a full-time job from January through June. But I still manage to play a few games with our Baltimore Colt basketball team. Unitas, Jim Parker and a few others make extra pocket money playing local all-star basketball squads around Maryland and southeastern Pennsylvania.

In Baltimore I share a big, comfortable five-room apartment with tackle Sherman Plunkett. We bought a lot of Danish furniture and stacks of records for our phonograph, and we have our football trophies on display up on shelves. I have a plain old American bed which is a special size—eight feet long and eight feet wide. For transportation I drive a 1960 Cadillac, somewhat larger.

Every once in a while someone invites me to make a speech. I'm not what you would call a fancy speaker, but I'm able to get up and say what I think at N.A.A.C.P. meetings, churches, civic clubs and sports gatherings.

Now that I've made a new life and won some respect for myself in Baltimore, I try to advise new players on the squad—especially the Negroes who might need help—like Buddy Young did with me. In training camp this year I noticed a rookie lineman with a sad hangdog face in the locker room after practice. I asked him what was wrong.

"I'm scared," he said.

"What are you scared of?" I asked.

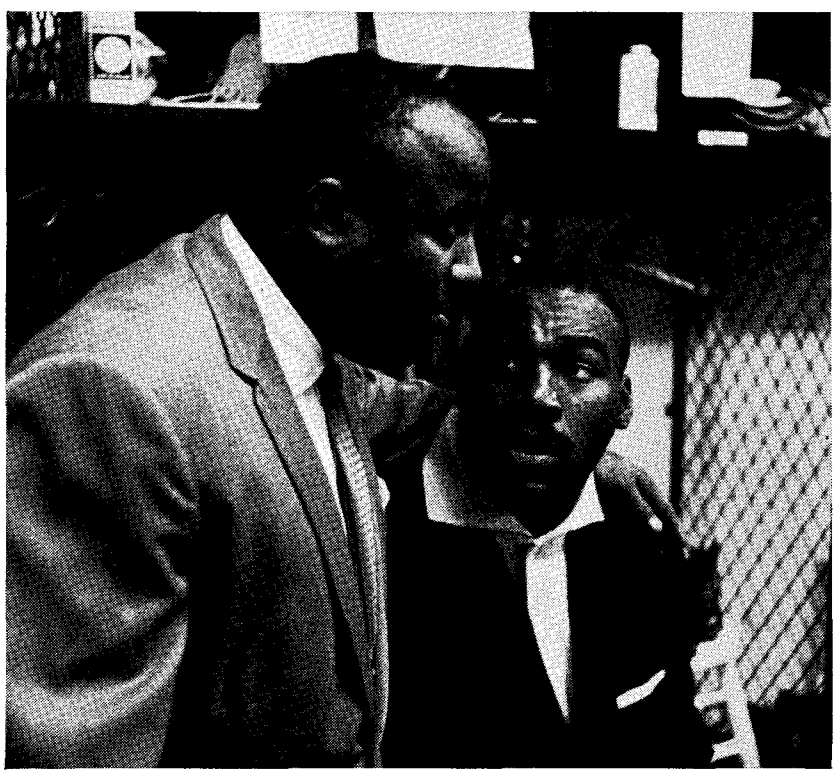
"I'm scared I won't make the Colts."

"Anything else?"

"No. That's all."

I could sympathize with him, but in a way I thought he was a lucky fellow. He knew exactly what his fear was. Even today I'm not so sure why I sometimes get scared. But it's all getting better. It's getting better mostly because of the nice things football has brought me.

THE END



Big Daddy Lipscomb (right), Baltimore Colts tackle, and ex-Colt halfback Buddy Young. Lipscomb says Young helped him to grow up and learn to behave himself.

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Her Honor, the Mayor

(Continued from Page 37)

his frustration by hitting Fogarty not quite on the nose, but near enough, raising a lump the size of a litchi nut. It was Fogarty's poor fortune that the only witness to this incident—a political appointee named Felix Feaster—was Sovereign City's chief of police.

"'Disorderly conduct'?" Fogarty said. "Why? Because I didn't invite them to slug the other side of my head?"

"Please, Joe," said Dunphy nervously.

"As for the *Citizen-Star*," said Fogarty, "let me tell you something. I wouldn't wrap a clean fish in the Sunday edition."

Dunphy winced at such reckless talk in a one-newspaper town. "Let's just say you was never cut out for politics, Joe. Even when you was on the cops."

"Never mind when I was on the cops."

"Always fightin' city hall," said Dunphy. "Like Don what's-'is-name—the Spaniard with the windmill."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Path Through the Pasture

By Dionis Coffin Riggs

If I had made
A firm path through the
pasture,
I could walk now
On a smooth white ribbon
Between wild-flower beds,
Where snow has starred
The aster seeds,
The stalks of goldenrod;
Or touched the wild indigo,
And filled each milkweed
pod.

I sink deep
In snowy wood grass
Beyond the pasture bars;
I trample the wild white
flowerets,
And shake off all their stars.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Don Ameche," Fogarty said.

Dunphy looked at his watch, then put a key in the lock of the cell gate. "It's eight o'clock," he said. "You get two hours off for good behavior."

Fogarty put on his jacket and brushed the lint of a bed blanket from his pants. It was certainly a handsome jail. Recently completed by the Golden Age Construction Company, it was, as Fogarty had stated publicly, "a pretty pen for a pretty penny." The bond issue figured to be amortized in the year 2035.

"A smoke, Joe?"

"Thank you."

Dunphy held a light for him. Leaning closer, Dunphy said, "Just between you and me, because the final count ain't in yet, Luther Gantry won't be the mayor of this town after January one."

Fogarty said, "What?"

"You heard me. Just like you, he's trailin' in every ward."

Fogarty looked at Dunphy through the rising cigarette smoke and felt the initial waves of satisfaction building to a tide. For the first time now, as background to the glad news, he could hear the gay and distant music of a celebrating band. He began to giggle, his own disaster forgotten in the triumph of a more deserving man. He had not dared believe that Luther Gantry and his city-wide machine could be defeated. This was because Mr. Gantry had a gift for concealing his depredations in the fat folds of his excessive charm. Whereas Ancil Hobart, the other major candidate, had proved himself a virtuous loser through too many campaigns. Ancil, for all his valid qualities, had the personality of a sandpaper sandwich, and while he stood faithfully on the side of the angels, he was most times standing alone.

"So old Ancil did it, huh? After all these years?"

"Ancil?" said Dunphy. "Who's talkin' about that blue-nosed pelican? He's runnin' last. I'm talkin' about the independent candidate, Joey—the one you all said didn't have a chance."

Fogarty stared at him.

"Laura Travers, Joey. That's who. The first lady of Sovereign City, like I say. A clean-cut, beautiful broad from a distinguished family. I used to know her old man pretty good." He looked now at the speechless Fogarty. "Didn't you used to play a little footsie with Laura, back in your school days, Joey?"

Fogarty, in his stunned condition, did not reply to this. "God help us all" was the best and the most he could say.

He walked slowly up Carlton Street toward Main. It was a clear and tonic November night, loud with the idiot bells and honking horns of the political amateurs who had raised Miss Travers to the highest office the city (pop. 102,506) could bestow. A bonfire burned as big as a building in MacArthur Park, three blocks away. He could hear the crackle and snap of it and see its rich glow in the sky.

Headquarters for the nonpartisan Citizens Crusade Committee was in the not-quite-completed home of a new supermarket that was flag-bedecked and half the size of an armory. Fogarty supposed it was his obligation, as a major voice in the city-wide campaign, to congratulate the mayor-elect.

"Excuse me," he said in the wild and thickening traffic outside the place. "Excuse me, please."

The victory marchers were for the most part college boys and hoarse coeds from the local university. *A children's crusade for a childlike candidate*, he thought with sympathy. *What the devil could they know about the real affairs of a captive city? These innocents, along with the Ladies' League, the Daughters of Destiny and the other odd-ball groups that had given the city what it needed least—a rapturous first lady with a noble but empty head.*

He went inside and immediately encountered Felix Feaster, the chief of police, a mountainous man, who was gazing at him over a paper plate of potato salad. "Hello, Joey," Feaster said. "Your time was up, huh?"

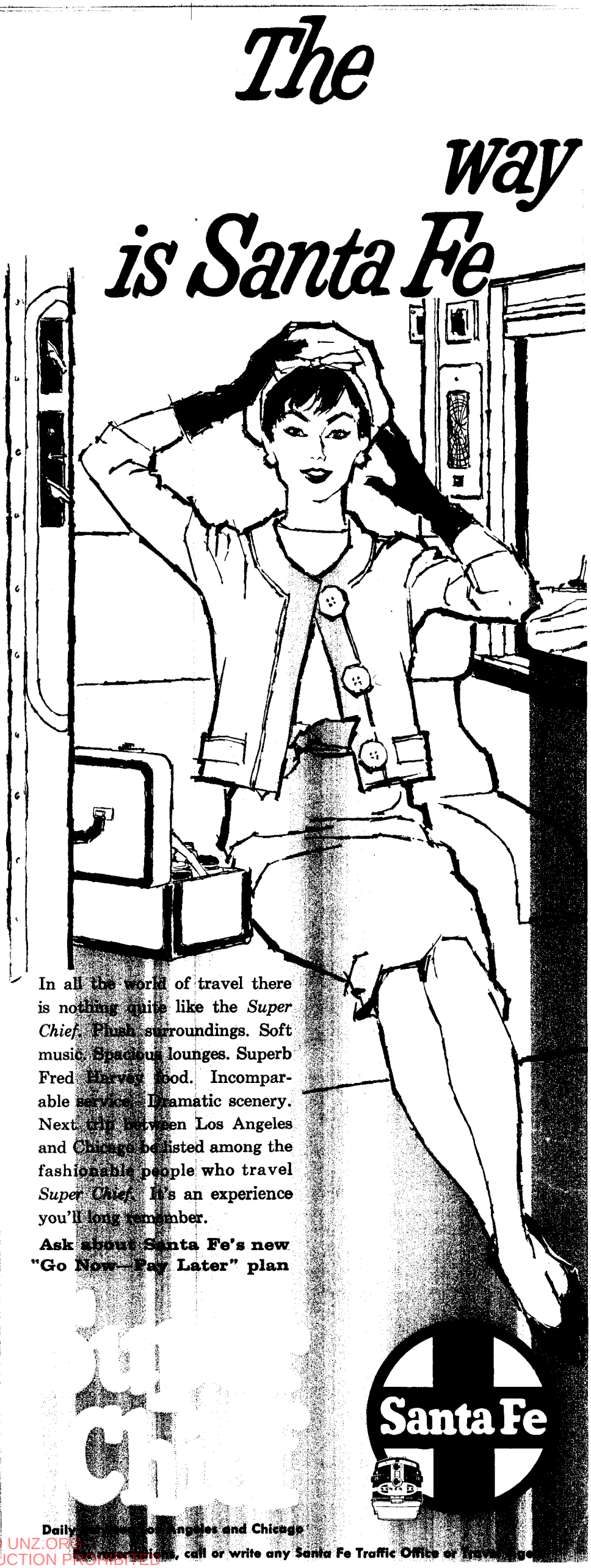
"That's right, Felix. I paid my debt to society. When do you pay yours?"

He spoke loudly enough for nearby heads to turn, but the chief contrived a smile. Fogarty moved on to a table laden with home-type goodies by the members of the Ladies' League. He was hungry, having declined the creamed chipped beef and kidney beans served at the 5:30 supper hour, in jail.

"Some coffee, Mr. Fogarty?" an elderly lady asked.

"That would be nice," he said.

He ate seven finger-shaped sandwiches and spilled half the coffee while swiveling his neck for a fair glimpse of the mayor-elect. It wasn't easy to see more than the top of her hat as she moved about obscured by a following crowd. But he could hear her laughter—deeper, richer, more womanly than he remembered it.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One reason was that laughter had seldom attended their occasional meetings in recent years. It wasn't a thing he would be nasty enough to advertise, but Laura Travers would be thirty years old on December fourth. He had long been aware of her birthdays and had counted them like lost teeth since the night she became seventeen. That was the evening of their first political argument, when she had given him back his gold basketball and advised him to stick it in his ear. All because he had suggested that her old man, a senior senator, was not the wisest American since Lincoln. He took such matters gravely, then as now.

"Some more coffee, Mr. Fogarty? It doesn't last when you spill it." It was the same nice lady from the Ladies' League. She said her name was Mrs. Wiggett and she had known him when he was a boy delivering for a dry cleaner.

"Of course," he said. "Three-twenty-one-and-a-half Thruckby Lane East. Apartment A." He was ashamed not to have known her.

"Who hit you in the face, dear?" Mrs. Wiggett asked.

He tried to avoid the question, since he had never been proud of his inability to cope with the physical side of Luther Gantry.

"Was it Felix Feaster?" Mrs. Wiggett asked. "Him and his personal NKVD? Was it?"

Fogarty shook his head and rose a little higher on his toes. Laura had just broken free of the crowd surrounding her, and for a moment their glances met. She smiled and waved to him, while his heart turned slowly, heavily, like a lazy dog in the sun. It was a standard reaction to be endured. It had no bearing on his political conscience or his views of the campaign. That he loved her, mutely and hopelessly, was a secret all his own.

"I didn't believe one blessed word of anything I read in the *Citizen-Star* about your troubles," Mrs. Wiggett said.

"You're very kind," he told her. He had already put down his cup and was gazing toward the entrance where the Honorable Luther Gantry had appeared. The incumbent mayor, though defeated, was a man of poise and unstinted style. He could be relied upon, in public, to do the gracious and sporting thing. "He makes an impressive figure, doesn't he?" Mrs. Wiggett said. "I mean, in spite of all the things you hear, I say let's give the devil his due."

"I'd like to," Fogarty said.

This good woman was smiling already, he noted; likely enough, under Gantry's spell, she would soon begin to glow. He watched the mayor step forward now with easy gallantry and bow to the mayor-elect. Fogarty, stirred by his baser nature, longed for a pie to throw.

"Since the people have spoken," Mr. Gantry was saying, "I'm content to step aside." He paused long enough to rest a practiced eye on the richly turned, rewarding sight of her. "This time, my dear, they have chosen with their hearts, their heads and their eyes."

Applause and laughter and many flash bulbs attended this display of schmaltz. You could no longer see the principals in the milling crowd, but again and again you heard the one word, "Charming!"

Charming? thought Fogarty. *How charming was it to have the joints and horserooms, under Felix Feaster's surveillance, as easy to enter as MacArthur Park? Or the eleven miles of streets being torn up and repaved for no conceivable reason except that the Golden Age Construction Company had nothing more gainful to do?*

He would have left quietly then had he not been intercepted by Benny Hines, a busy dumpling of a man who was the "Inquiring Photographer" for the *Citizen-Star*.

"How do you feel about the events of today, Mr. Fogarty?" Benny asked. "As one who has been in—shall we say—the 'thick' of things?" Here Benny smiled.

"I wasn't in the thick of anything," Fogarty said. "I was in the new three-hundred-thousand-dollar jail and you were taking my picture."

"I seem to recall that," Benny said wryly. A hush had descended on the crowd. "Skipping the contest for city council, Mr. Fogarty, where you might be—well, sensitive—would you care to comment on the election of Miss Travers?"

"Yes," said Fogarty. "I would say it's the greatest blow to universal suffrage since the *Reichstag* was handed over to Hitler in 1933."

There was a gasp among the witnesses, as though Womanhood, Democracy and the American Way had been impaled on one cruel blade. Luther Gantry had swung dramatically about, while the chief of police put his second plate of potato salad aside.

"The defeat of Ancil Hobart," Fogarty continued, "and the election of an inexperienced woman, at this time, is equivalent to giving the city back to the same set of burglars who have controlled it for eight years. I say you can't cure a sick horse with a manicure."

Laura Travers stepped forward. A quiet raising of her hands forestalled the intervention of any eager volunteers.

"Thank you, Joe," she said softly. "Thank you for your confidence in me."

He stood watching her, and it hurt. Her eyes had moistened voluntarily.

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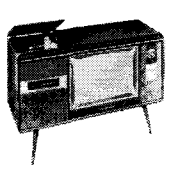

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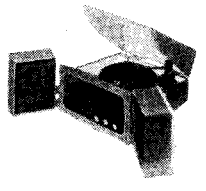

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The injury was real. He wanted desperately to say something in amendment, but he did not believe this was the time for watering down his convictions. If she hadn't wanted to stub her sweet ideals, she should have kept them out of perilous affairs.

"Have you anything more to say, Joe?"

"Nothing," he replied.

And since he could not with any grace return to the free sandwiches, he did what dignity demanded—he got out of there.

It was a kind of Halloween night, with a cold slice of moon above the town. A bitter wind was frisking the streets, raising lightweight rubbish and campaign throwaways in a lazy, slow-motion storm. Around ten o'clock he entered O'Mara's Municipal Tavern, a modest and respectable saloon. It was also empty. A number of FOGARTY FOR COUNCIL posters were on display.

"Humph," O'Mara said. "The people's choice."

"I'm sorry, Paddy."

"I've had one customer since the polls closed at seven o'clock," O'Mara said. "Ancil Hobart, the 'economy' candidate. He bought a ten-cent cup of tea."

There wasn't much that Fogarty could say. He put a dollar on the bar and watched O'Mara draw a high-collared beer from pipes that had not been active through the day or night.

A good neighbor is one who makes his noise at the same time you make yours.

JOHN J. PLOMP

"I see where you done it again," O'Mara said.

"You see where I did what?"

"Insulted her with one of your fancy speeches. The finest young woman in town. The same girl's father—Lord rest him, the senator—he'd have taken a cane to your head."

"Now wait a minute, Paddy," Fogarty protested. "There was nothing personal in what I said."

"That's not what I heard."

"I don't care what you heard. People come into a saloon and they're apt to tell you anything."

"They didn't come in. That's what I'm complainin' about. They shouted it through the door, then took their business down the street. Me with your pictures hangin' all over the place."

"I see," said Fogarty. He was saddened that an actual boycott had been O'Mara's reward for the faithful support of a friend. "I think it might be wise to take the posters down now, Paddy," he said.

Together, in silence, and undisturbed by customers, they took the posters down and stacked them on the bar—fourteen in all.

"I'd thought of usin' the reverse sides for menus," O'Mara said. "The businessmen's lunch. I don't think it would be wise."

They had a beer together, and for a while they listened to the radio. It was nice, soft, nonpolitical music. A cop looked in, set his watch by the clock above the bar, then in blank-faced silence moved along. O'Mara turned back to Fogarty. "Why did they fire you off the cops, Joe?"

"I wasn't fired. I was one, two on the list for sergeant, with Eddie Morganmeister. The two of us quit when Felix Feaster took over. That was almost eight years ago."

"Isn't that when you went to New York to study law?"

"Just after that. What with going to school and holding down a couple of jobs, I was in New York for about six years."

"You mind if I tell you something?"

"I don't mind—no."

"Politics ain't your racket, Joe. You should have stayed in New York."

Fogarty walked back to Main Street, where he maintained an office one flight up a set of wide, worn stairs. He was hopeful, under the veil of night, to haul some of his campaign trophies to the street and leave them for the one who could handle them best—the garbage man. An insistent telephone was ringing, but it wasn't until he had a key in the downstairs door that he realized it was his. He scrambled up the stairs, ran past the darkened office of his neighbor, a chiropodist, entered his own small office wildly and picked up the phone. "Hello?" he said. "Hello?"

He was just in time to hear it click off at the other end. He displayed his character nicely by suppressing an impulse to heave the receiver at a wall. He switched on a light and then sat down on an unopened case of ANCIL HOBART buttons to regain his breath. He watched the phone like a breathing bomb. It did not ring again. He found himself staring next at a twice-sized model of the human foot. It had been mounted handsomely by the chiropodist next door, and it was captioned, PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD WITH FOGARTY. He had never considered this a real whiz-dinger of a slogan. He carried it down to the street with other disposables, put a wedge under the outer

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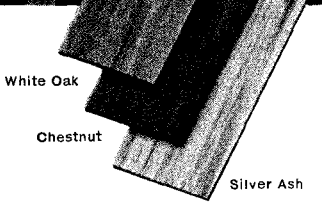

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door for future trips, then returned to his office for fresh cargo.

This wasn't hard to find. For reasons of economy the final days of his campaign had been largely do-it-yourself. A pair of work pants hung inelegantly from a nail. A large pot of glue had overturned and congealed on the rug, holding in its sticky grasp a set of shears, some thumbtacks and half a hard-boiled egg. A random lot of clumsy signs, plus seven open cans of paint gave evidence that Fogarty had labored bravely, if in vain. He was on his hands and knees, attempting to tug the shears free of the glue when Laura Travers appeared.

"Do you mind if I step in?" she asked. He stared in helplessness. He would as leave the earth had swallowed him whole as to have her find him as he must appear—a futile and disorderly slob. "I saw your lights on," she explained. "The door was open downstairs."

He stood up, his fingers sticky with glue, which he foolishly attempted to rub off on the good pair of pants he was wearing. She looked tired and beautiful and belligerent.

"Let me get a chair for you, Laura."

"I don't expect to be that long," she assured him. "I'd simply like to find out something without having Benny Hines and his camera to immortalize the event."

"Yes?" he said.

"Why did you have to behave like an orangutan tonight?"

He looked at her blankly. "What?"

"An orangutan, I said. A two-legged beast, mad at the world, with a firecracker in your nose."

"That's real nice. Thank you. I didn't hear you say anything like that to Luther Gantry."

"I accepted Luther's congratulations, if that's what you mean. Did you want me to stick a finger in his eye?"

"Look, Laura," he said more kindly because—well, the sight of her always melted him down. "Laura, listen."

She wasn't ready to listen. "Don't you think I know as well as you that Gantry and Felix Feaster would steal the steeple off a church?"

"Do you?"

"Does it necessarily require a pinch-fisted puritan like Ancil Hobart to add, subtract and multiply while reading the city budget? Don't you think I know who's fattening whose pockets from the city jail, the new reservoir and those eleven miles of city streets that we don't need repaved? Do I have to *look* like Ancil Hobart?"

His heart soared with new pride in her. He watched her breathe deeply and defiantly. "No, Laura," he conceded, "you don't look like Ancil at all."

"You've been difficult ever since Rutherford B. Hayes High School," she accused him. "Thick-headed. A mule. Impossibly sensitive. Why?"

It was love, he could have told her, *but you were the senator's daughter, spouting your old man's opinions then and having none of your own.*

"I'm not fool enough to think I can manage everything alone in this town," Laura said. "Gantry will still control the council, whether he's in office or not, and they can outvote me on a hundred things. I'll need your help because you know more about what's going on than anyone. And Ancil's assistance, if ——"

The phone rang then, and both of them jumped. Fogarty hastened to his desk and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" he said. . . . "Yes, I'll accept the charges, thank you. . . . Eddie? . . . You're in Syracuse now? . . . Eddie, how could I have answered the phone, either here or home, if I was in jail all day? . . . That's right, in jail all day till eight P.M. . . . No; I'll tell you when I see you. . . . What? . . . P. T. Finnegan? . . . No, Eddie. . . . P. is for —— *What?* . . . You're kidding, Eddie. . . . Oh, that's wonderful! . . . Yeah, Fullam, Arnold F. Fullam, that's it. . . . Twenty-three per cent's the figure I gave you. . . . Fullam is? . . . No, Eddie, on the level, kid. . . . We'll give you the choice of the town—the public library, if you can use it. . . . No, Ancil got licked, and so did I. . . . Don't let it get you down. . . . Call me the minute you get home, boy. . . . Many, many thanks, Eddie. . . . Good-by."

He put down the phone and turned in a mood of victory to the puzzled mayor-elect. "That was Eddie," he said.

"Eddie?"

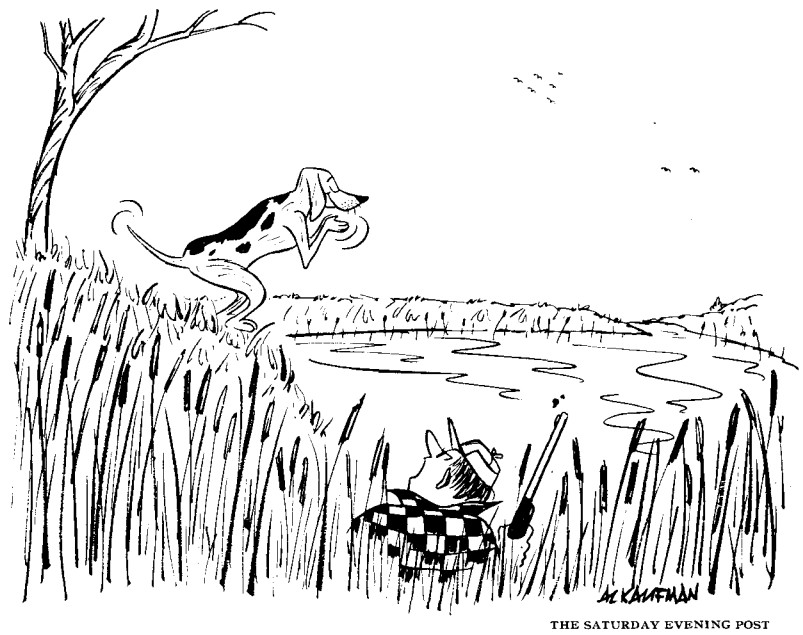
"Eddie Morganmeister. He was in the detective division with me when Felix Feaster took over. He quit the same time."

"He's a lawyer too?"

"No, ma'am. He's an insurance investigator for Sovereign Fidelity. You know, pussyfoot around and find out who put the cyanide in the oatmeal?"

"Please don't try to be colorful, Joe. If it's important, tell me. What are you grinning about?"

"It's like this," he said. "You take Golden Age Construction. They've been handling every (*Continued on Page 100*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just get the duck, don't ham it up!"

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(*Continued from Page 98*) big contract this city has granted for the last five years. You can call it a dummy corporation, on the basis that dummies don't talk, but not on the basis that dummies can't get rich. You follow me?"

"I'm listening, Joe—please."

"Anyhow, there are two large stockholders in the Golden Age that we hadn't been able to check—a P. T. Finnegan and an Arnold Fullam, both of Syracuse. Eddie was going to Syracuse on regular business, so we had him look into it as best he could."

"Go on, Joe. Yes?"

"This will kill you," he assured her. "With P. T. Finnegan, it turns out that P. stands for Pauline. She owns forty-one per cent of the stock. She didn't have the price of a bent broom five years ago, and she is Luther Gantry's aunt."

"No!" said Laura Travers.

"Yes!" said Fogarty.

And in jubilance, automatically, they were bowing congratulations, one to the other, and at the same time they were holding hands.

"I can't stand it!" said the mayor-elect. "It's too much, honestly! A thing like this could run Luther out of town!"

"Now wait," said Fogarty. "Hear this. Arnold Fullam, a retired gas-meter reader, owns twenty-three per cent of the stock. He is Felix Feaster's brother-in-law."

"No!" said Laura Travers.

"Yes!" said Fogarty.

The mayor-elect began to bloom. "I could kiss that Eddie—what did you say his name was?"

"Morganmeister."

"All right, Morganmeister. Even with that name, bless him, I could squeeze him like a lemon."

"He's in Syracuse," Fogarty reminded her.

She looked at him. "I didn't mean it literally."

He looked at her. "Morganmeister's married, unavailable, and he won't be back till Tuesday." He was still holding her hands. It all seemed innocent enough because—well, here they were on such gay and unaccustomed terms, two ancient thorns miraculously bearing buds. He just held her and kissed her more roundly than he ever had when she was seventeen.

"Us orangutans," said Fogarty.

"Please, Joe," Laura protested, as a lady is entitled, but she did not kick him or jump on his feet.

This was also the moment the room was flooded with the stunning glare of a photographer's flash bulb. The mayor-elect shrieked, "Stop him!" before Benny Hines of the *Citizen-Star*, with camera, was halfway to the stairs. Fogarty pursued him fiercely and might well have caught the little man had he not tripped over his own campaign material en route. This way Benny acquired a lead of thirty yards.

They ran north on Richmond Street, and it was reasonable to assume that Benny was bearing his trophy to the city room of the *Citizen-Star*. Fogarty ran with an urgency that matched the pounding of his pulse. He was aware of his own responsibility for what might well become the "picture of the year." Benny, no doubt, had seen the lights on in his office, then noted Laura's car below. The natural instincts of a keyhole journalist accounted for the rest. They ran in tandem fury for the length of Richmond Street, their feet loud on the paving. Windows opened overhead.

"Police!" one woman shouted. "Police!"

At the end of Richmond, Benny fooled him, veering left instead of right. Fogarty, gaining a little, still pursued him—up to, and into, city hall. The mayoralty suite was the third wide door to your left. It was here that Fogarty—abetted by someone's extended foot—collapsed.

Fogarty was not knocked out. He was merely stupefied. From a sitting position he was able to exchange unfriendly nods of greeting with Felix Feaster, the very girthful, watchful chief of police. He then saw Benny Hines making elaborate gestures with his camera, attempting to communicate to Luther Gantry something which, in his present condition, he lacked the breath to express.

"What are you trying to tell me?" Gantry said.

Benny gasped for air, then pointed to Fogarty, who was getting to his feet. "Him," said Benny, managing the single word, but again he resorted to pantomime. He held the camera fondly, as though it were the head of some supple figure he was bending at the waist. The performance was artful, if indecent, and it was manifestly plain.

"Him and who?" said Luther.

"Him—an' her," said Benny, his supply of breath increasing. "The new—first lady—o' the town."

The incumbent mayor's eyes grew big as eggs. "Say that again?"

"I caught 'em—beak to beak—right in his office." Benny patted his camera with unfeigned affection. "I got it—here."

Felix Feaster joined Gantry now. The two important men stood side by side in pleased reflection, arms folded, eyes on Fogarty, their faces split with smiles. They nodded, one to the other, then in unison flexed their knees.

"You rascal," the mayor said to Fogarty, more in tribute than in blame. He turned to Feaster. "How about this guy?"

Feaster beamed. "He's the sneaky-sheiky type. That's what he is. More power to the boy." The chief sat down.

"That's why I came here with the negative, instead of to the paper," Benny said. "The paper only pays me a salary. I figured, what with election night and all, you'd still be here."

"That's true, Benny; fine," said Gantry. "Now shut up a minute, huh?" He gave his attention to Fogarty. "Joey, we've known each other a long time, haven't we? I mean—well, even last night, when I had to cool you off, I said to Felix later, I said, 'That Fogarty may be stupid, but he's dead game.' Did I or didn't I say that, Felix?"

"You said it," the chief of police agreed.

"I'm even willing to admit that a perfect dumpling of a lady mayor mightn't be the worst thing that could have happened," Gantry continued. "With the right kind of publicity—she being a senator's daughter and all—it could sharpen things up and bring a lot of new industry to town. I'm speaking of a policy of live-and-let-live, Joey."

"Tell me more," said Fogarty.

"Put it this way then. A vulgar man might call it blackmail. I'm only pointing out that with a living, breathing valentine, such as Benny's got in his camera, we can come to a sensible agreement. The senator's daughter takes the bows, but Felix stays as chief of police. I've got my own little hobbies, but no matter. Otherwise we'd have to put this living, breathing valentine on the front page of the *Citizen-Star*." The mayor smiled warmly. "How does the offer strike you?"

"It strikes me like a bucket of fish," said Fogarty.

The mayor's smile began to fade.

"He's askin' for it," Feaster said. "I've run into their type before. No sense, no feelin'. Gettin' hit in the head's a kind of medicine with them."

Here we go again, thought Fogarty. It was not a prospect that pleased. *If I could only win once*, he said to himself.

Luther Gantry stepped closer. "I'm asking you once more, Joey."

"And I'm telling you once more." Fogarty pointed to the chief of police. "You and this brass-buttoned bandit have had it, Luther. The answer is no! Go whistle into your safe-deposit box."

It was so depressingly like all the other times, up to a point, that Fogarty could feel the lumps on his head even before they were applied. Only pride detained him.

"Give it to him real good this time," Felix Feaster urged. "He'll have thirty days to get well."

They maneuvered in the large room, Fogarty warily, the mayor with the habit of success. It was just about time for the world to collapse around him when Fogarty made a strategic remark.

"How are all your relatives in Syracuse?" he asked.

Luther Gantry paused in midassault.

"P. T. Finnegan," Fogarty said." P. for Pauline. I understand she owns forty-one per cent of the stock."

"My husband's compliments to the chef."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Gantry gaped at him. His jaw hung slack as he turned to Felix Feaster. This was precisely when Fogarty swung and, for the first time in a starved career of such attempts, connected. He did not wait to hear the body fall, nor for the chief of police to get his bulk out of the chair. He merely plucked the camera from Benny's hands—and ran.

He ran south on Richmond Street this time, reversing the path of flight. In full stride he released the film pack from the camera and tossed it into the street, exposing the film and thereby rendering it useless. Benny, well behind him, was shrieking, "Stop that man! Stop thief!" But it didn't matter to Fogarty now. When a siren wailed loudly and a police car cut across his path, he'd had enough of running for one night.

It was certainly a nice jail, Fogarty decided, no matter how much the Golden Age Construction Company had profited. The charge this time had been "attempted larceny," with reference to a camera. Benny Hines had not appeared as yet to sign the formal complaint. Lunch was served by Officer Dunphy. He explained that he had switched to the early shift when he heard that his old and excellent friend was back under lock and key.

"You got a visitor, Joe," Dunphy announced at one o'clock. He unlocked the cell, and Fogarty got up off the cot. He heard the click of her steep heels on the polished floor before the mayor-elect, in a handsome suit and autumn furs, came gaily into view.

"Well," said Laura. "The adult delinquent."

"I'll laugh when somebody reminds me," Fogarty said. Then he turned to Dunphy. "Beat it, Arthur. You and your radar ears."

Dunphy retreated to the end of the cell block. He did not quite disappear. Miss Travers approached a straight-backed chair. "May I?" she said, and Fogarty did not protest. She crossed her splendid legs while examining the front page of the *Citizen-Star*. "Only the election news," she said. "Hardly any interesting pictures."

"I know," he said. "I took care of that." He cleared his throat. "Er—for one thing, Laura, I'm sorry about last night."

"Don't be so puritanical, please. You sound like Ancil Hobart." He watched her turn the pages of the paper. "Other items appear to have been omitted too."

"Like what?" he asked.

"Well, Luther Gantry has a swelling under one eye, the source of it unknown. My own suspicion is that someone did an ungentlemanly thing."

"That could be possible," said Fogarty.

"For another thing, the new administration expects to replace Felix Feaster, in January, with a new chief of police."

"That makes sense," Fogarty conceded. "The only thing is—in a carpet-bagging town like this, a good man's hard to find."

"Do you think so, Joe?"

"I know so. After what's been going on for eight long years? What self-respecting idiot would take the job?"

"You," said Laura, rising from the chair.

"Me?"

She was smiling now, like the calculating huntress she had proved herself to be. Fogarty could see the apple-polishing Dunphy approach with half a dozen other cops on cautious tiptoe.

"No, ma'am—not me!" Fogarty protested. "I can tell you that right now!"

But the mayor-elect was very close to him. "Joe," she said softly, "let's face the simple facts of life. You can't fight city hall." THE END

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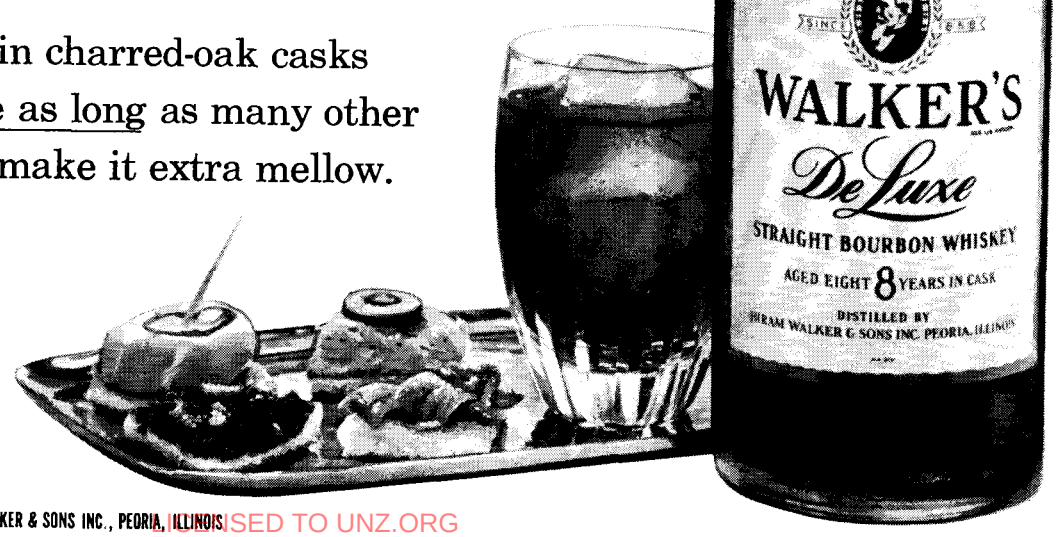

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The Murderer on the Mountain

(Continued from Page 30)

stubs where the fire had gone through four years before; berries and fireweed grew there now. There was the little cove, tucked away in a fold, where there still stood tall spruces that the timbermen had spared. There was the meadow, up above, scattered with larches, where the anemones put on their white beards after they blossomed. There was that spring, in a little pocket right on the timber line, where columbine bloomed in August. And, above and beyond all else, the rocks.

There were ways to get up and over, to twist in and around, those rocks. There were bypasses to sheer cliffs, curious ways along knife edges, ladderlike steps to spots that looked inaccessible—if you knew them. And Vince did.

It was the end of August. There had been the nightly nip of cold—at daybreak there had probably been a film of ice on the water bucket that hung by the spring—but as yet no hard frost to turn the aspens yellow.

Vince finished his coffee and began washing his breakfast dishes. As he did so he turned on his portable radio. The music suddenly broke off. The announcer said, "We interrupt this program again to repeat a special news bulletin. This morning Barney Zucco, the notorious Chicago gangster, held up the Pinedale Bank. He shot down the cashier and a teller in cold blood, scooped up some eleven thousand dollars and made his getaway in a green Cadillac convertible. Both men are dead.

"Zucco, known as the 'Muscle,' contrived two days ago to escape from an FBI squad who thought they had him cornered in Chicago. He is wanted on charges of dope smuggling and extortion, and is presumed to have been the man behind a series of racket killings in South Chicago.

"Zucco is reported to have headed south on Route one-sixty-eight. State troopers and police throughout the state have been alerted. Zucco is over six feet tall, broad-shouldered and powerfully built. He has black hair, black eyes and regular, handsome features. He was wearing a brown checked suit, brown tie, low brown shoes and no hat. He carries a gun in his right-hand coat pocket. We return you now to the regular program."

By that time the few dishes were done, and Vince turned off the radio. As he did so he heard the whine of a high-powered car coming up the road.

That's strange, he thought. He stepped to the door—and as he did so there pulled up, beside his parked jeep, a green Cadillac convertible.

The man who got out was over six feet tall, broad-shouldered and powerfully built. He had black hair, black eyes and regular, handsome features. He wore a brown checked suit, brown tie, low brown shoes and no hat. His right hand was thrust into his right coat pocket—and in that pocket there was a bulge.

The man looked at the tall, skinny youngster in blue jeans and open shirt who stood in the doorway.

"Say, kid," he said, "where does this road go?"

"It doesn't go anywhere," answered Vince. "It just goes to here. This is where it ends."

The "regular, handsome" features of the man in the brown suit contorted in a sort of spasm that was not pleasant to see.

"Well, how do I get out of here?"

"Only back the way you came."

"But I can't—hell, there must be some way to get from here to someplace else ——"

"Not by road," said Vince.

"What do you mean, not by road?"

There was a long pause, while they stared at each other. Finally Vince took a deep breath.

"You'd better come inside, Mr. Zucco," he said. "Somebody might come along and see you."

In a flash the man's gun was out of his pocket. He held it before him, motioning Vince to step back into the shack, following him in and closing the door. Vince sat down at the table, and Zucco sat across from him, holding the gun.

"How did you know ——" began Zucco.

"Radio. The whole story has been on the air. Including a description of yourself and your car."

For a while there was silence. "Kid," said Zucco, "I've *got* to get out. I've got to get away. You understand that, don't you?"

Vince nodded.

"Those damn fools at that bank—I *had* to do it. I didn't have time in Chicago to get money. A man has to have money, doesn't he?"

Vince said nothing.

"You know how to get me out of here. All right—do it, see? Either you get me out or——"

He motioned with the gun. "Get the idea?"

"I get it," said Vince. "But there's only one way. Up over the mountain."

"What do you mean, up over —— On *foot?*"

Vince nodded. "Look, Mr. Zucco," he said, "you've got to understand just where you are and what you're up against. Here, have some coffee, and I'll explain to you."

"There's no time ——"

"You don't want to get caught, do you?"

Moving slowly, while Zucco fiddled nervously with the gun, Vince poured him a cup of coffee. Then he got from the wood box an old piece of wrapping paper, and from a shelf a stubby pencil. He sat down next to Zucco, spreading the paper on the table.

"I'll draw you a map. Here's Pinedale. Now, southwest of Pinedale runs the Pinion Mountain range. We're on the side of it, here. It runs for miles. It's high.

"Now you took Route one-sixty-eight out of Pinedale. It runs up through a narrow valley and turns a bit right, like this—and crosses the Pinion range at Harper's Pass, about fifty miles from Pinedale. You see, it heads right into the range. There are mountain spurs on both sides. None of these side roads go anywhere. They just lead up to places like this one, and then dead end. When you don't show up at the pass, the state troopers will know you turned up one of these side roads. They'll search them, one by one, until they find your car. Sooner or later ——"

"O.K., O.K.," said Zucco. "So what do we do?"

"Like I said. We go up over the mountain."

Vince drew another line on the map. "On the other side of the range," he said, "there's a main highway running from southwest to northeast. Nobody would ever dream of looking for you over there. And there are through buses on that road. There's a bus stop by an old mine. We go up over the top and down to that bus stop."

"But ——"

"There are some old clothes of dad's in the closet that will fit you well enough," Vince said. "Of course, you can't wear his shoes, but you'd better get into some pants and a shirt of his. You'd look funny at that old mine getting into a bus with those store clothes of yours, especially after that broadcast. If I were you, I'd burn them up in the stove."

"But ——"

"Think it over."

"You sit right where you are," commanded Zucco. Taking his gun with him, he rummaged in the closet. He swore as he rammed his brown checked suit into the stove. He swore some more as he put on an old pair of khaki pants, a dirty flannel shirt and a torn hat.

"That's better," Vince said. "Now drive your car on past my jeep and right into that thicket of young pines. They might hunt for a week before they'd find it there."

"You drive it. I'll sit in the back seat."

Vince did. Behind him was Zucco, with the gun.

When they got back to the shack, Zucco was carrying a canvas bag labeled PINEDALE BANK. Vince did not have to ask what was in it.

Vince put a big hunk of cheese, a loaf of bread and a canteen of water in a light knapsack.

"What's that for?" asked Zucco.

"Grub. It's all I've got, and it's all we'll get to eat for the rest of the day. We'll be lucky if we get down to that other road by dark. You'd better put that moneybag in my pack and let me carry it. It'll get in your way."

"Seems to me I conceded that point around midnight."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Zucco laughed nastily. "Fat chance! The dough and the gun stay with me—and *you* go ahead."

"Naturally I'll go ahead," Vince said politely, "because you don't know where to go."

They started along a faintly traced zigzag path back of the shack. Suddenly Vince stopped. "There's one thing that worries me, Mr. Zucco," he said. "Tell me—have you ever climbed a big mountain?"

"No, why?"

"I'm just wondering whether you can make it."

"What do you mean!"

"Well, it's a long way up, and it isn't like walking on a trail. There *isn't* any trail. We've got to crash through the brush, and we've got to do some rough climbing on the rocks. If you're not used to mountains ——"

"So what's a mountain?" Zucco gestured his contempt for mountains. "Listen, punk," he said. "I could break you in two with one hand. You think they call me the 'Muscle' just for fun? Now get going."

He was indeed a big brute of a man, thought Vince; thick-shouldered, deep-chested, with the arms of a prize fighter and the legs of a wrestler. Big—and heavy. He would weigh, Vince guessed, at least two hundred pounds.

"O.K.," agreed Vince. "Here we go." And he turned uphill, off the path, and struck straight up the mountainside.

It was a thicket of brambles and scrub, that first stretch. Branches snagged them. Stubs scratched them. Loose stones tripped them up on the steep slope. Vince squeezed up and through. Zucco, gun in one hand and moneybag in the other, kept getting caught like a fly in a web.

"Hey, wait for me!" he yelled.

The gun, Vince noticed, had gone into his pocket. Zucco now had one free hand to grab with. Even so he kept slipping and sliding.

"Don't go so fast!" he called.

At the end of an hour Zucco was panting hard. Sweat was running down his face.

"Let's take a rest," he begged.

"We just can't, Mr. Zucco, if we're going to make it."

Then they entered the old burn. Fire had gone through there years before and killed the timber. The dead trees had fallen—and a new crop of pines had sprouted up. They were now about twenty-five feet tall, standing very thick, with interlaced branches extending at shoulder height. The ground was covered with tall ferns—and concealed beneath them, lying like jackstraws in all directions, were the still-undecayed trunks of the fallen trees.

The place was a succession of booby traps. Zucco kept falling down. He fell forward, backward and sideways. His face was a mass of scratches. Sometimes, when he fell, the moneybag would go flying off into the ferns, and he would have to make a frantic search for it.

"Why don't you tie that thing around your neck?" suggested Vince. "The drawstring is long enough." Zucco did.

Up, always up, and rather steeply, they went—until finally they came upon a brook that leaped down over mossy rocks. Zucco drank deeply and washed his hot face.

"How much farther?" he asked.

"Mr. Zucco, you don't seem to realize that this is a big mountain. We'd better keep going."

And Vince started right up the bed of the roaring brook.

"That way?"

"Yes," Vince explained, "we have to go up the brook, because that's the only way up this (*Continued on Page 104*)

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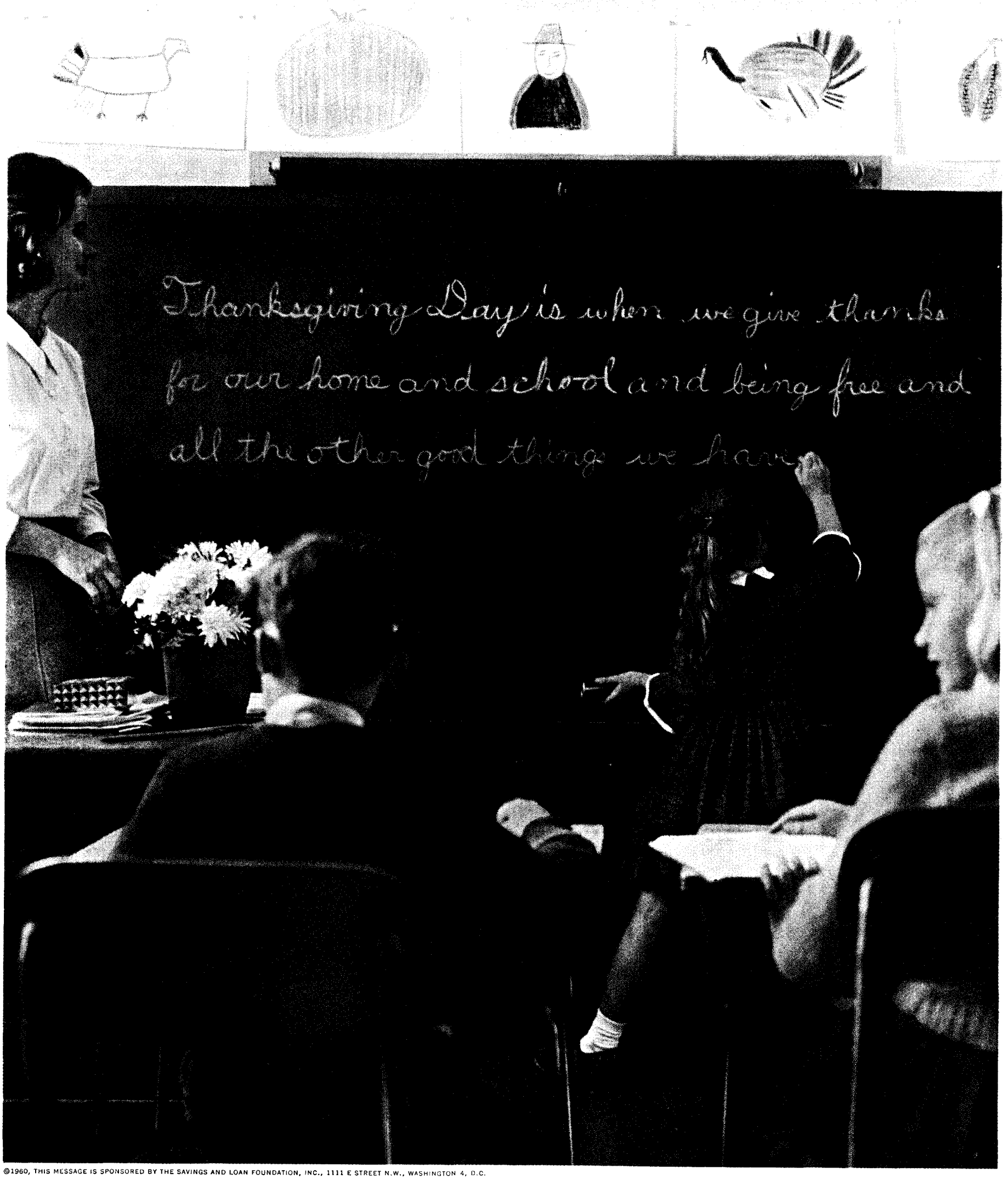

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(*Continued from Page 102*) part of the mountain. To the right there's an impassable cliff, and to the left there's an overhang."

Zucco groaned and followed.

It became obvious at once that Zucco had never balanced himself upon the irregular stones of a creek bed. He teetered, he fell, and he was soon splashed from head to foot.

"Can't you push on a little faster, Mr. Zucco?" asked Vince.

Then they came to a stretch that was really steep. The creek slid down a shale chute, slippery with slime, with nothing to hold onto except the tips of willow branches. Vince scrambled up, and from the top of the chute called down impatiently.

Three times Zucco almost made it to the top—and three times he and his moneybag cascaded to the bottom.

"We're losing precious minutes, Mr. Zucco," Vince complained.

On the fourth try Zucco reached the top of the chute. He lay flat on his belly in the bed of the brook and tried to get back his breath.

"Let's be on our way," insisted Vince. "It's getting late."

A few moments later they emerged upon a vast slope of broken rock. They were above the timber line. Looking out from the side of the mountain, toward the valley, Pinedale was just a blob on a plain of yellow and blue.

"Up there," said Vince, "is where we're going."

Zucco looked up—and up and up. The green gave way to the gray, and there were cliffs and great outhanging masses of rocks and here and there little pockets of snow. They were at the foot of a broken-rock slope beneath a vertical rampart.

"We go up to the base of the cliff," Vince said.

Rocks with sharp, uneven edges. Rocks that were loose and turned when one stepped on them. And steeper than a stairway. Slip, tumble, scrabble on all fours. Zucco's breath came in great gasps. His windpipe was getting raw. The sun burned fiercely.

"Can't you step on it a little?" asked Vince. "I'm really getting worried."

They reached the foot of the cliff. There was a tiny shady patch of almost level land—and Zucco flung himself upon it.

"Well," Vince said cheerfully, "let's rest here a bit and have lunch. We'll need to stoke up. We've got a hard climb just ahead of us."

He opened the knapsack and took out the bread, cheese and canteen. He handed the canteen to Zucco. "Drink plenty of water," he advised him. Zucco did.

"Nothing like cheese to keep you going on a climb," Vince observed.

"I'm not hungry," Zucco said.

"Hungry or not, you'd better eat. You'll need it. Plenty of bread too."

"It's awful dry."

"Wash it down with water. You've got to get some food into you!"

With urging, Zucco took in a considerable load of cheese, bread and water.

"O.K.," Vince said. "Now let's go."

They skirted the base of the cliff, to the left, until they came to a fissure that was little less than vertical.

"Here's where we go up," Vince announced. "There are good handholds and footholds, but you have to watch your step."

It was as steep as a ladder. One look told Zucco that it could not be climbed. But there was the boy, above him.

They began working their way up. The moneybag flapping from Zucco's neck caught on the rocks and got in the way of his hands. "Hey!" he yelled. "Put this damn thing in your pack!" And he handed it up to Vince.

It was work, grueling work, that rock climb. Zucco could hardly make his muscles obey. There was, too, inside him, a feeling that something was very wrong indeed.

"I've got to stop for a while!" he called to Vince.

He stopped—and looked down. Looked down, and screamed. For he was falling off the mountain! He pressed himself against it. He held onto the rocks with an iron grip.

"Help!" he yelled. "I can't hang on!"

Vince came back down to him.

"You're all right," he said. "Just don't look down. Now, put your left foot here ——"

"No, no!"

"And your right hand here ——"

"No, I can't!"

It took five minutes to persuade Zucco to loosen one hand. Vince literally put Zucco's hands and feet in the right places. Zucco was trembling. He babbled incessantly that he couldn't, he couldn't, he couldn't.

"Just one more ticklish place, and we will be on a ridge," Vince said. They managed it—and came out on the top of a broken-rock hogback, not more than five feet wide. On both sides it dropped off, off, off. . . .

Zucco looked down to the right, he looked down to the left, and with a groan he lay down and upchucked cheese, bread and water for a long time.

"That's too bad," said Vince.

After a while Zucco sat up. "I'm not going any farther," he said.

Vince looked out over the vast panoramas that unfolded on both sides of the

beauty set in type

UNDER COVER
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THE NAMES OF HORSES
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Once in a while, in certain blends of weather,
Trapped in deep traffic's throbbing wilderness,
Past fins and chrome, the
sweet sound of
picnicked. They swam.
They danced under
50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL
In September, 1910, school childr
were busy memorizing a new poe
Rudyard Kipling's If. Only eig
writers in America were paid as hig
as $1000 for a short story. Victo
Herbert wrote Naughty Marietta wit
its wonderful songs, Ah, Sweet Mys
tery of Life! and I'm Falling in Lo
With Someone. Women's
URNA
bout town
Beauty is power; a smile is its sword. CHARLES READE
who's been with us for years and she tak
wonderful care of Julia. I'd like to have
with me more, but I can when she's olde
"You're carrying a big load."
"Not too big," said Clare and suddenly
tired and comforted.
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WHEN THE JOURNAL SPEAKS, WOMEN LISTEN

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ridge—wave after wave of spurs from the main range, which topped them to the northeast.

"It gets awfully cold up here at night," he remarked.

No response.

"After the fourth day you'll get pretty hungry ——"

"Shut up!"

After a moment Vince started to walk up the narrow hogback.

"Hey, don't leave me!" There was panic in that voice.

"Mr. Zucco," Vince said, "if you want to stay up here and die slowly all by yourself, that's your business. But I want to get down off this mountain before it gets dark." And again he headed up the hogback.

"Stop right where you are!"

Vince turned. Zucco had his gun out.

"Now, Mr. Zucco!" Vince protested. "Does that make any sense? If you shoot me you can never find your way down."

Zucco put the gun back into his pocket—and he began to cry. He could not walk; he crawled, mumbling, gasping, swearing. Thus, after a long time, they came to the spot where the hogback joined the main divide. Here all was rock, bare rock.

• •

Young Moon

At sky's wide table Time has
dined—
He fastened underneath his
chins
Cloud napkins, using stars
for pins,
Ate melon moon and left the
rind.

A. D. Freeman

• •

"Climbing's about over," Vince called out cheerfully. "Come up here and take a look down the other side."

Zucco wriggled his way up the final slope and looked over the edge. He looked down, *straight* down, two thousand feet. The drop-off was as vertical as the side of a building.

And, for Zucco, the earth began to turn. It whirled slowly round and round, oscillating meanwhile up and down. Valleys rose, peaks sank, in rotation. And Zucco sprawled grotesquely, in the grip of wave after wave of the most horrible nausea.

"We walk along the edge of this drop-off for a way," Vince began.

"Oh, no!"

"It's easy. Almost level. Then we cross the rockslide. Beyond it one short push up, and then we're over the hump and down we go to the other road."

But Zucco did not move. He was muttering. "Mary, mother of God, save me," Vince caught. And incoherent mumbling about people and places. "I *had* to shoot them." Spasms of tears and retching.

Vince saw the gun sticking half out of Zucco's pocket. He slipped it out and put it in his own. He helped Zucco to his feet. "Hang onto me," he said.

The route was almost like a sidewalk, about four feet wide, between the drop-off on the left and a towering straight-up cliff on the right. The sun was getting low in the west when they rounded a corner of a high buttress and came to a steep smooth slope surmounted by walls of rock that rose high toward the sky.

"That's the top of the main peak up there," Vince explained. "We have to go around it. To do that we have to cross this rockslide. Do you know about rockslides?"

But Zucco was sitting down, eyes closed. Vince shook him and slapped his face. "Come alive!" he said, and there was a most peculiar expression on his face as he said it. "You've got to listen to me. This rockslide is formed by the stones that fall off the big cliffs above it. It goes all the way down the side of the mountain. See?"

He pointed. As far down as the eye would carry, the slide extended—down, down, past side escarpments, down and through the timber, down to where its bottom was lost in mistiness.

"The minute anything lands on that rockslide it starts to move. If you just stand in it, it moves and you move with it—and that starts a rock avalanche and you get caught in it. Understand?"

Zucco nodded in an idiotic sort of way.

"So to cross a rockslide, you have to run—and you have to lift your knees way up high. You can't stand still. Get the idea?"

Zucco said nothing.

"All right; now watch me, and do what I do. It's only about a hundred feet across, this high up. It's easy, if you do it right."

And Vince headed across the slide. He ran, bringing his knees up high. With each step the stones and gravel started to slide—but with each step, running, he got his foot out again before the slide could gain momentum. In no time at all he was across.

"Now *you* do it."

Zucco braced himself, tested the edge of the slide with a trembling foot and stepped out into it.

"Run!" yelled Vince. "Bring your knees up high!"

But Zucco did not run. The movement of the gravel, every time he put his foot in it, seemed to paralyze him. With each step he took, he sank deeper.

About a third of the way across he tried in vain to free a leg—and he stood still. He began to move downhill. The whole hillside began to tremble; the whole slide began to move.

Deeper and deeper Zucco sank; faster and faster down he went. The growing rumble turned into a roar. There was one last scream from Zucco—and then the avalanche, gathering momentum and picking up rocks half as big as a house, thundered on down into the valley far below.

Vince dusted his hands, as if to rid them of dirt. He hurried on a bit, turned sharply down a short, steep slope and came to the well-beaten trail that led down to the shack. He went down it at a dogtrot.

When he got near the shack, in the dusk, he slowed down and began to whistle a loud tune. He kept his eyes on the alert.

Sure enough, when he was still at the bend just around the corner from the shack, a loud voice yelled, "Come out with your hands up!"

Vince did—and at the clearing was confronted by three state policemen with leveled guns. So they had found Zucco's car.

"Oh, it's you," one said. "We thought so, but we weren't taking any chances. Where's Zucco?"

"He's up on the mountain under about a thousand tons of rock," answered Vince. "What I want is some coffee."

Until he had started the fire and boiled a pot, he would not say a word. Then, with steaming cups before them, and lantern lighted, the four sat around the table in the shack.

In detail, and interrupted by many questions, Vince recounted everything that had happened that day.

When you're weary with

DAY-TIME FATIGUE

take

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for that upset, headachy, tired-all-over feeling

When a busy day finds you with that upset, headachy, tired-all-over feeling take ALKA-SELTZER. Instantly it soothes and settles upset stomach . . . speeds through the system where it "reaches out" to relieve areas of pain and fatigue. When you have "day-time fatigue," ALKA-SELTZER can help you freshen up and feel better fast!

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MILES PRODUCTS
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"Well I'll be damned," finally said the big policeman with the black mustache. "But how did you come to think of it?"

"Chicago," answered Vince. "I figured anybody who'd lived at lake level all his life would be likely to get the mountain sickness. I got out of him that he'd never been on a big mountain. I felt sure that if I could just get him up high enough ——"

"The idea of taking him up through the old burn and the creek bed and the chimney climb and the hogback!" exclaimed the little policeman with the blue eyes. "When all the time there was a trail ——"

"Well," explained Vince, "I figured I'd better condition him. I had to get him sick and all tired out, or he *might* have got across the rockslide."

"Filling him up with cheese and bread and water, that was genius," put in the policeman with the red hair.

"What gets me," said the big one, "is the way you dreamed up that cock-and-bull story about a road on the other side and a bus stop at an old mine. What if he *knew* there wasn't any such road? What if he knew there was nothing in that direction but wilderness, for miles and miles?"

"It was a chance I had to take. There wasn't much time, and I had to think of something that would get him *up* there."

"Up to the rockslide?"

Vince nodded.

"That's what you were aiming for, from the start?"

Vince said nothing.

"Well, let's go," said the big officer. "We'd better get down to a phone and turn in a report. Coming down with us, Vince?"

Vince shook his head.

"O.K. We'll be back up in the morning."

The troopers got into their car.

"Wait a minute!" called Vince from the shack doorway. "Here's his gun—and here's the eleven thousand dollars." He tossed them out.

"Well I'll be double damned," said the big officer. He got out of the car and came back to Vince. "Boy," he said, "you ought to be mighty proud of this day's work." And he put his arm around Vince's shoulders.

"Somehow," Vince said, and his voice almost broke, "somehow I can't feel that way."

"He would have killed you."

"I know. . . ."

The big policeman shrugged—and then off they all went, down the road.

Vince stood in the doorway of the shack, looking down, way down, across the valley. And then he looked up at the mountain—*his* mountain. The moon was just peeking over the pines.

I ought to cook supper, he thought. But somehow he was not hungry. He sat down, with his head in his hands.

"I warned him," he said finally, aloud. "I told him to run, and to lift his knees up high."

They're Giving Away Their Fortune (Continued from Page 39)

has secured several six-figure endowments for the center. He also has worked through the Tennessee governor's office to obtain costly equipment from state and Federal vocational rehabilitation agencies.

When Garrison meets parents of afflicted children, he works just as hard to "sell" the clinic's services. Treatment is free for those who cannot afford it, though there is a nominal charge on a sliding scale for those who can pay. Garrison has told the staff, "No child must ever be turned away for lack of funds."

To understand the Siskin brothers' overpowering fervor, it is necessary only to take a walk through the center. All children are more or less appealing; children in trouble are heartbreakingly so. Mose and Garrison, who consider themselves blessed because their own children and grandchildren all have been healthy and normal, get a little damp-eyed every time they tour the classrooms.

Through the one-way observation windows one watches a small group learning to lip-read; they are bright-faced, happy children, but all their lives they have been unable to hear, hence unable to speak, and their training comes hard.

Down the hall is a group of little Negro children, mostly spastics or youngsters whose limbs are unbalanced from cerebral palsy; they struggle, grotesquely but gallantly, to move through the music-timed paces of a kindergarten game. One of them, Kathy, aged four, a chocolate-colored Dresden doll in starched pink frock, ruffled panties, and spotless white shoes, was born so badly deformed that she cannot lift her arms and is forced to sit with her legs straight in front of her. Kathy, with help, makes it to her feet when the other children "dance" and follows them in a stiff-legged gait in which she manages, almost imperceptibly, to move her toes. When you see her strain to keep time to the music by hunching her shoulders and even by manipulating her eyebrows, you cannot help choking up.

In another room are brain-damaged children. You see a lad with the enlarged cranium and empty features of a Mongoloid. A few years ago, depending on his parents' financial status, he would have been left in a crib or shipped off to some institution to exist like a vegetable until he died. Now, at least, he plays with the other children and has learned to toss and catch a rubber ball.

"See that boy," says a staff worker, indicating a handsome, dark-haired youngster of four. "He is extremely gifted, has no brain damage or hearing loss that we can discern, but, as an infant, apparently suffered severe psychotic shock when his mother was hospitalized for a long period. When he was enrolled here a year ago, he would run to a corner, lie down on the floor and scream like a wounded animal. Now he is a member of the group; he still won't talk freely, but he understands everything and can read and print far better than the average four-year-old. He will come through."

Mose Siskin walked into one of the classrooms. The teacher's mouth fell open when a little towhead named Jimmy, a disturbed child, ran to him, hugged his legs and yelled, "Up! Up!" Mose lifted him in the air, and Jimmy laughed with unmistakable pleasure. The teacher exclaimed unbelievingly: "He's never let anyone touch him before!"

In another class Carl, a bright nine-year-old who has an almost total loss of hearing, has learned to lip-read, to speak and to write. Carl's mother relates, "We live forty miles from Chattanooga and make the eighty-mile round trip daily; our hope is that Carl in another year will be able to enter public school and lead a normal life.

"The other night Carl came into the living room. He was wearing a floppy old hat, a man's work jacket and a pair of his daddy's shoes. 'What in the world are you doing?' his father asked. Carl replied, 'I am—play-ing—Mis-ter Mose!' He loves Mr. Mose so much from seeing him at the center that he wants to dress like him."

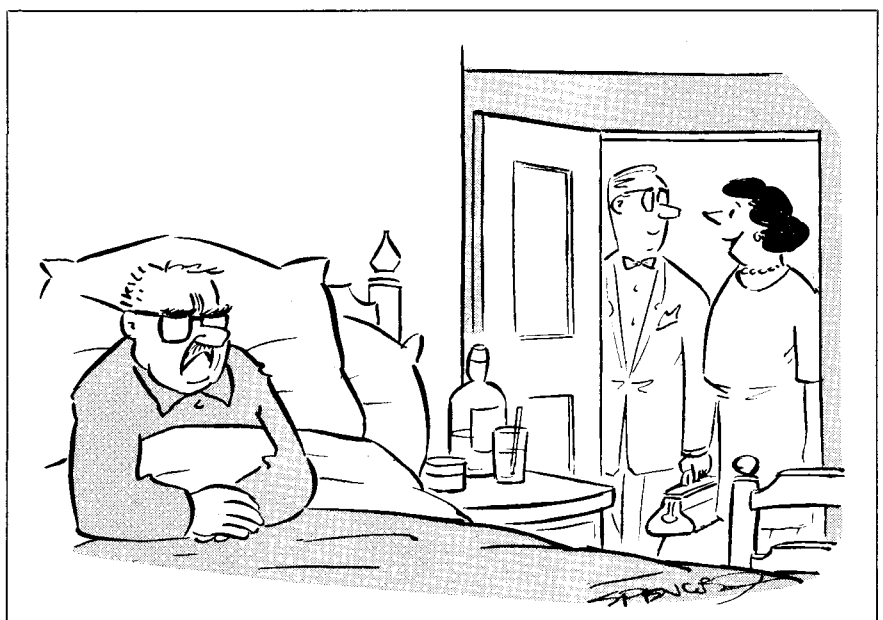
The Siskin brothers themselves grew up in poverty. Their parents, Robert and Anna Trumpehofsky Siskin, emigrated from Russia in 1890 and settled in Chattanooga. Their first child was a daughter, Sarah. Mose was born in 1900, Garrison in 1903.

Bob Siskin was a strong, red-haired six-footer. He started life in Chattanooga as a pack peddler. He would load 100 pounds of pots, pans and other housewares on his back, and cover—on foot—the country towns within a seventy-mile radius of Chattanooga, sleeping in the fields and haylofts. "Before he learned to speak English well," Garrison relates, "some joker taught him to say, 'Madam, can I spend night with you?' On his first night out papa almost got lynched when he tried this phrase on a farmer's wife."

After a few years Bob Siskin abandoned pack peddling to go into the junk business. He had a horse and wagon and a capital of six dollars. Mose and Garrison did their bit by building themselves a soapbox wagon and collecting junk after school. They also peddled milk and cheese, having two cows which their mother kept in the back yard; later, when she acquired chickens, they added eggs for their route.

Mose quit high school in his sophomore year to help his father full time at the junk yard; Garrison joined them when he was graduated from high school in 1920.

Old-timers in Chattanooga still recall Bob Siskin's reputation for almost belligerent honesty. The banks never required him to produce an endorser when he borrowed money. He was hit by a taxi in 1926 and died some months after his leg was amputated. The boys carried on the business in their father's tradition. "Papa told us, 'I may not leave you anything else, but I'm going to leave you a good name,'" Garrison relates. "He did just that: we found the city's biggest industrialists willing to make important deals with us just on a handshake because we were Bob Siskin's sons." More than 95 per cent of their business today is transacted without written contracts.



"He's looking more like his old self this morning, doctor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For years the business operated from a dilapidated brick and sheet-iron garage, which lacked even toilet facilities. As late as 1939 the Siskins were not too proud to use an old trolley car, which they had bought for scrap, as a temporary office, while they were building more conventional quarters. Even today, though the multimillion-dollar Siskin Steel and Supply Company covers forty acres, Mose and Garrison retain—partly out of sentiment, partly because it is good business—their old listing in the Chattanooga telephone directory: "Siskin's Junk Yard."

Among the tangible property the boys inherited from their father was his "good deeds box." This was an old cigar box in which he dropped pennies and nickels for charity. Mose and Garrison still have the same box—now held together by tape. They keep it stuffed with $20, $50 and $100 bills, and each uses it for his personal charities; many a weekly rent bill, a ton of coal, or a Christmas party for a bunch of poor kids has been paid for out of Bob's old cigar box.

In addition to operating their center, the Siskin brothers are involved in innumerable other public and private helpful deeds. Their steel company has become virtually a rehabilitation workshop for all sorts of confused or disabled humans. For example, they went to considerable trouble to install a Braille switchboard—at that time one of only three such devices in the United States—so that Joyce Rominger, a twenty-two-year-old blind girl, could become a telephone operator at their business office.

Other beneficiaries include victims of broken homes, ex-convicts and alcoholics. Some of them are not bashful about telling how they were helped by Mose and Garrison. A gray-haired man with a deeply lined face, working at a desk in the Siskin office, relates:

"I drank myself out of a good job with another company; my wife and I lost our little boy under circumstances I cannot bear to discuss. Mr. Garrison found me in the gutter—actually—and sometimes I would call him names I hate to remember. He gave me a job and an incentive to straighten up, and the cure took. Today I own my own (*Continued on Page 108*)

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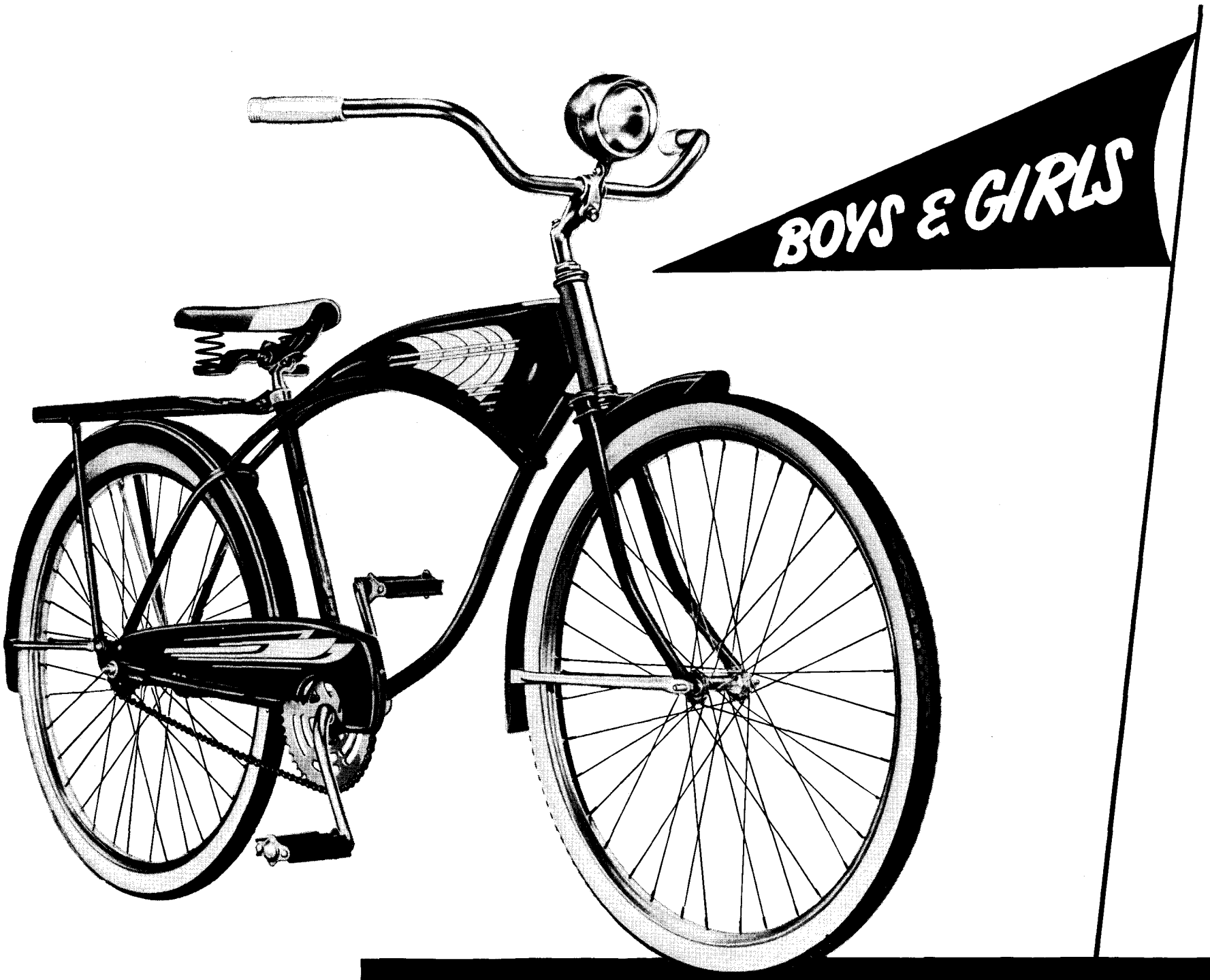

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(*Continued from Page 106*) home, have $25,000 in the bank and haven't had a drink in fourteen years. If I took one drink I know it would start all over again. I'm not going to take that one drink."

Another Siskin employee—one of a number of former convicts paroled to the brothers—is a man who served time for armed robbery. His divorced wife had become an acute alcoholic, and the Siskins helped him obtain limited custody of his little boy. Next the brothers began working on the ex-wife to go on the wagon. She stopped drinking, and they persuaded an organization where she had been blacklisted to rehire her. Today the couple has remarried; the reunited family lives happily and comfortably and the one-time armed robber carries the Siskins' payroll to and from the bank.

Any case involving youngsters moves the brothers. Last winter they heard of a war bride with an unemployed husband and four children, one of whom was blind. Help was routed their way, but Garrison began worrying about what sort of Christmas the kids would have. Just before the holiday he asked Marion Peck, a reporter for the *Chattanooga Times*, to take $350 to the family with just one proviso—that each child get whatever present he or she most desired. The mother stared at the envelope, began to cry, and asked Mrs. Peck, "Why does he do this for us?" All the reporter could answer was, "He just wants everyone to have a nice Christmas."

> If children didn't ask questions, how could they find out that we know so little?
>
> HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

Garrison also has a penchant for playing Cupid. He thinks everybody should be happily married and is forever arranging matches. Recently an acquaintance died; his grief-stricken widow began eating compulsively and became grotesquely overweight. Garrison promised her if she'd lose twenty-five pounds he'd buy her a new wardrobe and pay her way to Las Vegas for a visit with her brother. The obese widow slimmed down, and Garrison sent her, well-outfitted, on the trip, having first telephoned her brother: "I've got her looking good—now you find her a husband!" Garrison reports that the widow now is engaged—"and I hope to be best man at the wedding!"

It would be untruthful to say that everything has gone smoothly in the brothers' dealings with individuals. They have had their exasperations. On one occasion Garrison was planning to finance a new home for a parolee just out of Tennessee's grim Brushy Mountain penitentiary. The chap had heard somewhere of a built-in vacuum-cleaning device which empties debris into a central receptacle, and insisted that one be installed. Garrison promptly canceled the house-building deal, but stood by his promise to help the ex-convict with a job; the man—without built-in vacuum cleaner—has had a successful rehabilitation.

The brothers are devoted to each other and say they never have had a serious argument. Though Garrison is more often in the limelight, he rarely fails to exhort reporters, "Put Mose's name first—he's the older." Both have strong family ties and take great enjoyment from their children and grandchildren. Their wives back them completely, no matter how much they give away.

Both Mose and Garrison have retained their Orthodox Jewish religious beliefs. Each Friday night there is a traditional Sabbath dinner in their homes. The steel yard is closed from sundown Friday through Saturday. As closely as possible they follow the Orthodox custom of not riding in any type of vehicle on the Sabbath and they adhere to the kosher dietary laws. Observance of these Jewish dietary regulations, in fact, is one of the few requirements at the Anna and Robert H. Siskin Memorial Building, which is strictly nonsectarian and caters to such diverse organizations as the White Oak Baptist Church, the Catholic Youth Group, the Chattanooga Hadassah, the Junior League, the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the American Revolution. "It has been very educational," observes Mrs. Geneva Roy, the center's director, who has become perhaps the best-posted Baptist in the South on kosher food laws, "when I am called on to explain to a non-Jewish group why, after a *flescheke* (meat) dinner, we cannot serve cream with the coffee."

On the personal side, both brothers enjoy golf mildly, but have little time for it unless they are on vacation. Garrison likes horseback riding, while Mose fishes in Chattanooga's Lake Chickamauga. Garrison is a frustrated band leader. When he attends a dance, he carries a kazoo mouthpiece in his tuxedo pocket, inserts it into a borrowed clarinet, and gives uninhibited imitations of his favorite entertainer, Ted Lewis. At wedding receptions, when they think the proceedings are getting dull, the brothers will enliven the party by dancing a Russian *kasatzki* together.

"Mr. Outside"—Mose—has another pursuit that some Chattanooga business colleagues regard as strange for a man of his means. He raises 700 chickens at the steel yard, and personally delivers eggs and poultry to his family, in-laws and friends. "I began with twelve hens during World War II so my youngster, Bob, could have fresh eggs, and it just grew," Mose relates. "I charge myself for what I give away to the family, sell the rest to whoever wants them, and put the profits in my private charity box. After all, it's nothing new to me—Garrison and I used to sell eggs from mamma's chickens."

Garrison admits it was the dramatic coincidence of his having had an injury so similar to the one that took his father's life that jarred him into dedicating his energies and fortune to doing things for others. The first sizable philanthropy which the brothers undertook after Garrison's accident was the building of a meditation chapel in memory of their parents. Though it is located adjacent to B'nai Zion Synagogue, the congregation with which Mose and Garrison are affiliated, it has no connection with the synagogue and is open seven days a week to persons of any faith. It is equipped with the traditional accessories of Jewish worship, but the Ark housing the sacred writings of the Torah is so constructed that it may be removed when the chapel is used for non-Jewish functions. The city's Youth for Christ Bible-study group uses the chapel regularly.

Next came construction of the Siskin Memorial Building. It houses a 300-capacity auditorium and smaller meeting rooms which civic, cultural, religious, educational and fraternal groups use without charge. It also provides free permanent office space for such organizations as the Big Brothers of America, which works with youths in need of a helping hand; the Chattanooga Adult Education Council; the Chattanooga Literacy Movement (*Continued on Page 110*)

ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

Products and Ideas that can pay off for you

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These stories illustrate how Koppers customers are using our products to cut costs, make a better product and improve efficiency. If there is an idea here that suggests a money-saving solution to you, just return the coupon and we'll send you full information on the subjects you check.

Fire-protected wood in Michigan Supermarket cuts construction costs, reduces insurance rates

Three massive wood beams are the main roof supports for the new CLINTON COUNTRY MARKET, Clinton, Michigan. The beams are 82′ long and 12″ by 50″ thick. They cost less than conventional metal structural beams of the same strength. Because the wood beams are lighter, they allowed a savings in the design of the supporting columns.

Mr. Charles Carlton, Jr., owner of the new CLINTON COUNTRY MARKET, also made the observation that the easy workability of the wood paid unexpected dividends during construction. Interior fixtures went up easily and quickly—with wood serving as the convenient and permanent support for lighting units and other components.

Insurance rates are low because these beams are made of NON-COM fire-protected wood . . . the first automatic non-combustible lumber ever offered for industrial and commercial construction. NON-COM could be called a material with a built-in fire extinguisher. When temperatures approach the ignition point of wood, the chemicals, pressure-impregnated in NON COM wood, catalytically produce carbon and water vapor to choke off any flame and prevent the spread of fire. NON-COM wood is *permanently* protected . . . safe from mechanical or human error you normally associate with fire protection systems.

NON-COM fire-protected wood reduced the CLINTON COUNTRY MARKET insurance rate 31% below the rate for the same design and construction, using untreated wood. Do you have a problem NON-COM fire-protected wood might solve? Check the coupon for complete information.

Enough couplings to transmit one billion horsepowe

When FAST'S gear-type self-aligning couplings were first introduced in 1921, they pretty well outmoded all other types of power transmission units. They still do. The simplicity of the basic design of the units, plus improvements in materials and fabrication methods, have enabled Koppers Metal Products Division to develop new FAST'S couplings for almost any power transmission situation.

The couplings themselves range from units that weigh 5 pounds to 20 tons and are of such rugged construction that some of the originals are still in operation after almost 40 years of continuous service. If all of them were operating at the same time, they could transmit more than *one billion horsepower.*

If you would like to have complete information about FAST'S couplings, check the coupon.

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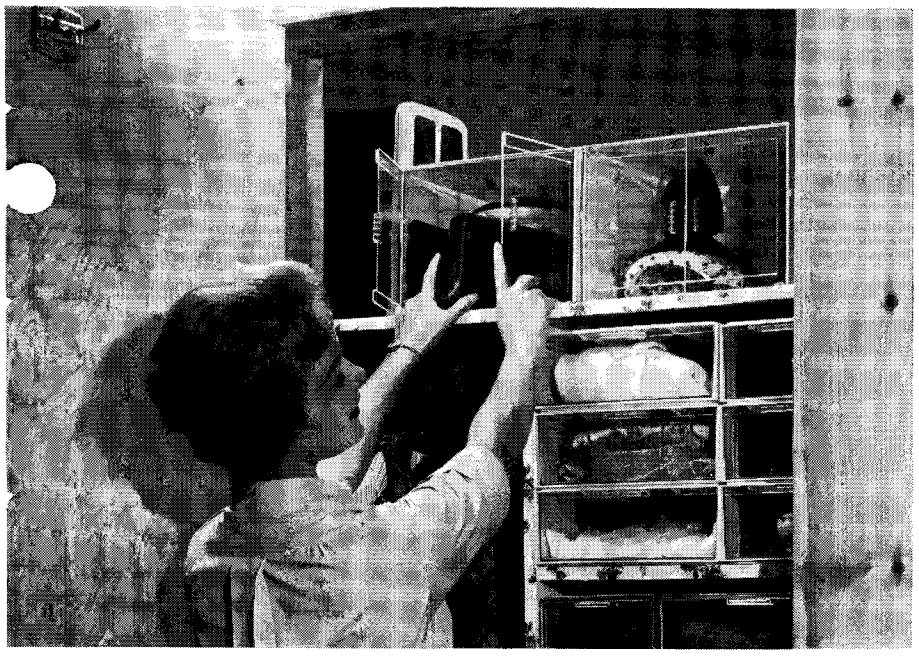


See-through plastic boxes end closet litter

Now you can straighten up every closet in the house (or at the office, for that matter) with these new plastic storage boxes.

The boxes have pull-out drawers or wing-open doors. They are grooved so that they link together to form a chest-of-drawers, or any other shape you want. And you can see inside them, so you can tell at a glance where every object is. They are ideal for storing shoes, hats, clothes . . . anything you'd put away.

STUART M. LERNER, INC., Long Island, New York, makes the boxes from DYLENE® polystyrene, a strong Koppers plastic that gives the boxes almost infinite service life. They are sold under the name EYE-FUL* and are available at department and variety stores.

For more information about these boxes, or about DYLENE, check the coupon.

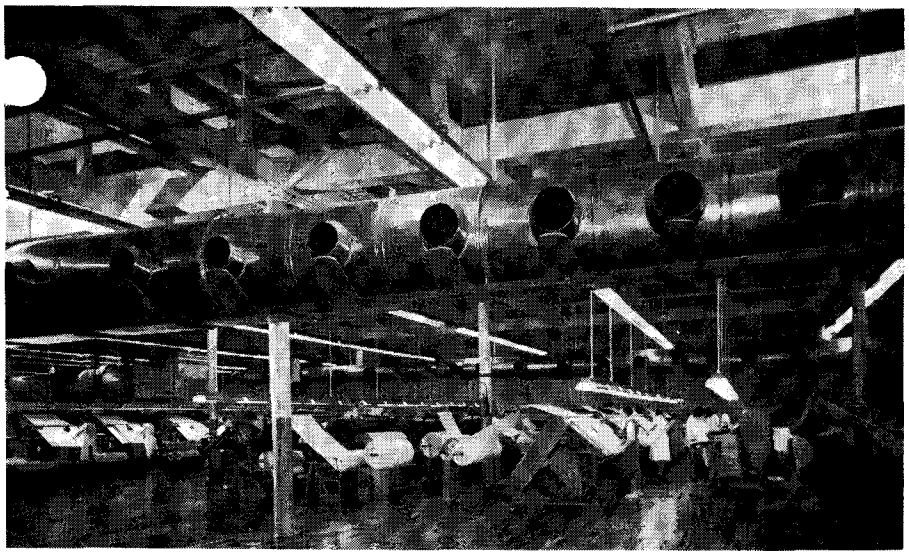
**EYE-FUL is a registered trademark of Stuart M. Lerner, Inc.*

Waterproof adhesive adds strength, reduces damage to corrugated boxes

Most corrugated boxes can't stand moisture, or even high humidity. Moisture breaks down the glue line, weakens the box and sometimes unfurls the corrugated paper. So the A. E. STALEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Decatur, Ill., worked with Koppers and developed an alkaline-curing waterproof adhesive by incorporating Koppers Resorcinol.

The adhesive is called STAYBIND # 5030. KEYSTONE BOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh 15, Pa., uses this waterproof adhesive in the manufacture of JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION nail boxes that have replaced the old wooden nail keg. Because the boxes are made with waterproof starch-resorcinol adhesive, they aren't bothered by moisture conditions frequently found on construction sites.

This same waterproof adhesive can prevent the moisture damage to corrugated boxes incurred during shipment. Box damage from moisture in storage can be practically eliminated, even in high stacks, when boxes are made with STAYBIND # 5030. Check the coupon.



t wasn't the heat that bothered them— : was the overhead

you think heat and humidity get *you* wn, you should see what they can do to roof. In the weave room at the DAN IVER MILLS plant in Danville, Va., humidity has to be kept from 85% to 90% id temperature about the same in degrees. The four-acre wooden roof started rot away. Repairs were frequent and stly, but they couldn't keep up with cay. The roof had to be completely rebuilt. With what?

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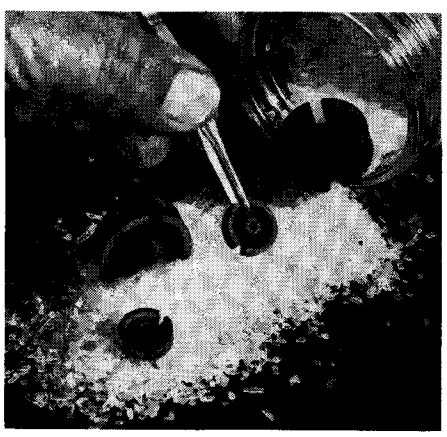
Powder metallurgy is a way of making metal parts by mixing powdered metals with a binder, molding the mixture in the desired shape, then firing the part, as a ceramic artist would fire a vase. This technique is used to make ferrites, special electrical and electronic parts used for such things as miniature receivers and transmitters for missile guidance systems.



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(*Continued from Page 108*) and numerous other local and state groups which aid sufferers from muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy, blindness, speech and hearing disorders and other mental and physical afflictions.

According to the director, Mrs. Roy, the only restrictions on use of the building—other than the requirement that Jewish dietary laws be observed—are "no politics and no liquor." Although Chattanooga is a city where some elements still resist the Supreme Court's integration edicts, the Siskins have opened their buildings to both races. Negro representatives meet with whites at civic meetings, provoking some isolated local criticism. Negro children receive treatment identical with that given white children, although as a concession to local custom—a reluctant one on the brothers' part—the groups are not mixed.

The Siskin brothers are tolerant men, but they can become wildly intolerant when indifference, inertia or indecision threatens to block one of their pet projects. Take, for instance, the time a few years ago when Garrison and Mose became interested in the Orange Grove School for mentally retarded children, a private, parent-sponsored institution, not connected with the Siskin Center. The sponsors were struggling to patch up and enlarge the decrepit old building which the school occupied by courtesy of the city government. The program fell into the hands of a well-intentioned committee, which, lacking funds for quick action, began talking about getting the project completed in a year or so. Garrison got mad, blew his top at the meeting and announced he would get the addition built in less than a month. He and Mose donated all the necessary steel, scrounged other building materials from firms with which they do business, supplied engineering supervision and helped persuade the Chattanooga building-trades unions to provide free labor.

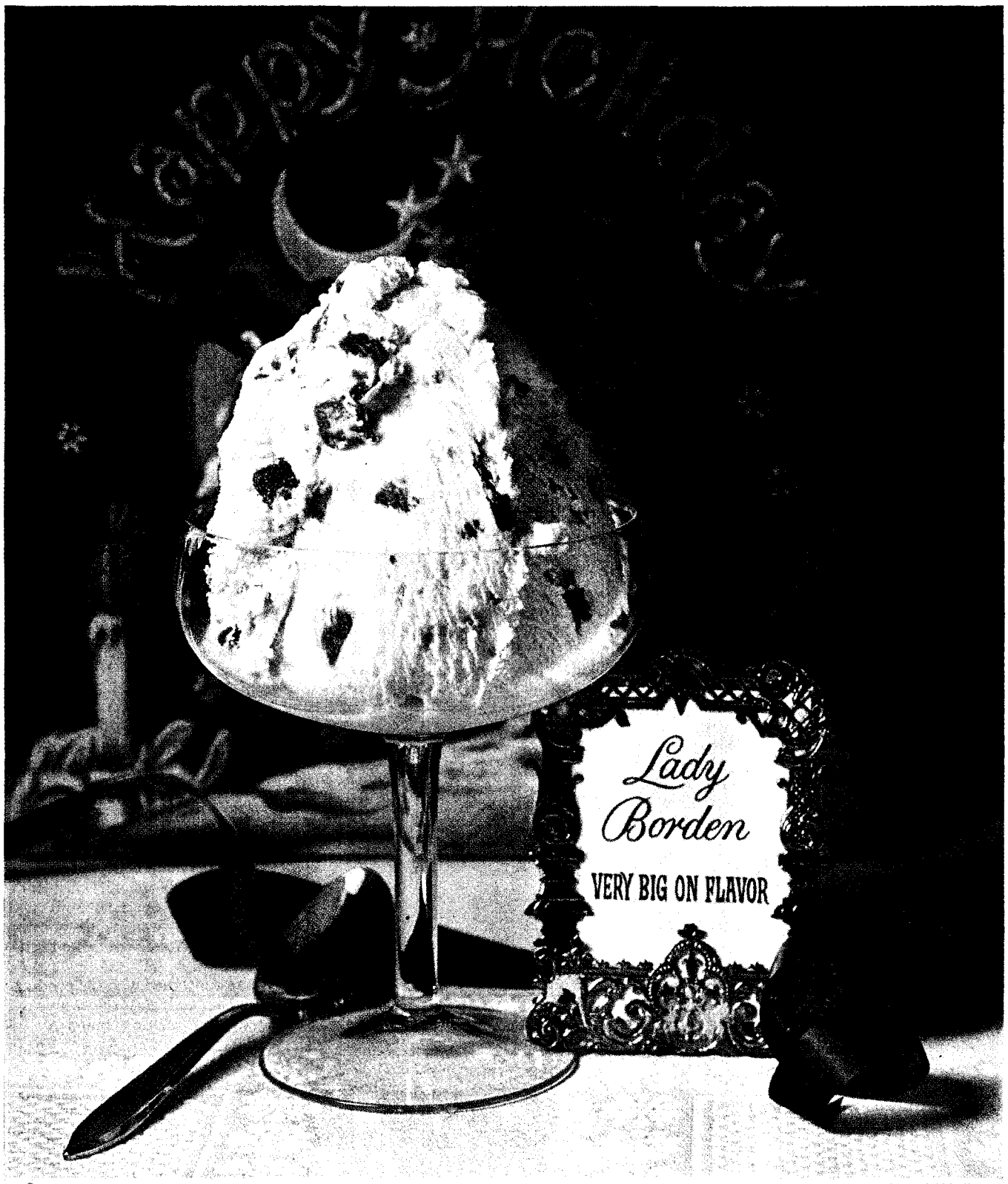
"In seven days—I couldn't believe my eyes—the framework was up," Norman Hafemeister, school director, recalls. The addition was completed in eighteen working days and, before a month had passed, the ramshackle original building also had been completely renovated.

Then, a couple of years later, when the Orange Grove directorship began wishing out loud for an occupational training center and workshop where jobs could be made for the retarded, the Siskins stepped in again and contributed materials and services to supplement a $12,500 Federal grant. The brothers get their reward when they walk through the shop and a blind worker recognizes their voices and sings out, "Hello, Mr. Mose! . . . Hello, Mr. Garrison!" Or when they enter a classroom and the youngsters, moving with the measured solemnity of those who live in the dim world of the afflicted, come up to them for a handshake or an embrace.

Another example of how the Siskins take hold of a project dates back to 1953 before their Rehabilitation Center was built. Dr. Charles Harold Alper, a local ear and larynx specialist, approached them in behalf of the Chattanooga-Hamilton County Speech and Hearing Center, then struggling along with inadequate facilities in a rented house. The brothers paid a visit to the makeshift classrooms, where attractive, often gifted children, who never had heard the sound of human voices or the singing of the birds, were striving to learn to speak a few simple words. It can be a painful experience to watch a handicapped youngster make the physical effort to move his lips and control his breathing in a manner that produces intelligible sounds. After sweating out "cow," "dog," and "house" a few times with the kids, Mose and Garrison went into action; the center's rented quarters were overhauled, equipped with fire escapes and endowed with a new heating plant, air-conditioning units, electronic equipment and almost everything the directors could suggest. Not satisfied, the Siskins then decided to build their Rehabilitation Center to provide a better place where children without hearing—and those suffering from other disorders—could be helped; their building now is the Speech and Hearing Center's new home.

The brothers have had their share of hurt. Not so long ago—this story comes not from them, but from a Chattanooga Protestant minister—they intervened in court for a well-educated girl of good family. She had stolen money from her employer to give to an older man who had betrayed and blackmailed her. "Mose and Garrison found her a job," the minister relates. "She was leading a quiet, exemplary life, when one day she came to them in near-hysteria. 'My father—he's supposed to be a good church man—told me I was no longer his daughter,' she sobbed. 'He said he'd rather see me in the penitentiary or on the streets than being helped by a Jew.' Garrison patted her on the shoulder and said, 'Honey, don't let it worry you—just keep on doing right.'"

The minister cited other examples. There is a well-known citizen, known to have uttered anti-Semitic statements, who is being aided by the Siskins in his recovery from a serious illness. A business acquaintance who once threatened Garrison with a loaded revolver was helped



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in both his personal and business problems. A young couple—the husband had spread untrue stories about Garrison's business dealings and had blackballed him for membership in a fraternal order—had drifted into alcoholism and financial ruin. Garrison made a personal crusade out of inducing each to quit drinking. When this was accomplished, he found the husband a new business and lent him the initial investment without even asking him to sign a note. (The loan is being repaid.)

The brothers have paid for scores of surgical operations for persons in financial distress; also for scholarships—never made public—to send dozens of worthy youngsters to college. No one knows how many television sets they have sent—anonymously—to bedridden persons. More than 100 churches, hospitals, schools, public buildings and individual homes have been equipped with steel ramps to make passage easier for crippled patients; they also maintain a "wheel-chair pool" to supply free wheel chairs for needy cases.

Then there are the larger benefactions—always characterized by instantaneous action. When Abilities, Incorporated, of Tennessee, needed a new building to expand its work of providing jobs for the disabled, Garrison Siskin one morning told the general manager, Mize Lawrence, himself a paraplegic since a Korean-war injury, "I'll see what we can do." That very afternoon, he had bulldozers clearing the ground, and in ten days the job was completed. The steel came from the Siskins; other firms were induced to donate materials, and local unions helped out with free labor. A year later, another addition for Abilities, Incorporated, was built under similar circumstances.

Some girls break a date just by going out with him. C. M. DOLL

One of the South's finest interdenominational youth centers is operated by Chattanooga's First Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Garrison one day approached the minister, the Rev. Dr. J. Fred Johnson, and without preamble announced: "Mose and I are furnishing the steel for your project." The project included a new church building, athletic bleachers, a playground, a field house and a mammoth swimming pool; the Siskins also donated all copper guttering, plumbing and other metal products. "I'm forbidden to say how much they've given us," says Doctor Johnson, "but I'd hate to try to replace it for less than $125,000."

Father Walter S. Bush, of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, is another vocal admirer of the brothers. He has cited their accomplishments in sermons from his pulpit.

How far do the Siskin brothers intend to carry their philanthropies? "Only the Lord can answer that," says Garrison. "If He sees fit to bless us further, we will try to give it back to Him."

Already they have purchased extensive additional properties and are negotiating for more on the block housing the Siskin Center. They intend to continue their own generosities and to enlist all the outside support they can attract to build and maintain larger and more varied clinics; their aim is to provide treatment and raining for the blind, paraplegics, amputees and, in general, persons suffering from any sort of physical disability at all.

If the Siskins can manage it, they will even cut back their own business activities in order to push the foundation's work. Some years ago they purchased an old-line Chattanooga steel-fabricating firm and operated it in conjunction with a construction organization. Three years ago they sold the subsidiaries to a Midwestern firm. "The companies were making money," Garrison says, "but Mose and I needed the time for the center. If we have our way, our next step will be to get rid of our warehousing operation, keeping only the scrap-metal business, so we will have even more time to give to this work."

The brothers' free-handedness is the despair of their accountant, Meyer Winer, a trustee of the foundation. "I admire tremendously what they are doing," Winer says, "but I keep pointing out to them that the tax laws allow them to give away only so much a year and that they have given so much for so many years ahead that they never will be able to take deductions on the entire amount of their donations. The last time I called this to their attention, they laughed at me and went out and borrowed $500,000 from the banks to lend to their building fund."

The brothers are seeking now to increase the $4,500,000 worth of insurance which they carry jointly on their lives, of which more than $1,000,000 will go to the foundation. With the increase, they contemplate endowing the foundation with another $1,000,000 to keep the work going after they have gone. Garrison sums it up by saying: "Some persons invest in stocks and bonds—Mose and I invest in people." Both brothers agree on a slogan which they repeat often: "We do not intend to be the richest people in the cemetery." THE END

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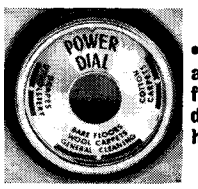

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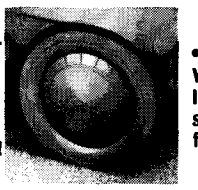

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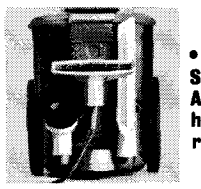

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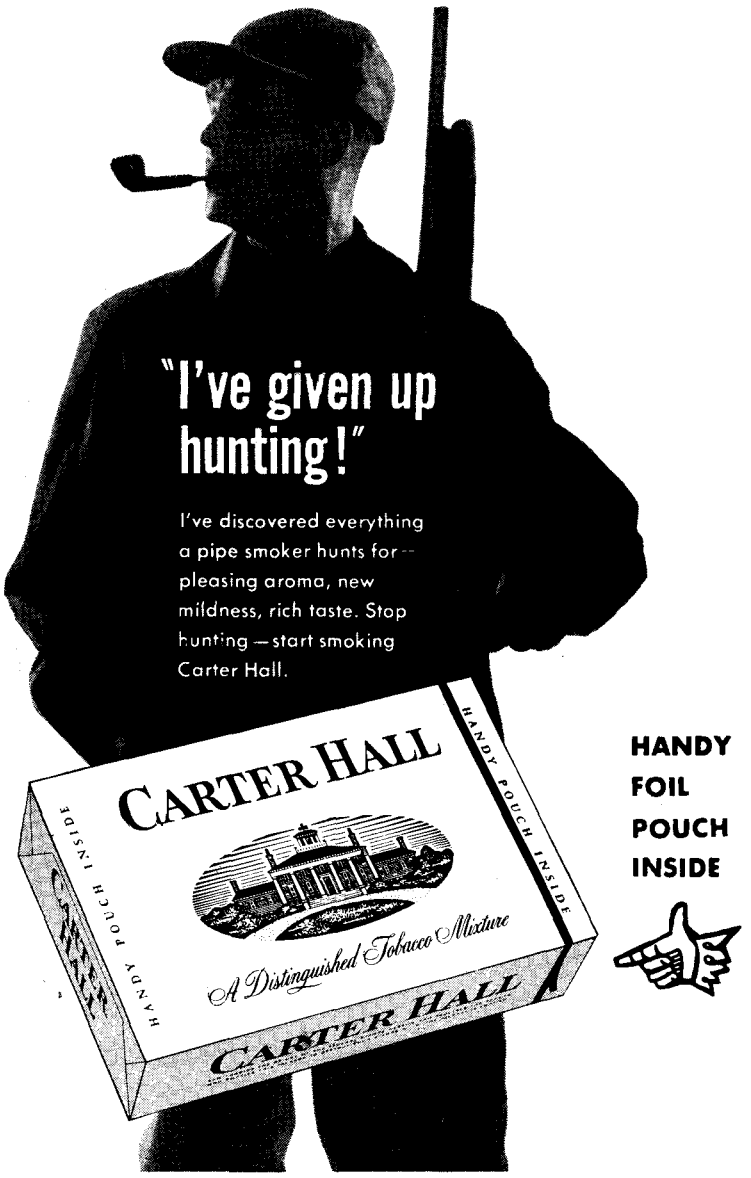
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The Soldier (Continued from Page 42)

"Yeah. But I hope nobody who sees it knows anything about reporting. All right. Here we go." He swung back to the typewriter and filled two pages, triple-spaced, and handed them to Farralon. "How does it look to you?" he asked. "Don't let the style throw you. That's cable-ese. We have to brief stuff to save radio and cable charges."

The opening of the story read:

Arrival WACs today unwelcomed like Japs by GHQ period Lieutenant and four girls comma first unit any combat area comma given concentration camp treatment colon barbed wire comma tumbledown quarters comma guards period. Assigned typewriting instead message center for which trained period Brass reported trying force girls return Stateside period One staffer said quote more trouble than platoon Japs because allowed shoot Japs period unquote

Farralon said, "Wow!"

"That what you need, colonel?"

"This will do it if anything will. Thanks a lot."

"Don't mention it," Holman said glumly. "Now listen, colonel, you owe me a good story someday—one I can send out."

Farralon gathered the story and headed for the door. "You can have an exclusive," he said, "when they court-martial me."

The best place to set off his bomb, he decided, was under the chief of staff. He returned to G.H.Q. and managed to get in to see Clement again.

"Sir," Farralon said, "I have a hot problem here that I figured I'd better bring directly to you. Colonel Baylor gave me additional duties as public-relations officer, and of course we handle press censorship in G-2, so the Associated Press correspondent gave me this story for clearance. I think you'd better read it."

Clement took the story. As he began reading, he stiffened as if the words shot a jolt of electricity through him. "What the devil ——" he said.

"It doesn't get any better as you go through it, either," Farralon said.

Clement read on, then slapped the story onto his desk. "Kill it!" he said.

"Sir, we may have trouble defending a kill on the grounds of security. It really doesn't give the enemy any information of military value."

"Well, the story just isn't true! We censor here for accuracy as well as security, Farralon."

"Sir," Farralon said gently, "that was my first thought too. But I checked and found the guy seems to have his facts straight."

"You sure of that?"

"Yes, sir. You could check into it yourself and see."

Clement said, "Farralon, I didn't give orders to turn the screws on the WAC's like this. Matter of fact, we were talking about them earlier today, weren't we? I said the general was a little worried about having WAC's in this command and didn't want them getting into any trouble. Wasn't that what I said?"

"Yes, sir." It was, of course, a long way from what Colonel Clement had said.

"I'd better get everybody in and see who fouled this up," Clement grumbled. He picked up his phone and called his exec. "Eddie," he said, "round up the general's aide, the chief signal officer, the adjutant general and the headquarters commandant. I want to see them and you right away."

The five officers arrived quickly, and Clement waved them to chairs.

"You know everybody, Farralon?" he said. "Oh, you haven't met our chief signal officer. . . . Colonel Maloney, Colonel Farralon. . . . All right, now. Gentlemen, I'm going to read you a story that the Associated Press correspondent just gave Colonel Farralon for clearance."

While Clement read the story aloud, Farralon watched the faces of the other officers. Only the chief signal officer looked genuinely concerned, and Farralon marked him down as a pretty good guy.

Clement finished reading the story and said, "Well, that's it." He waited a few moments but no one had a comment. "Eddie," he said to his exec, "did I ever give you any orders to treat the WACs like that?"

"No, sir," the exec said bravely but unhappily.

"You passed on exactly what I said about the WAC's? Just see they didn't get in trouble?"

"Well, sir," the exec said, less bravely and more unhappily, "I may have made it a touch stronger."

"A touch stronger! I bet everybody made it a hell of a lot stronger. . . .

Wind Wastrel

By Helen Harrington

With a gesture magnificent,
Wind has taken leaf and flower
To scatter in a spendthrift hour.
Autumn's coin is quickly spent
To leave a pauper who then goes
Through empty pockets of bush and tree,
Blustering loudly, uselessly,
In the wild company of snows.

Partridge!" he snapped, staring at the headquarters commandant. "What about you?"

Partridge turned white and stammered, "You see, sir, I thought that—and well, what with the shortages and all ——"

"Oh, knock it off," Clement said. "Maloney, are they capable of doing message-center work?"

"I really don't know, sir," the chief signal officer said. "I'm at fault for not checking carefully into that. Unfortunately it was my understanding, which I now see was wrong, that the general didn't want them in the message center."

Yes, Farralon thought, Maloney was all right.

Clement turned to the adjutant general and said, "Fikes, what have you got to say?"

"Me, sir?" Fikes said. "Why, colonel, my only connection with this matter was to agree that I would make use of them in a stenographic pool if nobody else wanted them."

"Stryker," Clement said to the general's aide, "do you agree that the treatment of the WAC's is far from what the general wanted?"

"Oh, yes, sir," Stryker said eagerly. "The general merely said they were going to create some problems, but that he supposed we could handle them."

"That's a hell of a lot softer than what you told me first. Well, let's just say that everybody kicked this one around. The question is, what are we going to do about this story? Farralon says he can't

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see how we can kill it on grounds of military security. So how do we handle it? I needn't tell you this would raise hell back in the States."

Farralon said, "Sir, as a very new member of the staff, perhaps I should let the others give their ideas first, but I had a thought you might want to consider. If the WAC's were assigned to the message center, and if their quarters were fixed up and the guards cut down to, say, a single guard, on duty from perhaps 2200 to 0600, there would be no basis for this story. Then I could go to this A.P. man and explain that what happened was just the usual first-day snafu and that everything is going smoothly now. I think I could talk him out of the story."

Clement said, "I had something like your plan in mind too. What about the rest of you?"

There was a murmur of agreement, indicating that the others also had something like that in mind.

"You willing to give them a try in the message center, Maloney?" Clement asked.

"Yes, sir. Right away. Sorry I didn't do it sooner."

"Partridge, what about their quarters and guards and all that?"

Captain Partridge wriggled uneasily. "I can remove the guards easily, sir," he said. "And I can send over rations so they can set up their own mess. But about their quarters ——"

"Fix them up!"

"But, colonel," Partridge wailed, "that house needs a gang of carpenters and plumbers! I got no carpenters and plumbers. I got no lumber or tools or pipe or anything. The engineers could do the job, but they're busy at the airfield. You want to yank them off the airfield?"

"What about another house?"

Partridge looked around the room at the row of unfriendly faces. "There are no better houses that aren't already assigned," he said sullenly.

Farralon remembered a slim brown hand putting a glass of limeade—with ice!—on the field desk at his quarters and said, "If I may make another suggestion, sir, I'd be willing to round up a few natives and see if they can't repair the house that the WAC's are in."

"Natives?" Clement asked.

"Yes, sir. There are more Zoangese around than you might think. Some of them are very clever at getting things done. I'd be willing to bet they have lumber and pipe and tools and all kinds of stuff stashed away. I might need a few cases of rations to pay them with."

"If you can do that, go ahead," Clement said. . . . "Partridge, you'll fix up Colonel Farralon with whatever rations he needs?"

"Yes, sir. Gladly."

"All right, gentlemen, that's all. Carry out the program we agreed on. . . . Colonel Farralon, I'd like to see you for a minute."

The others filed out of the office. When they had gone, Clement said, "Now, let's get everything straight. You'll take care of getting the correspondent to withdraw this story?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you'll take full responsibility for rounding up natives and repairing that house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," Clement said. "Well, I must say, Farralon, that I think you'll be a good addition to our staff. Wasn't sure of it when your name was first proposed. Well, let's not go into that. Better get right on the job."

Farralon went back to his quarters and called in the Zoangese and explained, in pidgin and by signs and drawings, exactly what had to be done. Late that afternoon he strolled by the WAC quarters. The barbed wire and guard had vanished. Two of the enlisted WAC's were outside, watching in awe as Zoangese swarmed over the house with hammers and saws and nails and boards and window glass and screens. As he looked on, more Zoangese arrived, carrying sections of soil pipe and lengths of water pipe and plumbing fixtures. The WAC's wouldn't have to dig that latrine after all. He was pleased.

Later on he was even more pleased when he learned that the headquarters commandant wanted to know who had come into his house and stolen the plumbing.

At 0801 the next day Farralon walked into the G-2 office and found Baylor working at his desk. He said, "Good morning, sir," and got a grunt in reply. Another desk had been moved into the room since yesterday, but Baylor did not tell him to take it, so Farralon remained standing.

He felt sorry for Baylor—quite likely the man could have led troops magnificently in war, but instead he was exiled to a desk job. It was a direct result of the rulings that he, Farralon, had made in those Louisiana maneuvers.

The question that interested Farralon now was: How would Baylor perform if he got another chance? Had the man gone too far downhill or not? It was an interesting question because it could just as easily be asked about himself.

Baylor looked up finally and said, "That's your desk, Farralon. Take it."

"Thank you, sir."

"You arrived at one minute after eight. Any excuses?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, hell, cut out all the 'sirs.' I merely asked if you had any excuses to see if you

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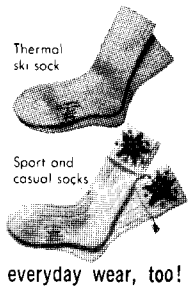

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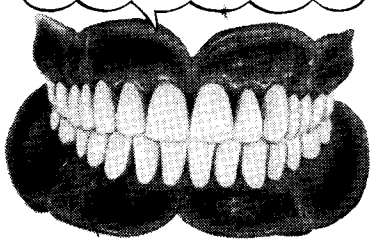

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were still the bright young no-excuse cadet. For your information, you were not one minute late this morning. I only came at 0800 in your honor. Get here any time you want and you still won't be late."

Farralon looked at the bare top of his desk and at the empty IN and OUT boxes. "I'd rather come earlier and get the work under way," he said.

"You know what I'm working on here? A crossword puzzle. Bring your own if you want to stay busy. By the way, I hear you got involved in a snafu about the WAC's yesterday afternoon."

"It wasn't much."

"You always expected to be a general, didn't you, Farralon? How do you like winding up as nursemaid for a bunch of WAC's?"

Farralon stirred uneasily. "Colonel, isn't there something I can help you with, instead of talking about the WAC's? I'd appreciate it if you'd go over the situation maps with me."

"Well, let's see, now," Baylor said. "My 315th Armored Regiment is assembling in this patch of woods. The First Battalion is already in position. . . ." He paused and stared at Farralon, watching for a flicker of expression. "Oh, the hell with it," he said. "You don't react. All right, let's look at what's happening here instead of in those Louisiana maneuvers." He walked to one wall of the office and pulled back a curtain that masked the situation maps. "Read 'em and weep," he said.

There were four maps, each with overlays showing the disposition of LPC forces and the estimated disposition of enemy forces. The central map covered the entire area assigned to the command—the dinosaur bulk of Zoanga; tiny Moon Island, two hundred and ten miles west southwest of Port Solo; the big blob of Rotai Island, seventy miles east by southeast of Port Solo. Two small blue dots on the map marked areas held by LPC forces—Port Solo itself and half of Moon Island. The Japs held the whole northern coast of Zoanga—the belly, spine and tail of Zoanga being mountainous and unusable—half of Moon Island and all of Rotai. They had a major airbase at Balikovo on the north central coast of Zoanga and were constructing an airstrip on Moon Island and an airfield on Rotai. It was obvious that, when Jap planes began operating from Moon Island and Rotai, Port Solo's lines of communication with Fiji and Samoa would be cut by airpower.

A large-scale map of Moon Island revealed that two LPC infantry battalions were fighting a regiment of Japs. On the face of it, this might look like an evenly matched affair. Normal strength of an ordinary Jap infantry regiment was about two thousand men—much less than the strength of a United States regiment—and thus the Jap regiment on Moon Island might seem to be about equal in strength to the two LPC battalions. However, the Jap regiment did not consist of ordinary troops. The Japs had sent a regiment of their elite Naval Landing Force troops to Moon Island. It was also a reinforced regiment.

The map of Rotai showed an estimated two Jap regiments plus labor units. The individual map of Zoanga indicated at least a Jap division at Balikovo, two Jap regiments holding East Harbor and the passes over the Karl Blitzen Mountains, a fighter and bomber wing at the Balikovo air base, and assorted warships operating out of Balikovo harbor. On Zoanga the LPC held a perimeter in the foothills of the Karl Blitzen Mountains, ten to fifteen miles north of Port Solo. The LPC forces on Zoanga consisted of an infantry battalion, a battery of 105-mm. howitzers, an antiaircraft unit equipped with 37-mm. cannon, a squadron of P-40 fighter planes and a company of engineers.

Farralon frowned and said, "I count three battalions of infantry. That only amounts to one regiment. Where's the rest of General McGuire's command?"

Baylor shrugged and said, "We were supposed to get two more regiments. But one of them got diverted to New Caledonia while on its way from the States, and the South Pacific Area kidnaped it. Our other regiment, the 484th Infantry, just finished special training back in Samoa, and we've more or less lost that too. By the way, one of your classmates from S.M.I. is C.O. of it—Ben Hetherington. Remember him?"

So Ben had a regiment now. Well, people were always saying Ben would get ahead. "I ought to remember him," Farralon said. "We roomed together at Saratoga. You say we've more or less lost Ben's regiment?"

"Yeah. It's going to be used in an assault on Rotai."

"Rotai is part of our command?"

"Uh-huh. But one regiment can't hope to take Rotai. The Navy's worried about Rotai because the Japs are building an airfield that can handle heavy bombers, and when the field is operational, they can hit our whole line of communications to Australia and New Guinea. So the Navy's throwing in a bunch of warships to cover the landing, and the 33rd Marines to operate ashore with Hetherington's regiment. The Navy insisted on tactical command of the whole operation since it's putting up most of the chips. General McGuire doesn't have a thing to say about the Rotai operation. And after it's over, Hetherington's outfit will have to be rested and brought back to full strength. We won't see it for six months, if ever."

"How come two battalions on Moon Island and only one here?"

"First we threw in one on Moon Island and then we had to send the other. Right now the effective strength of both of them is less than fifty per cent. They're getting pushed back, and we have nothing more to send."

"And here at Port Solo we have one battalion against two Jap regiments, not counting the division at Balikovo?"

"Oh, it's not quite as bad as it sounds," Baylor said. "The passes over the mountains north of us are awful. The Japs can't send a lot of troops over the passes and keep them supplied. Out around the perimeter we're about even with them. The only thing is, the Japs can replace their losses. We can't."

"What's McGuire doing about all this?"

Baylor patted a yawn delicately, as if shaping it into the right size. "General McGuire," he said, "spends his time making patrols outside the perimeter, looking for Japs to shoot. He totes an old carbine and he's not a bad shot."

"What's a commanding general doing potting Japs?"

Baylor smiled. "We all have our little ways of passing the time. I collect crossword puzzles. McGuire collects Japs."

"Why isn't he screaming for more troops?"

"Oh, he's done that. But there aren't enough to go around, and nobody gives a plugged musket for us. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll go back to my crossword puzzle."

There didn't seem to be anything else to do, so Farralon went to the files and pulled folders and began studying everything in them. At 0900 the sergeant, Johnson, slid into the room and said, "Good morning, sir," in the sort of hushed voice you would expect in a funeral parlor. Johnson put a stack of papers on his desk. Under cover of the stack, he began reading a comic book.

At 0915 the door opened again, without a knock, and Farralon glanced at the doorway and got up quickly. The officer standing in the doorway was as thin and worn as an old saddle pouch. He had faded blue eyes and a profile you could have used as a tomahawk. An old campaign hat was shoved on the back of what had been red hair, and there were a couple of stars on the tabs of his open collar. This was Maj. Gen. Harley McGuire, Commanding General, Lower Pacific Command.

"At ease," McGuire said. "How are you today, Reb?"

"Fine, thank you, general."

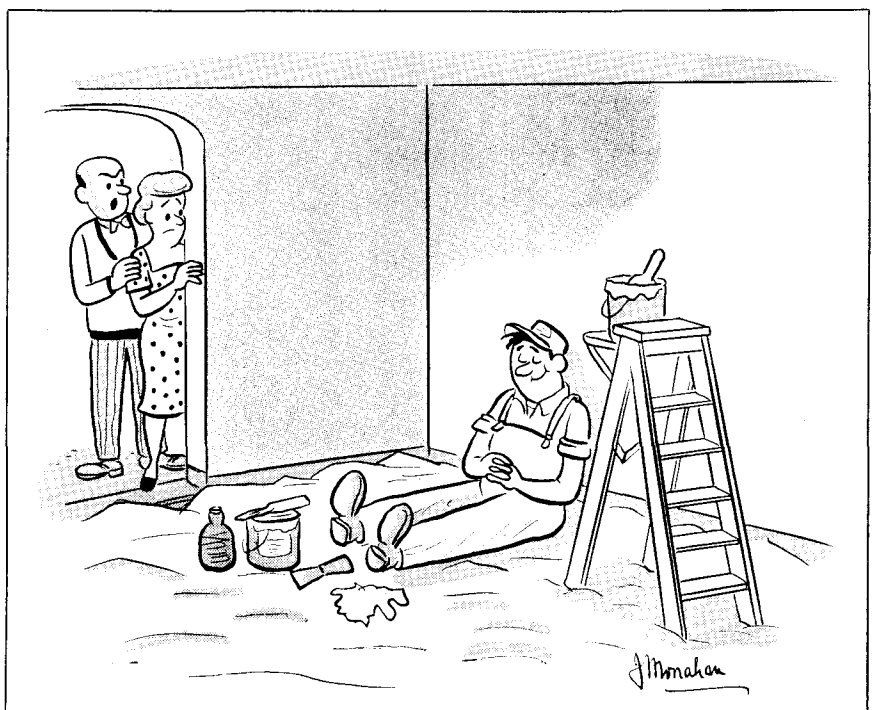
"And this is your new man, huh?" McGuire said, studying Farralon. "You're George Farralon's kid, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," Farralon said.

"They don't make soldiers like him any more. How is he?"

"He's in good health, sir. Of course, he feels they should have called him back for troop duty, not just to run a procurement district."

"George must be near seventy. At that, he'd do better with troops than a lot of the clucks we (*Continued on Page 116*)



"You were right—green is a restful color."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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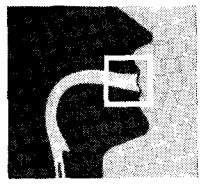
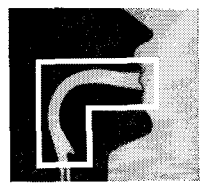
Listerine's Protection-in-Depth Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better

Read why the Listerine way* protects 4 times better than tooth paste—kills bad breath germs tooth paste doesn't even reach!



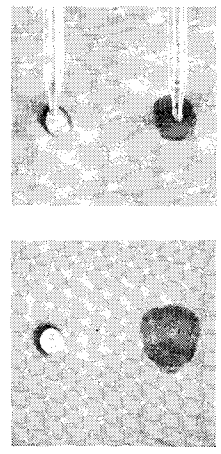
◀ *Tooth paste only reaches this small area,* but most bad breath is caused by germs *all over* the mouth and throat. What's more, it takes an antiseptic to kill germs and no tooth paste is antiseptic in the mouth. But Listerine *is.* Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions, on contact. Kills germs that even modern "wonder" drugs can't stop.



◀ *Today's germ-killing Listerine* is scientifically formulated to penetrate into tiniest crevices of the mouth and deep down into farthest recesses of the throat. You get this *Protection-in-Depth* the Listerine way*, the recommended way. It covers *four times* the area reached by tooth paste or ordinary mouth rinsing. That's four times as much *area* where bad breath germs thrive.

*See directions on label

Penetrates where even water cannot.



Listerine is twice as "wet" as water, penetrates deep into germ-hideouts too small for tooth paste to enter.

Test shows—above: Water and Listerine dropped onto note paper. Below: Seconds later, Listerine has penetrated down into microscopic surface openings. Minutes later, water is *still* on the surface.

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(*Continued from Page 114*) have." He turned back to Baylor and said, "Dug up any more Japs for us?"

"No more than yesterday, sir."

"I'll see if I can scratch one or two off the list today. No luck yesterday. You raring to go out with me, Reb?"

A faint smile twitched at Baylor's lips. "If you want me, general."

McGuire snorted. "That wasn't what I asked," he said. He wheeled back to Farralon and said, "All right, then. I'll take you. Meet me outside in ten minutes." He glanced at his wrist watch, turned and left.

Baylor said, "Johnson, run down to supply and pick up a K ration for Colonel Farralon. And get him a filled canteen."

Johnson said, "Yes, sir," and left.

"Well," Baylor said, looking pleased, "you're gonna be initiated sooner than I thought."

"I'm not sure I get the idea."

"General McGuire thinks his staff officers spend too much time sitting on their cans. He likes to goose us up with a patrol now and then. You have a treat ahead of you. How much do you know about abnormal psychology?"

"Not much. Why?"

"In view of your date with the general," Baylor said gently, "I recommend a quick course in it. Especially of an urge they call—um, the death wish. Ah, here's Johnson with your K ration and canteen."

There was a mocking note in Baylor's voice, and Farralon wished he knew what was behind it. He thanked Johnson for the K ration and canteen and left the room. He noticed that Baylor didn't tell him good luck.

A jeep with a two-star flag on each front fender was waiting outside; General McGuire was pacing up and down beside it. Farralon climbed in and took the left-hand rear seat, in deference to the rank-on-the-right principle. McGuire leaped in beside the driver and said, "Let's go, let's go," to the driver. The jeep took off, the two-star flags snapping out straight on their rods. McGuire leaned forward as if riding a horse, now and then telling the driver to step on it. They cut through town and drove north through abandoned coconut plantations.

McGuire turned and stared at Farralon from eyes that might have been chipped off a glacier. "You were the C.O. on Anchor Island," he said.

Farralon hoped that someday he could take a reminder of Anchor Island without wincing. "Yes, sir, I was," he said.

"You had a kid named Pat Degan there," McGuire said.

"Yes, sir. You knew him?"

"He was my godson. I never married. Never had kids of my own."

What did you say at this point? That you were sorry about Pat Degan? That you were sorry McGuire had lost somebody he might have considered a son? "Pat was a good officer," he said.

"Yeah. Was."

McGuire turned away, shutting off the conversation. Nothing had been heard of Pat Degan since the Jap flood washed over Anchor Island. Nothing had been heard of any of the small detachment except, of course, for its commanding officer, Lt. Col. William A. Farralon.

Up ahead, the coconut groves began thinning out, and through the curved gray trunks he saw the green of jungle and the purple terraces of the mountains. They passed a spot where wheeled and tracked vehicles had left the road and churned across dirt into the grove. Farralon looked up. There was open sky overhead, and those ruts would show clearly on an aerial photo.

"General," he said, "your battery of 105-millimeter howitzers is back in that grove, isn't it?"

"Yeah. What of it?"

"The marks where they turned off the road show up clearly and could be spotted if the Japs took an aerial photo. The battery may get bombed one of these days."

"You commanding that battery, Farralon?"

"No, sir."

"We'll let their C.O. run it then."

Farralon nodded. He had stuck his neck out, and the General had rabbit-punched it.

Halfway across the meadow the road curved away from the mountains, and a dirt lane snaked off into the jungle. The jeep skidded into the lane and slowed at a roadblock manned by soldiers with M.P. brassards.

The dirt lane had been a logging road in peacetime. It ended in a clearing where giant logs lay tumbled like the columns of a forgotten temple. At first glance the clearing seemed empty of life. But there were shapes that didn't fit the jungle. As you studied them, they turned into camouflaged shelter halves and the barrel of an air-cooled machine gun and the snout of a 60-mm. mortar. Here and there, round fungus growths on top of logs began moving and became helmets with American faces under them.

The jeep stopped, and General McGuire vaulted out. "Wait here, Farralon," he said.

Whatever you might think of McGuire as a commanding general, you had to give him one thing. The men in this rifle company were glad to see him. There were grins, waves, even a voice calling, "Go get 'em, Mac." McGuire bounced across the clearing with his rocking cavalry stride, waving and calling some of the men by name. It might be a long way from parade-ground discipline, but it was good stuff. Soldiers who greeted you like this would probably fight for you until they dropped.

McGuire squatted beside a man in sweat-blackened fatigues and began talking and drawing sketches in the dirt. Farralon unsnapped his holster and took out the .45, pulling the slide to seat a cartridge in the chamber, and putting on the safety and returning it to the holster.

He noticed that General McGuire had an old carbine—a lever-action Winchester—in a leather boot on the jeep. That would help some. It wasn't often that a lieutenant colonel rated a major general as his bodyguard.

McGuire called to him to come over, and Farralon climbed out of the jeep and walked toward the general. The murmur of talk faded, and the clearing seemed very still. It was like walking into a room and hearing the conversation break off and knowing that they had been talking about you.

McGuire said, "This is Captain Kroll of King Company. . . . Captain, this is Colonel Farralon."

"How are you, captain?" Farralon said.

Kroll said tonelessly, "Fine, thank you, sir."

Farralon started reaching forward to shake hands, but halted the gesture when he saw that Kroll didn't seem to notice. That might be mere chance, or the usual feeling of front-line troops about brass from G.H.Q. It might be something else too.

McGuire said, "We're going out through King Company's perimeter and patrol the trails north for about a mile. Wait here, and I'll get my carbine."

As the general strode away, Farralon asked, "Who's going with us?"

"Just you two," Kroll said.

"That sounds like an easy way to lose a commanding general. Does he always go out with just one other person?"

"One of my squads usually goes with him. Today he didn't want a squad." Kroll glanced at Farralon's holster. "I see you got a forty-five."

"I'm not too happy with it. You wouldn't happen to have a couple of hand grenades?"

Kroll frowned and reached slowly down behind a log and brought up two hand grenades. He weighed them in his hands, and said, "Now, look, colonel, you'll be careful with these things? Sounds are queer in the jungle, and it's easy to lose your sense of direction. I wouldn't want these lobbed into one of my listening posts."

Farralon frowned. The lecture-room tone in which the captain spoke was no way to make friends. Of course, when you came right down to it, Kroll hadn't tried to be friendly. "Maybe I ought to forget the grenades," he said. "And maybe you'd like me to leave my forty-five. I could shoot up a listening post with that too."

Kroll bounced the grenades a few times in his hands. "I'm just asking you to be careful, colonel," he said and passed over the grenades.

Farralon stuck one in each side pocket of his pants. "How far out is your perimeter?" he asked.

"About a hundred yards from here, across a six-hundred-yard front. Beyond that I have four listening posts, just two-man foxholes, about twenty yards farther out."

"And the Jap lines?"

"Some days you can patrol a couple miles north and find nothing. Other days they can be lying by one trail or another within spitting range of here."

McGuire came up at that moment, carbine under one arm. "All set?" he asked. "Let's go."

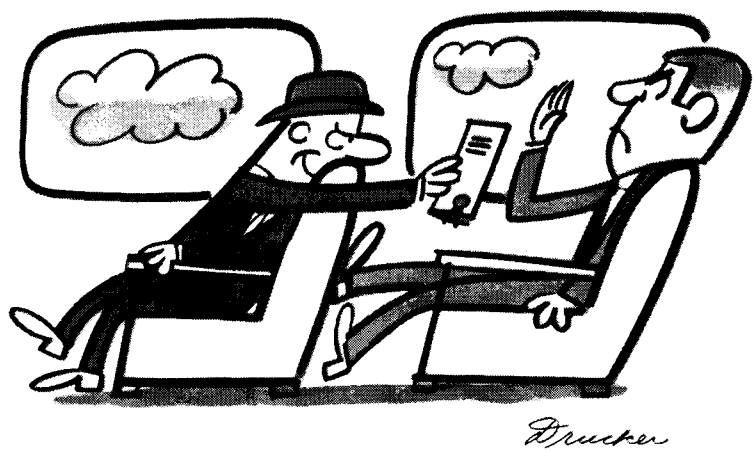
Kroll said, "Sir, Colonel Farralon asked for a couple of hand grenades, and I supplied them."

"Oh," McGuire said. There was a short silence, and then he said, "Well, let's go, let's go."

They moved out on a footpath that quickly narrowed to single-file width, and McGuire took the lead. Within ten paces they were out of sight of the clearing and walking through a world so quiet that it might have been at the bottom of the Mindanao Deep. The jungle—or, more correctly, the tropical rain forest—was not the sort of zoo, filled with sound and life, that most people expected. The only sounds came from moisture plopping onto leaves.

Except by counting paces, it was hard to tell when they reached the perimeter of King Company. The only clues came from little things. Over there moss had been rubbed off the top of a decaying log, perhaps by a rifle barrel. Here was a ridge of earth, unsmoothed by dripping moisture, that marked the edge of a foxhole. That v-shaped lane fanning away on the right looked too regular, and back at its apex there might be a machine gun with a cleared lane of fire. Ahead of him, General McGuire padded forward quietly, the carbine balanced in one hand, sweat beginning to creep in a dark stain over his shoulder blades.

McGuire followed one path for a while and then branched off on another. It seemed to Farralon that they were not making much progress toward the north. Once he thought he recognized a fork in the trail, where a tree hung dead in a shroud of vines, as a spot they had passed earlier. But, of course, the rain forest was full of forking (*Continued on Page 118*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Knowing that a summons awaited him in Arkansas, Andrew vowed never to set foot in the state. He didn't. But a clever summons server outsmarted him by getting on the same plane in Tennessee and handing him the court paper in flight over Arkansas. Andrew objected in Federal court that the summons was not valid.

"Why not?" the process server demanded. "You can see by the plane's log that he was inside Arkansas when I tagged him."

"No, he wasn't," Andrew's lawyer replied. "He was twenty thousand feet away from Arkansas soil when you handed him that summons."

If you were the judge, would you approve a four-mile-high summons?

• •

The summons stood approved. The court said that while it never had heard of such a situation before, surely the sovereign power of a state extends to planes flying above it.

Based upon a 1959 Federal decision.

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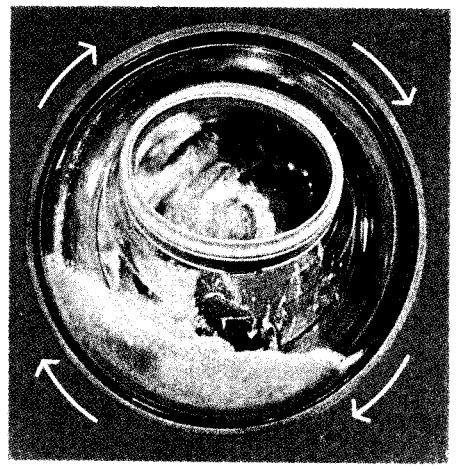
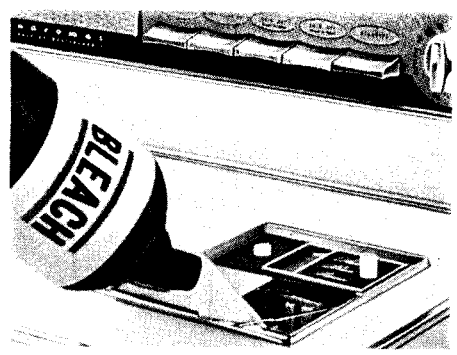


UNIQUE WASHING ACTION lifts clothes *in* and *out* of hot, sudsy water throughout the entire wash cycle. Then two deep rinses in fresh, clear water. Yet it uses up to 10 gallons less water than other automatics.



NEW BLEACH DISPENSER automatically adds the bleach to the wash at just the right moment, safely diluted, in the right amount. No worry about "how much," no fear of spilling. Holds a full 6 weeks supply.

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(*Continued from Page 116*) trails and of trees that had only fallen part way. The steady rocking gait of the man ahead of him never faltered, and it was ridiculous to wonder if McGuire was lost.

The footpath curved, and a faint lane fanned out to the left, and sudden shocking noise hammered against his eardrums. He reacted to it slowly. First his mind had to adjust to the fact that the underwater hush of the rain forest had exploded into sound. Then he had to sort out the riveting noise on the left from the crackling overhead. He must have wasted a second or two, because by the time he started diving to the ground, McGuire had already hit the dirt and was rolling off the trail.

The ground crashed into Farralon's chest, and he rolled and found a log and squirmed over its top and down behind it. Four feet away, an old campaign hat peeped over the top of another log like a queer brown mushroom. Farralon crawled to the log and found McGuire staring at him.

Farralon took a couple of deep breaths. His heart was tumbling around in his chest like a stone in an empty barrel. "You all right, general?" he gasped.

"Hell, yes," McGuire said. The man wasn't even breathing quickly. You might think McGuire would ask how Farralon was, but he didn't.

Farralon pulled out his .45, laid it beside him and reached into a pocket for a hand grenade. Then he peered over the top of the log. The machine gun was firing in short bursts, and its bullets seemed to be going high. That was odd. You would expect the gun to be sited to fire no higher than three feet from the ground, but even before hitting the dirt he had noted that the whiplash snappings were overhead. He couldn't see far down the lane of fire. The gun might be forty yards away, at the apex of a narrow V. Was there anything familiar about that V?

He turned his head and saw McGuire still watching him. McGuire had not shoved the barrel of his carbine over the top of the log. McGuire's hand lay, perhaps casually, beside the .45 that Farralon had placed beside himself. Was there anything significant in that?

"Any orders, general?" he asked.

McGuire said, "This time you didn't run, huh?"

Yes, indeed, there was something significant in these things. Bits of the puzzle fell into place—going on patrol without a squad from King Company, the half-fallen tree at the fork in the trail, the machine gun's high angle of fire, the familiar V fanning off the trail. You could add a few more things, like the silence in King Company's clearing and the hostility of Kroll and the guy's reluctance to supply the hand grenades and Kroll's report to General McGuire about the grenades. *This time you didn't run.*

"Any orders, general?" he repeated.

"I could cover you from here with the carbine," McGuire said, watching him with unblinking eyes. "You could crawl outside that fire lane and lob your grenades into their position. How does that sound to you?"

"Not so good, general."

"I didn't think it would."

"It doesn't sound good to me," Farralon said quietly, "because I don't think Captain Kroll would like losing his thirty-caliber air-cooled Browning Model 1919A4."

McGuire stared at him silently for a few moments. Then he said, "You're a smart cooky, Farralon. No matter what else they may say, you're a smart cooky." He poked his head above the log and yelled, "All right. Knock it off! Knock it off!"

The gun stopped its chatter. That was the final piece of the puzzle, proving that everything had been staged. Perhaps he would never know for exactly what purpose all this had been arranged. Just for the personal satisfaction of watching him run and showing him up as a coward? It was hard to tell. He put the hand grenade back in his pocket and returned the .45 to its holster.

McGuire said, "Were you guessing at the model of that machine gun?"

"Sort of an educated guess, general. I know it's a thirty-caliber air-cooled Browning. I could be wrong about the model."

"Too bad you tagged it. Now I won't know if you'd have tried to crawl up on it. You still don't rate in my book, Farralon. All you did was not run. And this time you didn't have any place to run to—not like Anchor Island."

Anger began tying a knot in Farralon's throat. "Maybe you heard, sir, that I claimed I had orders to leave."

"Yeah. I heard." McGuire got up. "All right. The show's over. Now let's make that patrol."

They returned to the trail and hiked along it for a short distance, still paralleling the King Company perimeter, and then turned north on a path they had not taken before. They had only moved half a dozen steps on the new trail when something flickered on the far left edge of Farralon's field of view. His head jerked toward it. An opening fanned out to the left, and at the apex thirty yards away loomed a mass of fallen limbs.

Something flickered again behind the deadfall—a bird, a small animal, a leaf shuddering under a drop of moisture? He didn't like guessing. "Drop!" he yelled at McGuire and flattened on the ground.

The general flopped beside him at the split second when the silence ripped apart once more. The same angry bursts rattled, and the same snappings filled the air. Or were they exactly the same? Was that a lighter, more hysterical rattling? Weren't those snappings a lot closer?

"Oh, the damned idiots!" McGuire yelled. "I told them only that one gun." He lifted his voice and cried, "Knock it off, damn it! Knock it off!"

The rattling didn't stop. Farralon glanced around. There was no convenient nearby log. They were in the open, and the bullets were coming in low, and that didn't sound like any Browning he had ever heard. It might not be easy for the gunner to depress the muzzle any more, but they were only thirty yards away and at any second a grenade might curve toward them from the deadfall. He yanked out one of his own grenades. The thing was timed to explode five seconds after the handle flew off. Five seconds was a relatively long time. If you threw a grenade at an alert enemy, he might throw it back at you before five seconds passed.

A hand grabbed his shoulder, and McGuire shouted, "Don't throw that! That's our gun!"

He didn't think there was time to argue. He twisted away and changed his grip on the knobby shape and let the handle flip off with a tinny *ping-g-g* and counted three and lobbed it at the deadfall. He should have kept his head down, but he had to watch and make sure the burst was effective. It was like watching something in slow motion. There was the small black dot of the grenade in the air, and there was a Jap leaping up behind the deadfall with his arm cocked, and there was the flash and cloud of smoke and dirt, and there was the Jap stumbling one step forward and going down.

"Japs!" McGuire cried. "Japs!"

His cry held a queer glad note, and suddenly he was up and charging along the fire lane. It took a second for Farralon to scramble to his feet. McGuire was ten yards ahead, working the lever of the Winchester and firing from the hip and letting out some wild old cavalry yell. Beyond him there were crashings in the brush and the glimmer of forms running through the trees. It took the full thirty yards to the deadfall before Farralon caught up and tackled him and brought him down in a rolling cursing heap. He sat on the man and held him.

"Let me up, you idiot," McGuire gasped.

"A bunch of Japs got away. You'd get yourself killed going after them. I guess that's what you want, isn't it?"

"Dammit, let me up."

"You can't take it," Farralon said. "They send you to Port Solo and give you nothing to fight with, and you're going to get licked and you can't take it. You don't want to be a general who lost his army. So you want to take this way out."

"I know what I'm doing. Get off me."

"The hell you know what you're doing. You don't know what it will do to those guys in King Company when you get yourself killed. I saw how they acted when you bounced in. You're their rabbit's foot. If their general can go hunting Japs and come back alive, so can they. But you know what you're doing, huh? I don't give a damn for you, general. I don't give much of a damn for anything. But if a bunch of good riflemen were banking on me, I wouldn't let them down. Now go ahead and give me a court-martial. Somebody needed to tell you this."

He got up, panting, and watched McGuire scramble to his feet and brush dirt off the carbine. A vein on McGuire's forehead lifted blue and squirming against the skin. The Old Man's eyes were hard and bright and looked almost happy.

"Maybe you're right," McGuire said hoarsely. "Maybe you're right. You don't mind if I hate your guts, do you? It gives me a new interest in life. I wouldn't give you a court for anything. I want to keep you around, Farralon. I want to give you chances to foul up. Maybe I'll get a chance to take off your hide like you took off mine."

"Very good, sir," Farralon said stiffly. "Now if you'll excuse me ——"

He walked to the deadfall and looked down. In it were three heaps, shapeless as bags a ragpicker might have filled. At close range the metal shards of a grenade chewed things up very effectively. He didn't look forward to what he was going to do, but chances of this kind didn't come every day. He knelt and moved the heaps around and went through pockets. A little pile of things grew beside him—two letters, a ragged photo, a reddened mat of papers, a small book that might be a diary. He didn't think much of their security methods, letting soldiers go on a combat patrol with papers and identification.

Above him, McGuire said, "How the hell can you do that!"

"By holding my breath, general."

"What use is it? We don't have anybody who reads Japanese."

"I read it," Farralon said.

He stuffed the material in a pocket and wiped his hands in the dirt and went to the machine gun. This would be the Nambu. He had read about it. Attached to the breech was a hopper that still contained three clips of five cartridges each.

He heard running feet and wondered if he could work the Nambu, but the feet belonged to King Company riflemen and to Captain Kroll.

"We came as fast as we could," Kroll cried. "You all right, general?"

"Fine," McGuire said.

Kroll stared at the three bodies. "Nice shooting, general."

"Not me," McGuire said. "Colonel Farralon was pitching the strikes."

Farralon looked up from the machine gun. "General," he asked, "do our troops know how to operate a Nambu machine gun?"

"How the hell would they know?"

"I thought maybe some Nambus had been captured and a manual put out on how to use them."

McGuire said grimly, "We haven't been capturing Jap stuff."

"Then could I take this back and study it, sir? Is there room in the jeep?"

"Yeah, we got room. . . . Captain, how about a couple of your guys lugging it to the jeep?"

"Thanks," Farralon said. He dug into his left pants pocket and pulled out the remaining grenade. "I'll give this back to you, captain."

Kroll took the grenade and bounced it in his hand. "You only used one grenade?" he asked.

Farralon couldn't help it. What he was going to say was brash and corny, but it would pay Kroll back for the way he had acted and it would give Kroll's men something to talk about. "Why throw two grenades?" he said. "There was only one machine gun, wasn't there?"

TO BE CONTINUED

"To the nearest barbershop."

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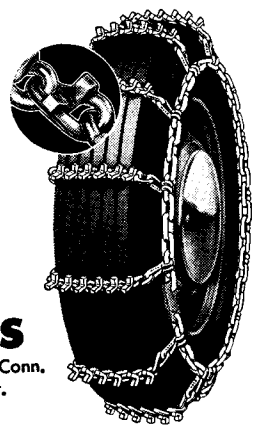

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Why We Turn Them Down

(Continued from Page 31)

for four hours in your office; the father who hinted that if you admitted his boy, it would mean something substantial for the college—and perhaps for you.

This boy had been so thoroughly nice. Yet the odds were great he could not survive scholastically. He might. There was an outside chance. But to take him, you would have had to deny admission to some other boy for whom the chances of doing a good job in the classroom were much greater.

When he said, "I guess I didn't study hard enough," you could not bring yourself to tell him you knew he had studied as hard as he could. His *A*'s and *B*'s, a fine record on the surface, represented everything anyone could have expected from a boy of his intellectual potential—perhaps a little bit more. But the work here was much harder and faster than this lad and his parents really could conceive. You knew in your mind, if not in your heart, that the committee had been right.

This boy would have studied his heart out. You were sure of it. But he would gradually realize he was in over his head. Frustration, perhaps desperation, would creep in on him. His eyes would become shadowed even as they were shadowed today. But the shadow of failure, as opposed to the shadow of disappointment, lasts a long, long time.

Each May you talk with a hundred boys like this. You speak with a hundred parents and a hundred alumni over the telephone. You write hundreds of letters. Each time you wonder, *Have we been right?*

Then you remember the wonderful boys you do admit. You recall the remarkably small number who do fail. You reflect on the flow of alumni into the world, into graduate school, into medicine, law, engineering, teaching, government, business, the arts. And you have to admit that imperfect the system may be, heart-rending many decisions must be, but the system does work. You sigh. You look out the window at the boys playing softball on the campus. You start thinking about next year.

Each fall a new college generation starts its final year of preparation. For many it is a year of expectation, for some a year of hope. A few find it a year of the jitters. In their anxiety they may very well blow their chances for admission, and certainly these latter do not get the last full measure out of their senior year in high school. What parents go through in this period only a parent can know.

A woman once asked an admissions officer of long experience how she could assure her son's admission to college. He replied, "Madam, I can only hope he picked his great-great-grandparents with care." This response was not entirely flip. Heredity is important—but so are a lot of other factors.

There will be here offered no gimmicks or patent trade secrets by which college admission can be guaranteed. There are none.

In round numbers, 2,000,000 candidates from 30,000 schools seek admission to 2000 colleges each year. The sheer magnitude of numbers staggers the imagination. To this add fifty types of colleges and goodness knows how many procedures, dates and requirements, and we have a maze through which even the initiated find it difficult to navigate.

Actually, although there are many shades and details, there are only two kinds of admission situations.

Some institutions are obliged by law to provide, or for other reasons have, room for all students who fulfill specific requirements. So long as the candidate meets the standards, there is no problem; if he does not, everyone knows precisely why.

Some institutions have room for only a fraction of their applicants. These colleges select their students by comparative standards. They are the "competitive" colleges. Since they never know how many candidates of given qualifications will apply each year, they cannot publish "set" standards. This leads the casual observer to think they have hazy policies. Because rejection seems to imply comparative inferiority, the rejected candidates and their friends feel the admissions committee has no judgment. And because an admissions officer, in moments of complete candor, admits he may not

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"I'm to amuse you until my wife comes down."

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have made the right decision in every single case, some people are convinced that college admission is utter confusion, if not madness.

Newspapers editorialize on "this disgraceful state of affairs." Colleges are admonished to "clean up their houses." "Experts" offer simple solutions.

Admissions officers and colleges will always be criticized for individual decisions, and perhaps even for policies, or for what the public "thinks" are their policies. This is part of the college-admissions picture. It will not hurt anyone to keep the admissions officers on their toes. They will be kept on their toes for other reasons, but criticism in itself is not unhealthy. It is not healthy, however, for large segments of the public or press to be hysterically critical or critical through ignorance. It is important that parents, schools and faculties of the colleges understand the problems inherent in this admissions business in order that collectively we may progress toward improvement of the weak spots and toward wiser selective processes than conditions now permit.

There probably never will be any way of softening completely the disappointment felt by candidates who are not accepted by the college of their heart's desire. Parental disappointment involving the hopes and fears we have for our children is equally strong. But much of the problem lies in the fact that admission to a competitive college is not a two-plus-two business. Human beings do not fall that simply into categories. Decisions are not always easy to explain. People do not always understand them.

For the reader who would like to get the feel of it, I suggest a home experiment that might make a good parlor game.

Pick the top twenty boys and girls, as you know them, in the local high-school senior class. Use any basis for this selection you wish. Then write characterizations for each of these boys and girls. List everything you can remember about them. Include the good, the bad, their strengths, their weaknesses as you have known them in the community, in the school, the home, the church, the Scouts. Never mind if you do not have complete data. It is only a game. Recall what you can about their school records. This material makes up your "folders."

Now select for your family college five, and only five, of these people. That's all you have room for. They are all good candidates, or you would not have selected them in the first place. In other words, they would have been encouraged, presumably, to apply for admission to a competitive college.

But you have room for only five. Pick them for any reasons your family committee wishes. Then let me ask you: Have you been consistent in your standards? Are you sure you made the right decisions in every case? What would you tell the parents of the fifteen boys and girls you could not admit? You probably hope you will never be asked.

A college obviously has sources and techniques not available to your committee, but the general problem is the same. And the data to sift, weigh, collate and relate are multiplied a thousandfold.

The candidate and his parents, the schoolman and the alumnus, all are rarely interested in the philosophy behind admissions policy. They want to know: "What does George have to make on his College Board tests to get in?" "How high does he have to stand in his class?" "How much do extracurricular activities weigh?" "Does he have to have three years of French?"

If George is not accepted, they want to know why. And they want pat, simple answers. It does little good to tell them the real reason was that the admitted candidates presented stronger qualifications. To explain case by case why each of several hundred others was selected in his place would be a monumental task, if not mechanically downright impossible.

In fact, George may be a very strong candidate. He may have solid capabilities, excellent preparation and a fine reputation. But the students who are selected are not without qualifications.

And if an applicant you turn down has higher test scores than another whom you did admit, oh, my! "What goes on?" his parents ask. "We thought College Board scores were important. You people are always talking about them."

Yes, admissions officers do talk about College Board scores, aptitude tests, achievement tests, grades, rank in class, school recommendations. These are the warp and woof of the candidate's case for admission. But there are other things. They want to know about the applicant's reputation, his character. They seek all the information they can get from him, his acquaintances, his school and perhaps even from alumni interviewing committees in his community.

Aptitude tests such as those of the College Entrance Examination Board—there are others—are designed to show the student's ability to work with words, symbols and techniques with which he will be confronted in the classroom. They also test, to a degree, the pace at which the student can work—highly important in a fast-moving college.

Perhaps a student, if given time enough, can master a complicated philosophical hypothesis. But if he cannot keep up with his classmates blessed with more facile minds, it is doubtful he will get much out of the course. He may even become frustrated beyond all further desire to learn.

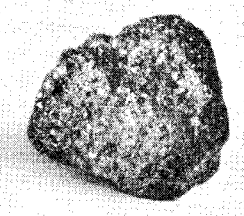
The aptitude test does not, however, measure such things as work habits, perseverance, curiosity, creativity.

Sound preparatory training is essential. Most college freshmen would find rough going if suddenly dumped at the North Pole with a parka, a dull knife, but no training. An Eskimo of the highest general intelligence who has never been exposed to formal schooling would find rough going in a college classroom. If a student's fundamentals of English, mathematics, science, foreign language and history are weak, however bright he may be, he must expect difficulty in the demanding curriculum of the highly competitive college.

Unfortunately there is no magical pattern of course preparation which of itself is a guarantee that one candidate is better prepared than another. If the "quality" is there, a student may get by with only one year of history, one science, or less than four years of one foreign language. For this reason colleges recommend in their catalogues "preferred" courses, but hesitate to set rigid requirements to which no exceptions can be made.

The applicant's grades are important. Grades show the quality and extent of the applicant's preparatory training. They also suggest his work habits, perseverance and other qualities not implicit in the aptitude tests. But woe to the admissions officer who forgets that grades differ from school to school, and even in the same school when it is large enough to have "fast" and "slow" sections.

As an additional check on grades, studies show that "rank in class" is very significant. The admissions officer cocks a sympathetic ear to the schoolman who says, "John's rank is a little lower than we'd like, but please remember this is the smartest class we ever had and our top



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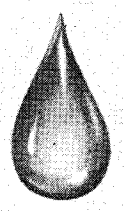

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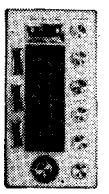

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quarter this year is better than our top tenth last." But he notes wryly that every other school also has a smarter class this year. And no admissions officer yet has received a request to discount John's rank "because this year's class is *not* so smart as last year's."

Yes, test scores, rank and grades are good predictors of what a student will do in college. When they are combined by mathematical experts into statistically valid formulas, they are better. But they are not perfect. Generally, applicants with the higher scores, rank and grades will be the better students in college. But not in every case. Data such as these are at best useful only as insurance statistics are useful to predict how many people will die of heart attacks in a given year. They can tell us how many students out of every 100 will get *A*'s, *B*'s and *C*'s, but they don't say who.

It must also be understood that the significance of tests, rank and grades is much greater when differences between them are great. For example, you can be reasonably sure that the student with test scores of 700, on a scale of 200-800, is a better bet than a student with 500, but you cannot be so sure when the range is between 600 and 650. And today, in the highly competitive colleges, a majority of the candidates present scores in these ranges—some higher, some lower. Most of them also have top-quarter or top-tenth rank and *A*-and-*B* grades.

Because scores, rank and grades can be reported in concrete numbers and because they are important, it is easy to talk about them. But they are not ends in themselves.

The colleges are really after candidates who clearly have intellectual capacity and training, and who also have intellectual curiosity, intellectual creativity, intellectual integrity. These are difficult to get at because they cannot be tested—at least not through inexpensive mass testing.

Thus the colleges have to ask questions. And this they do—of principals, guidance counselors, teachers and of the candidate himself.

Some educators—and some noneducators—will argue that considerations beyond naked intellectual capacity and top school grades should not weigh in the selection of a class. But a dean who has had to pick up the pieces in situations ranging from the ridiculous to the tragic because such things as "negative personality," "instability" and "weak character" are ignored does not agree. He will usually insist that admissions officers at least try to take these into account.

College education is not acquired in a vacuum. Each student's physical and mental appetites in various states of potency and control will affect not only his own development but that of his fellow students. And because there are usually more candidates with strong academic potential and personal attributes than can be admitted, other things can sometimes make the difference in deciding "the close ones."

Perhaps the candidate has a special contribution he can make in music, drama, the creative arts, athletics. Perhaps he has no time to learn a special skill, art or game since he has to milk thirty cows each morning before going off to school and again after school before studying in the evening. Or perhaps he doesn't do much of anything. He studies, he reads, he thinks; and his teachers, the neighbors, all who know him say, "Here is one wonderful boy who will be somebody one day."

The average person has no idea of the time and thought which school people give to the completion of college questionnaires with which they are bedeviled in such numbers or how perceptive and helpful their information is.

All of the comments are not so succinct as the one from a principal who provided no grades, answered no questions on the form. He simply wrote, "Lord, no."

However, the information provided by teachers, principals and others who know the candidates brings all other data into sharp focus and permits the selection committee to see the candidate as a whole human being rather than merely as a mass of numbers in a folder. A hundred thousand dollars a year could not buy the service which these devoted souls give so ungrudgingly to the candidates and the colleges. To all these good people admissions officers are eternally indebted.

Every admissions officer in the United States would give five years of his life if some statistician could come up with a formula by which all the data and all the information could be punched in cards and shuffled through a machine until the class is selected. One wag predicts it is more likely we shall find a way to punch holes in the candidates and run *them* through the machines.

In the final roundup, selection of a class is a matter of judgment. It has to be. But it is a judgment which uses proved methods to draw reasonable conclusions from imperfect data. Experienced men read all the available material on all the candidates. Two or three men read each folder. Some folders are read several times by several people. The committee then sits around the table and discusses each case before the "yes" or "no" is voted. It is a long and painstaking task.

Trustees and faculties lay down policies. Committees apply them. Admissions committees vary in size. They are usually made up of several faculty members and one or two responsible administrative officers, whose names can be found in the college catalogues. All members may not vote on every case. Sometimes staff officers act for the committee. At Dartmouth five staff officers do the bulk of the work and decide the "easy" cases. They refer the difficult ones to the whole committee. Few colleges can spare faculty members from teaching for three months, seven days a week, ten hours a day, to pass on 4000 applications.

No, it is not easy—as you discovered in your parlor game. There is room for improvement. But the men who make these decisions are honest men, hard-working men. They are not about to dilute the quality of their colleges by accepting, through caprice or influence, classes weaker than those which can be selected by scrupulous fairness, hardheaded objectivity and careful soul-searching. If they were, like the football coach who wouldn't play the better players because they did not belong to the right fraternity, they would merely cut their own throats.

Honest men differ in the interpretation of information. Colleges may not always see eye to eye on the same applicant. But they try to select the best classes which knowledge, experience and judgment can provide.

It must constantly be remembered that any college is a place of learning—that is, a place for the development of habits of inquiry, the acquisition of knowledge and, hopefully, the establishment of foundations of wisdom.

All people cannot learn at the same pace at the same level at the same age. Neither can every educational institution be all things to all people. With the frightening challenges confronting us today, it is trite but vital to repeat that every boy and girl must have an opportunity to enjoy formal education to his utmost capacities and interests.

It is the admissions officer's task to match his particular institution with candidates best qualified for that kind and quality of education. Flagrant mismatching can lead only to wasted efforts, wasted resources and possibly to disaster for the nation.

Earlier in the article I admonished that there was no guaranteed road to college admission, but you can now approach any personal college problems with a little more understanding.

One or two of the usual "dos," "don'ts" and a few generalities specifically addressed to parents may be helpful.

Do not try to beat the game. Admittance to college under false colors may lead to serious trouble. If special tutoring and luck raise a test score seventy-five points higher than a candidate's true aptitudes, or if an unrealistic spurt gains him abnormally high grades in his senior year, he may be accepted. But he may also relapse into his old self when he gets to college. In fact, he probably will. The educational development of the individual is far more important than putting him too soon into a pace beyond his normal capacities for the sake of the old school tie, prestige or to make a pitch with the boss.

Encourage your child to look around. Procure college catalogues early. Don't wait until it is too late to make high-school course adjustments.

A trip to college campuses can be helpful. Such trips, however, are not essential. Colleges which require interviews will so advise you. Have your child visit the admissions office after he has read the catalogue, not before. It is not impressive if the candidate has to ask, "What courses will I have to take in my freshman year?" He should know this and much more about a college before he undertakes an interview.

Let your child make his own decisions and do his own applying. Let him do his own visiting. If he is not mature enough to discuss his objectives, hopes and preparation with the admissions officer, it is doubtful that he is ready for college.

You and your child should discuss his college plans thoroughly and realistically with the guidance counselor of his school. If the counselor suggests he may be reaching beyond his grasp, believe her and appreciate her frankness.

Do not allow your child to get too set on one institution. There is more than one good college in this country, and many have similar characteristics. Your child will most likely do best where the college officials think he will be properly placed.

Do not convince yourself that "extracurricular activities" will compensate for good grades. Except in certain institutions where blatant *quid pro quo* offers, cash for skill, are made—and these are readily ascertainable if your child has such a "salable" skill—this is not true. Extracurricular potential and special interests can help *if added* to good academic potential, but extracurricular activities *instead* of good grades—never.

Reading is, of course, a basic tool of learning. In college, any kind of college, the student will be confronted with a mountain of reading. As with real mountains, many can climb them, but those who hike ten miles a day every day of their lives climb with less huffing and puffing than those who just sit. Encourage your child to read, read and read some more.

And finally, if your child is not accepted, don't think he didn't have influence or that he was discriminated against by petty prejudices. Admission is a competition, a race. If some very good candidates are edged out at the wire, there is no disgrace involved.

If you have a question about the decision, talk it over with the school counselor. Don't blame her; she did not make the decision. If you remain perplexed, don't hesitate to write to the admissions office. It is impossible, when letters go out, to dictate several thousand individual letters of nonacceptance, but admissions officers will try to explain difficult cases whenever they can.

Within the limits of human fallibility, the odds strongly favor an experienced admissions committee to make decisions that are as fair to the applicant and the college as could be made by any other group of people. THE END

"Planning retirement?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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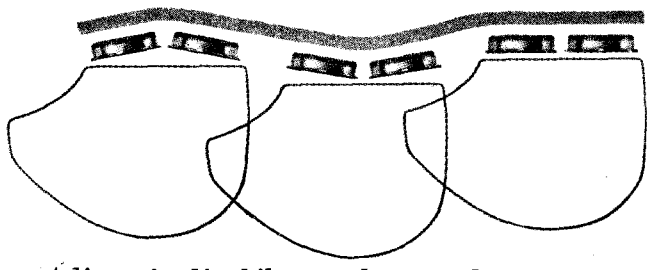

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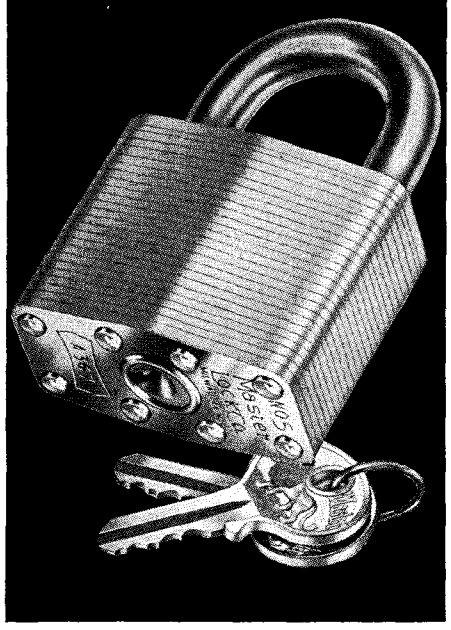

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Keeping Posted

The Very Last of the Presidential Polls

Now that the speech-making is over and the votes are being counted, we invite readers who have time on their hands to consider the results of our Overlooked-by-Alsop Poll. It all started with Contributing Editor **Stewart Alsop**'s September twenty-fourth article, NIXON OR KENNEDY? WHAT THE VOTERS ARE SAYING, which discussed the answers Alsop got when he polled 500 potential voters in seven "barometric districts." A reproduction of Alsop's questionnaire was published alongside the article. One-hundred-and-forty-five readers just couldn't resist. They snipped out the questionnaire, completed it and mailed it to us.

The candidates' appearance loomed important in the Overlooked-by-Alsop Poll. To the question, "Is there anything you especially like about Kennedy as a man?" a seventy-six-year-old "retired widow" from Missouri replied, "He is hansom and rich," while a housewife from Colorado wrote, "Can't think of anything, except his face looks washed." And a New Mexico housewife proved that one kind of unpopularity can be an asset. "I shall vote for Nixon," she wrote, "the candidate that Castro and Khrushchev dislike." To the question, "How did you vote in '56?" a Seattle aircraft mechanic answered, "Truman," and a Wyoming reader who is not yet a citizen wrote, "With guns in Budapest."

We can't imagine what these unsolicited questionnaires prove, and only if the Overlooked-by-Alsop percentages prove accurate will we assume any responsibility for them. The box scores:

ALSOP POLL	NIXON 38%	OVERLOOKED-BY-ALSOP POLL	NIXON 53%
	KENNEDY 42%		KENNEDY 43%
	UNDECIDED . . 20%		UNDECIDED . . . 4%

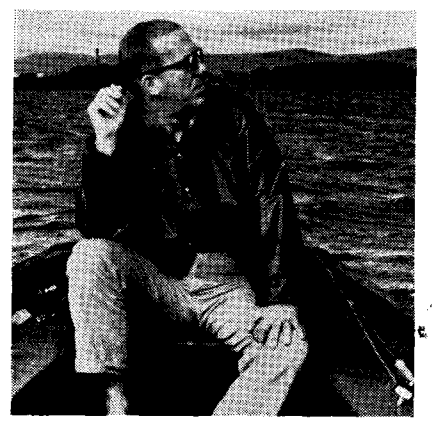
Tales of the Authors

Mountain climber Knowlton.

Don Knowlton says that while THE MURDERER ON THE MOUNTAIN (page 30) is fictitious, the mountain is made up of parts of real mountains he has climbed—among them Mount Katahdin, Maine, Popocatepetl in Mexico and the Rimpfischhorn in the Swiss Alps. "When I was sixty I climbed the East Face of Longs Peak, Colorado," says this vigorous Cleveland businessman. But at sixty-eight, he climbs only little ones, looks longingly at the big ones and writes about them. This is his *Post* debut.

Frederic F. Van de Water says his literary ambitions were "absorbed by osmosis." His maternal grandmother wrote her first book at age sixteen and her last at ninety-two. All of this lady's children became writers: Van de Water's mother wrote short stories and editorials; his aunt wrote cookbooks; his uncle was Albert Payson Terhune, whose dog stories delighted millions of readers in *The Post* and elsewhere. Coincidentally, it was a dog who died several years ago (ACEY, BELOVED CLOWN, page 44) who led Van de Water back to *The Post*. Van de Water, now seventy, was a regular contributor of articles and stories during the years 1923–27, but since then has devoted most of his time to writing books, many of them about his adopted state of Vermont. He lives in the town of Dummerston with his wife, Eleanor, and two golden retrievers, Dingo and Taffy.

When **William Fay** sold us HER HONOR, THE MAYOR (page 37) we innocently asked if there were any lady politicians in his family. His response: "I have one wife and half a dozen daughters, each of whom has finessed me with casual, monotonous skill. They are *all* politicians." Author Fay also has two sons—"simple, honest fellows like their father, who say what they mean and have yet to win an election around the house."



Deindorfer fishing in Scotland.

"I'm still stiff," **Robert G. Deindorfer** (6′3″, 230 pounds) told us, a month after writing I'M STILL SCARED (page 36) for **Eugene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb** (6′6″, 283 pounds). "When Daddy returned from a round of professional wrestling bouts, I asked him about a headlock. He demonstrated on me." This is New Yorker Deindorfer's first *Post* article. By no means could this be termed his most violent editorial mission, however. In 1948 a *This Week* editor assigned him to box two rounds with Joe Louis, tackle halfback Spec Sanders of the old New York Yankees, wrestle Primo Carnera and bat against Hal Newhouser.

The Saga of Hairbreadth Larry

Haircut by Como: agonizing but free.

We needed a family photo to illustrate Pete Martin's I CALL ON PERRY COMO (page 19), so we rushed free-lance photographer **Larry Fried** to Como's Jupiter Island, Florida, home the day he finished shooting some 2000 color pictures near Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. (See THE WONDROUS OUTER BANKS in next we[illegible] *Post*.) Fried arrived in Florida looking a bit shaggy around the ears.

"Tch, tch," said ex-barber Como, flourishing comb and shears.

"Hold it," said son Ronnie Como, in time to capture Fried's timorous expression at left, and just before Larry hopped a plane to New York.

Three weeks later Managing Editor Robert Sherrod was in Moscow's Hotel Ukraine, and it didn't surprise him at all to encounter Fried. Larry was touring the U.S.S.R. for *Parade* magazine, and not so bu[illegible] that he had to forgo haircuts. He go[illegible] a trim in Tashkent, Uzbekistan—from a lady Uzbek who was a better barber than Como. Of course, she charged and Como didn't.

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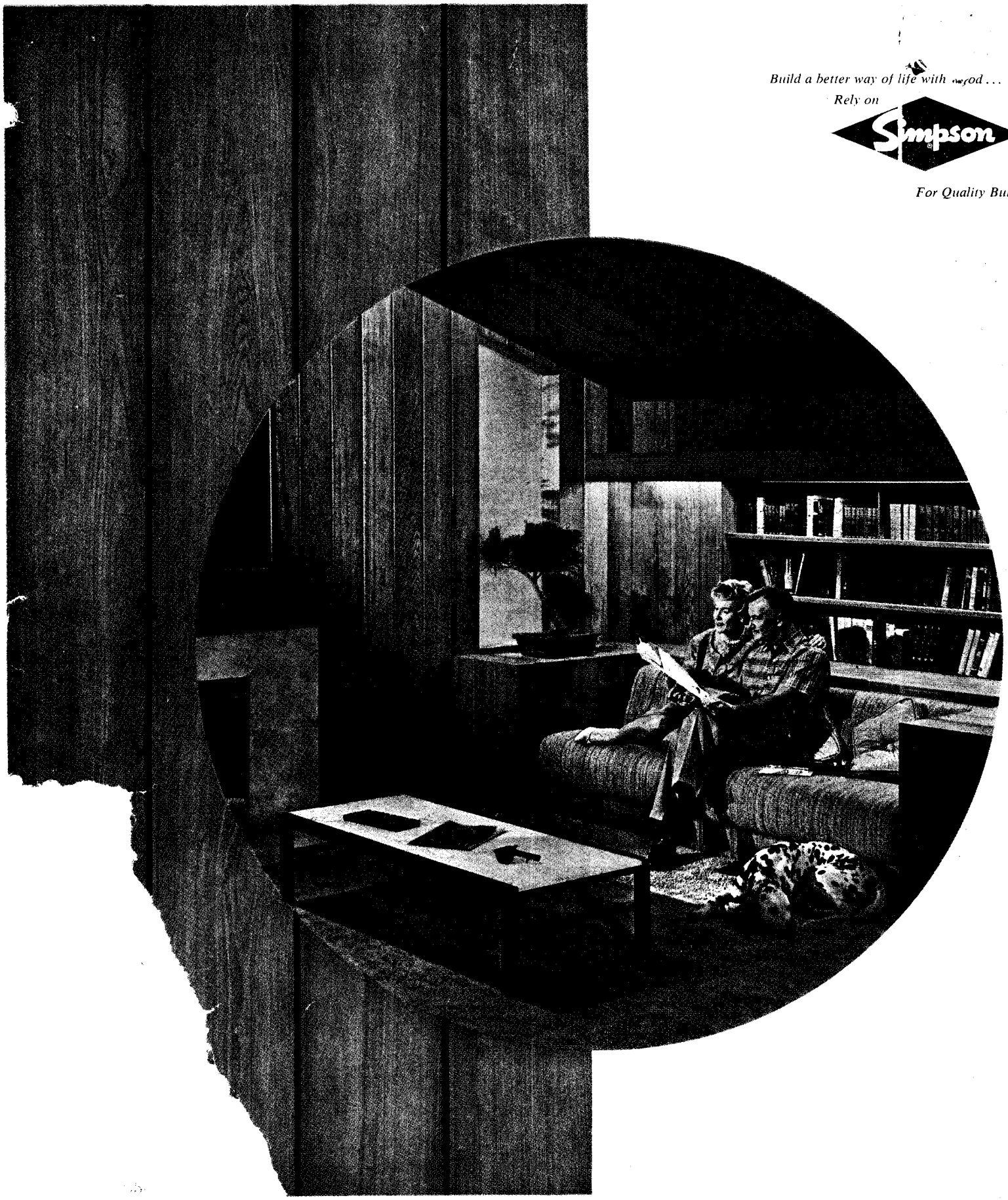

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